The RING

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Christmas Verse

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

Christmas bells ring out,
Over the crowded street;
Gone for the moment, doubt,
As their soft tones and sweet
Peal from their place above
Tidings of joy and love.

Happy the passing throngs,
Bright in their merry ways;
Deep in their hearts the songs,
Praising the day of days;
Deep in their souls the joy,
Greeting the Infant Boy.

Windows agleam with mirth,
Shedding their rosy lanes—
Blessed be this, His Birth—
Out from their jewelled panes.
In the dark skies a star,
Shining like truth, afar.

Slow let the organ swell
Into its deepened praise;
Slow let its soundings well
Into the hurried ways,
Bringing to those without
That which is called devout.

Shops and their fabled stores,
Gather'd from ev'ry land,
From the far-distant shores
Where even now there stand,
Knowing such joys as we,
Brothers beyond the sea.

Greetings

To our friends **THE RING** extends Christmas greetings and at the same time offers its thanks for the support it has received during the first year of its existence.

This is a time of peace on earth and of good will. It is a period when friendship is manifested more than at any other time. It is an occasion for rejoicing and for thanksgiving.

We rejoice at the progress which, thanks to you, we have made. We are thankful for your help and for your support.

In return we can only assure you that we will do our utmost to show our gratitude in the only way we can; by making this, your publication, better with each passing issue.

And we wish to extend to you our hope that this will be indeed

A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year

Green in the wreaths, and red,
Decking each window's square,
By them our thoughts are led
Over the miles to where
Someone still holds us dear,
Wishing us well—and cheer!

Swirling in white descent,
Kissing each ruddy face,
Out of the heavens sent
So that it may efface
Grimness here below,
Silently comes the snow.

Mantled above the town,
Blanketing deep the streets,
Settles the fleecy down
Fresh, and its beauty greets
Gladly each happy boy,
Finding another joy.

Homes where the broken ties,
Frayed in the passing year,
Find in the deepening sighs
Memories still held dear;
There do we find anew
Treasures we always knew.

Christmas bells ring out
Over the crowded street.
Gone for the moment, doubt,
As their soft tones and sweet
Peal from their place above
Tidings of joy and love.

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

From The Ring Editorial Staff

No. 1—JAMES K. McGUINNESS
No. 2—FRANK L. COULTRY
No. 3—NAT FLEISCHER, Editor and Publisher
No. 4—IKE DORGAN
No. 5—FREDERICK G. LIEB
No. 6—VERNON VAN NESS

Husbands First!—Kid Socko in the Matrimonial League

The Ninth of a Series of Adventures of This Famous Character.

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS.

MY motto is that it takes all sorts of people to make a world, but ain't it funny how many of them you don't like?

Well, friends, I am still in there swinging, but the best to get on the breaks these days is I am lucky that no one steals my back teeth, on account of they having all been pulled by a dentist a long time ago.

In the first place when I go to see my lawyer about suing the Metropolitan Opera House for stealing the plot of my picture, "Hey! Cabbie!" and using it in an opera which they have called "Carmen," he tells me that why don't I sue Marconi for using the air for wireless, or get after Edison for infringing on the sun's idea of light, or maybe tangle horns with the Smith Brothers for using mattresses for advertising matter.

He says that this opera thing has been going on for a good many years and that people has become accustomed to it, so that I will have a tough time trying to get any dough from anybody. In fact, he tells me that he can't figure how I get any dough in the first place, unless I have been standing on the same corner with a blind man and waiting until he has enough in his tin cup to make it worth while to take a chance.

He says that they make them dummer than me, but he would like to have a lot of proof before he believes that they do, on account of not wanting to think that the world is such an awful place as all that.

Well, friends, when he gets through I begin to figure that maybe I haven't such a good case at that, and anyway they is a lot of influential guys in back of the opera, because they want to give their wives some place at night so they can see the Follies without having to explain too much, so I figure maybe I had better not be too hard on this Metropolitan crowd, because maybe they don't know that it is my idea when they steal it.

Well, friends, in the meantimes it is necessary to keep the wolf from the dumbwaiter, so I have to get a few matches for Young Marvelle and I promptly do same with Frank Flournoy and Dave Driscoll, after which I am again able to eat without looking first to make sure the restaurant has a guy flapping cakes in the window, so that I can get by.

All is not well with Young Marvelle, however, on account of him saying a few things about Daisy which I do not like.

What he says is not exactly about Daisy but about me and he tells me in a few thousand words that I am the grandest sap which has blew in anywheres since Anthony spends a week-end in Egypt.

He says I am the kind of a guy which would send Eskimo pie to the starving Eskimos; and that I am probably likely to try and start a coffee shop in Turkey or a boxing club next door to Madison's Square Garden.

In other words, he tells me that Daisy is giving me the works and that the works is so big that they should be put in some factory building where they wouldn't be cramped and could tick more freely. He tells me that for sap I can make a maple tree look like a dried prune. He tells me a lot of other things and the result is that I tell him a few that is not so bad myself.

He then says as follows:

"All right. If you think the dame is on the up and up with you, why don't you ask her to go right out and get married now? You want to marry her, don't you?"

I reply, as follows:

"I am going to marry her."

He answers me, as follows:

"Yes, and I am engaged to the Queen of Sheba," he says.

"Well don't you go and marry her until you win the championship," I says, "or all bets are off."

"You're the biggest sap that they ever was," he says, and then he goes away.

Well, folks, my motto is that the best way to find out if they is a fire is to stick your finger in the stove, so I dash off to Daisy Dainty's apartment and decide to have it settled right then and there.

So I asks her to marry me and she says she will and I say when and she says in a little while, don't bother her and will I please like a good boy take her out to the matinee and not give her a headache by quarrelling, which it always does.

Well, folks, I settle that right then and there by calling a taxi and we go to the matinee, after which we fix it up to have dinner together and of course everything is lovely.

I go home feeling like a guy which has just fallen heir to a million and all is well until next a. m. when I meet Young Marvelle.

"Well," says he.

"You were all wrong," says I.

He seems puzzled, but then he holds out his hand and speaks as follows:

"That's fine," says he. "Where am I to send the wedding present? Congratulations," says he.

I figure he is clowning, but I want to put him right.

"Oh, we ain't married yet," I tells him.

"Well—when?" he asks again.

"Oh—soon," I answer.

"Like hell," says he and walks away again.

Well, friends, I am pretty sore at him, but I figure that maybe he thinks he is acting for my best interests and I think maybe it would be better if Daisy and I were to take the big jump now and have it over with.

My motto is what's worth while doing is certainly worth risking a phone call on.

So I telephone to Daisy and she answers the call herself, on account of her maid not being an early riser.

"This is Socko," I say.

"I know," she says. "And I want to thank you. It is so nice of you. How did you ever guess that it was my birthday?"

Well, folks, naturally, I am not going to make no bull and let her know that I never even suspect it is her birthday, so I just say that a little bird told me, and she says, yes he did, and I say, yes, he did, too, will you marry me today?

She gives a little shriek and then she says as follows:

"Why, no, not today dear. How could I? Don't you know that would make my wedding anniversary and my birthday the same day, and I wouldn't get no presents for one of them," she says.

"And, oh," she says. "What did you send me for my birthday?"

Well, friends, I have not sent her anything, but I am not sap enough to tell her that, so I say she will seen soon enough and I hang up.

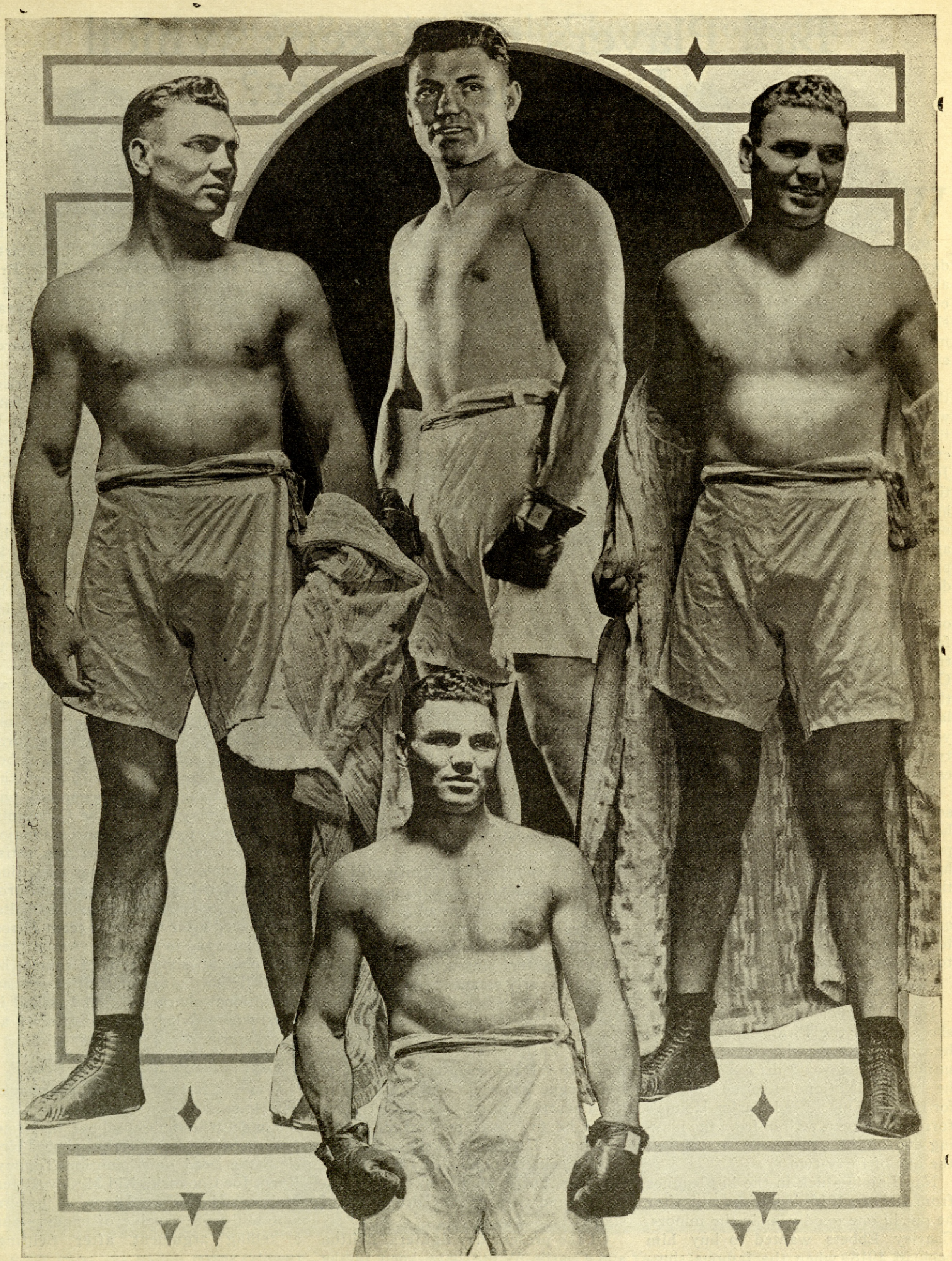
So I start for a jewelry store and who do I run into but a stranger with Young Marvelle.

Young Marvelle says to me, "What's Daisy's phone number. I want to call her and congratulate her on her birthday."

So I give him the number and then his friend leaves, without never having been introduced.

(Continued on page 30)

YULETIDE GREETINGS FROM JACK DEMPSEY AND JACK KEARNS



JACK DEMPSEY—WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

Ball Players vs. Boxers; Which Last the Longer?

By FREDERICK G. LIEB
President, Baseball Writers' Association

WHICH lasts the longer in his chosen profession, the pugilist or the professional ball player? For some reason neither the present day boxers nor the stars of the emerald diamond last as long as their predecessors of a generation ago, but we should say the ball player outlives the man who makes his living through his ability to use his fists.

Jack Britton was regarded one of the marvels of present day pugilism when he held his welterweight title until he was thirty-eight, losing his crown only last month to the youthful Jerseyman, Mickey Walker. Unquestionably Britton is a great credit to his profession and a fine example of the modern boxer, but twenty-five years ago it would have occasioned little surprise or comment for a champion to be defending his title at thirty-eight.

During the last ten years most of our grand old veterans of the diamond faded out of sight. On the training trip of the 1912 Boston Nationals, old Cy Young finally decided he was through at the age of forty-five. He lasted in the big leagues twenty-two years, and at the age of forty-one, he twirled the third no-hit game of his career against the New York Yankees.

Eddie Plank, the grand Gettysburg southpaw, was forty-three of age when he retired in 1918 and refused to report to the Yankees, after St. Louis had traded him to that club. He was thirty-eight when he held the Giants to two hits in the 1913 world's series, and at thirty-nine, he lost a tough 1 to 0 world's series decision to the Boston Braves.

Wagner Retired at Forty-two

Hans Wagner, the former famous shortstop of the Pirates, played until he was forty-two, when he retired voluntarily. He was thirty-seven when he led the National League batsmen for the last time. Fred Clarke, Honus's former manager, retired from the playing end of the game ten years ago at the age of forty-two.

Nap Lajoie stuck in the big leagues from 1896 to 1916, inclusive, and after he put in one good year in the minors, Charley Ebbets wanted to buy him back in 1918, when the famous slugging Napoleon was forty-three years of age. Rhody Wallace was forty-three when he turned in his big league uniform a half dozen years back. He started in the big leagues a year ahead of Lajoie, and stuck it out for twenty-three seasons.

Of our present major league ball players, Ty Cobb has been the longest in big league service. Cobb started playing minor league ball in 1904, the same year that Britton started boxing. Ty graduated into the big leagues in 1905, and has been going it strong ever since. Despite the fact that he never has saved himself and has played dashing, reckless ball all his life, Cobb in his eighteenth season was as brilliant as ever. He was officially credited with batting .400 for the third season.

Tyrus was very young when he started in to play big league ball. He will be only thirty-six this month. There seems no reason why he should not remain a major league star until he is forty.

Eddie Collins is another one of our present stars, who should round out twenty years in the majors. The famous product of Columbia came into the big leagues in 1906, a year after Cobb, and needs only three more years to round out twenty years in the majors. As Eddie is only thirty-five, and almost as lively and spry as ever, he, too, should last a score of years in fast company.

Walter Johnson and Stuffy McInnis are two other players with a splendid chance of sticking it out for twenty years. The latter was barely eighteen when Connie Mack grabbed him off the Gloucester, Mass., high school, so he had an early start.

Ruth an Exception

Babe Ruth is one star, who is unlikely to set any records for length of big league service. Ruth still is in his twenties, as he was only twenty when he first was purchased by the Red Sox. The Babe resembles a boxer who knocks them all silly for a couple of years, but is unable to stand prosperity, and then quickly drops out of sight.

Of the present day fighters, Britton and Charlie White have been in the ring the longest. That is, we speak of men at the top or near the top of their profession. Some folks believe the record book gives Britton all the better of it, when it calls him thirty-eight, and say he is nearer forty. Britton has been boxing eighteen years, and White sixteen. After sixteen years of battling, the Chicagoan still has ambitions of lifting Benny Leonard's crown.

But should that occasion surprise? Bob Fitzsimmons had been a fistic gladiator for seventeen years before he located Corbett's solar plexis in Carson City, and added the heavyweight championship of the world to his other trophies. He had been fighting nineteen years when he lost his title to Jeffries at Coney Island and in his twenty-second year as a pugilist he fought Jeffries that slashing eight round go in San Francisco, when he made a brave effort to recover his title. All told, "Fitz" stayed in the ring twenty-nine years, from 1880 to 1909, inclusive.

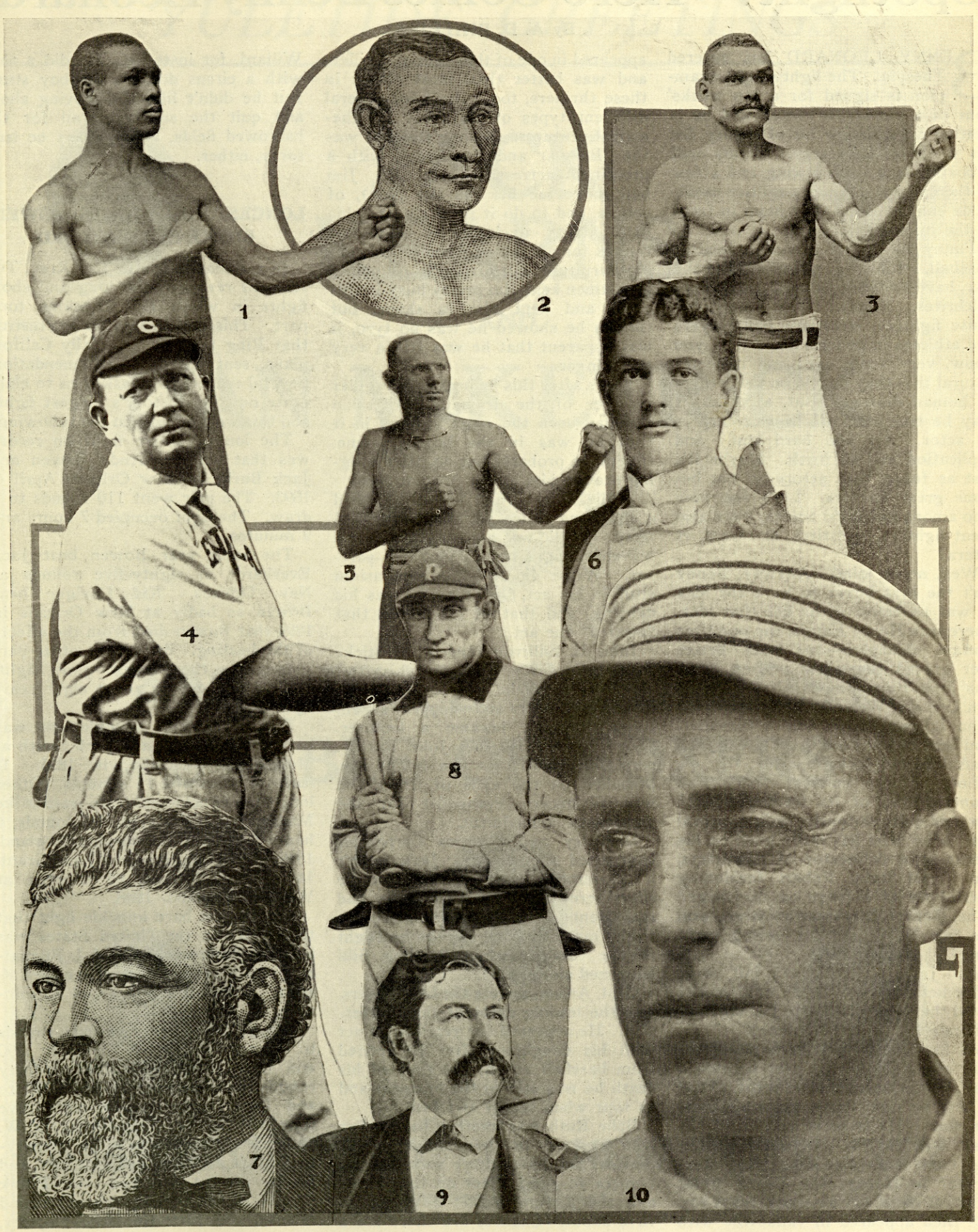
Among ball players, only the famous Adrian "Cap" Anson had a record comparable with that of the fighting Cornishman. Anson began playing professional ball in 1870, was a member of the Chicago team in 1876 when the National League was organized and continued playing with the Cubs until 1897. Even after completing his major league career, "Cap" was not satisfied. As late as 1911 he was managing and playing first base for a semi-professional team called Anson's Colts, nicknamed after the great team Anson once managed in Chicago. Anson then was close to sixty, and, of course, he did little hard playing. But he was an exceptional character, and baseball is not recommended for men of sixty as an exercise.

Fitzsimmons's Remarkable Record

While Fitzsimmons had a remarkably long career in the ring, many of the men who fought about his time put in twenty years in the squared circle. We need only mention Tommy Ryan, Joe Choynski, Kid McCoy, Peter Maher and George Dixon as boxers who still were capable of handing out a telling argument after fighting twenty years.

(Continued on page 68)

Defied Age In Pursuing Their Chosen Profession



1—Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler; 2—Yankee Sullivan; 3—George Godfrey; 4—Cy Young; 5—Bob Fitzsimmons; 6—Kid McCoy; 7—John Morrisey; 8—Hans Wagner; 9—John C. Heenan; 10—Eddie Plank.

Spotlight!—Here Comes Benny Leonard

By A. D. PHILLIPS

BENNY LEONARD has entered Thespia. The lightweight champion is signed for a ten weeks' tour of a vaudeville circuit and he is getting a handsome bit of money for his work on the stage. Benny will probably do a little boxing and a few of the orthodox things pugilists usually do employ when they jump in front of the calcium.

Funny thing, but athletics, boxing, baseball, swimming, wrestling, and the like, have seldom produced great stage celebrites. Funny? Yes, funny, because fighters, wrestlers, ball players and athletes in general are actors, you know, very virile ones and it seems natural that they should be the centres of human dramas. But, after all, it may be true that art is necessary in an actor. Art and hard study and application and so forth. Maybe it's just as funny that actors do not become great fighters. Let's see, now who among the good actors, were also great fighters, wrestlers, et cetera, et cetera?

Well, never mind. Anyway, Benny isn't the first boxer to have the idea he was an actor—if he has that idea. There was Harry Harris, the one time bantam champion—and none better ever graced that class. Then there was Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Willie Ritchie, why even John L, you know, was a thespian! And last, but not least, the great Jack McAuliffe and Jack Dempsey.

Look at the movies! Isn't Bull Montana one of its leading lights? Yes, and quite seriously, he is a natural born actor who has made good on his merits as a delineator of characters. But recall Ruby Robert fashioning horseshoes at a forge on the stage? "The Honest Blacksmith" who "won the fair lady with his strong right arm."

And Jeffries, who boxed, but never did much in the way of talking and hated the theatrical game, but stuck to it because it paid good money.

As for Jim Corbett he is about the only real fighter who ever became a real actor. Jim still is an actor. That is how he now keeps the wolf from the door. He is rated as one of the best "foils" in the business in a talking team act. He was the interlocutor in Honey Boy Evans' great minstrel show not so many years ago and then appeared in vaudeville with Billy B. Van.

He took a fling at the movies and appeared in one of those serial thrillers and was better than most actors in these thrillers, too. Jim tried several different types of plays for his theatrical ventures. Among the first was the "Burglar and the Lady" with a prominent actress as a co-star. Jim had to rescue her (in the play), of course, and to do it properly used his fistic ability to knock a couple of rogues for a couple of goals. Smashing furniture and disposing of mussy gentlemen kept Jim pretty busy in this show and kept him in shape, but though he showed he was no tyro, it was apparent that he was still a very good boxer.

Years after this he became a regular member of the dramatic profession and has been the same success in it that he was in the boxing game, though he probably has no titles hanging around him at the present time.

Willie Ritchie, and his sister, tried a song and dance act that really had merit. Willie was a clever dancer and his charming sister, a graceful partner. Willie did a little gymnasium stuff in his act, but it really was his dancing, and that of his sister, that "carried" the act.

John L. Sullivan toured the sticks in a show, doing, of course, his stuff as a boxer. On the first of these tours he met all comers and whipped 'em all. Later John L. became a lecturer. John L., who had met John Barleycorn, bar to bar, as one might say, preached on the evils of drink and was a sincere evangelist for the eighteenth amendment.

Dempsey and Georges Carpentier have tried the movies. Jack wasn't a screaming success as an actor on the silver screen, but the Frenchman had real talent for it. In fact, he had practically quite the ring for the limelight of the camera, when Battling Siki happened along.

Capt. Anson, among the ball players, was the leading actor of that profession. He appeared for years in an act with his daughters after he retired from baseball and at the time of his death he was still in the business and en tour when fatally stricken.

Babe Ruth was another base baller who essayed to gain fame in the movies, but he couldn't sock out his homers to good effect on the screen and the picture wasn't anything to rave about. Chances are there are a lot of other boxers, wrestlers and so forth we have overlooked. Jess Willard, for instance. He did a tour with a circus doing a cowboy stunt. But he didn't like the moving about and quit the sawdust trail for the harrowed fields, and he says he isn't sorry, either.

LONGEST RING FIGHTS; BOWEN-BURKE HOLD RECORD

In a recent article in THE RING, Tex Rickard reviewed the long and short fights in which Dal Hawkins took part. This article was so interesting that Ring readers, especially Californians, sent letters of commendation. Several readers have asked us to elaborate on Ring history's longest fights and this we gladly do in the following:

The longest glove fight on record was that between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke at New Orleans April 6, 1893. The pair went 110 rounds to a draw. The fight occupied 7 hours and 9 minutes.

The same year Bowen beat Jack Everhardt in eighty-five rounds at New Orleans. Kid Lavigne beat Bowen so badly at New Orleans in 1894 that Bowen died from the effects of the beating. Burke, the other participant in the longest glove fight, died in Connecticut about eight years ago.

The longest bare knuckle fight was between Jim Kelly and Jack Smith at Melbourne, Australia, in 1855. It lasted 6 hours and 15 minutes. Other long bare knuckle contests were Mike Madden vs. Bill Hayes, 185 rounds, 6 hours 3 minutes, Edenbridge, England, 1849; Mike Madden vs. Jack Grant, 140 rounds, 5 hours 45 minutes, at Woking, England, 1848.

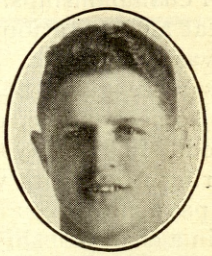
The longest bare knuckle fight that took place in the United States was between James O'Neil and J. Fitzpatrick at Berwick, Me., December 4, 1860. It lasted 4 hours and 20 minutes.

George Dixon went seventy rounds to a draw with Cal McCarthy in 1890 and beat Johnny Murphy in forty rounds the same year. Tommy White and Dan Daddy fought eighty-five rounds at Omaha. Jack Welch and W. Sherriff ("Prussian") went seventy-six rounds at Philadelphia in 1884, and Harry Sharpe knocked out Frank Crosby in the seventy-seventh round in 1892. Ike Weir the Belfast Spider, went eighty rounds to a draw with Frank Murphy in 1889.

YULETIDE GREETINGS

JIMMY DARCY

JACK KEARNS

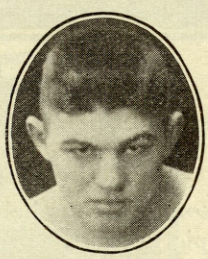


JOE BENJAMIN

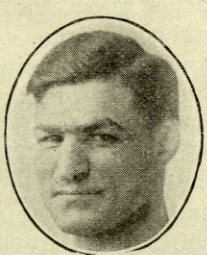
AND

DAN McKETRICK

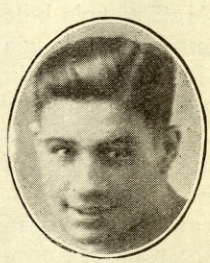
AMERICA'S FOREMOST STABLE OF BOXERS



ALEX TRAMBITAS



SOLDIER BARTFIELD



BABE HERMAN

1465 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

Telephone 1075 Bryant

The Revival of An Old Custom

By CLARENCE S. GILLESPIE

THE year 1922 saw one of the old customs of the ring creep back —that of awarding belts to winners of championships. It may become as great an institution in another year as it was in the past. Many years ago boxers were given belts, mostly gold belts; some genuine, others not quite so good. In the days of the London prize ring rules belts were usually the chief payment given a fighter, especially in a championship bout. The late Richard K. Fox started the custom in this country.

But it died out some years ago and was only revived in the latter part of 1921 and this year by the greatest of modern promoters of pugilism, Tex Rickard. Tex has several belts out, belts that have to be competed for twice each year. They are gold belts, diamond encrusted, valued, he says, at $2,500. Since Rickard revived this departed custom, many have asked what became of the many belts that were awarded in those old days of the ring.

Asking some old timers who should know, we discovered that very little is known of what became of those belts in the intervening years. Now and then one turns up in a pawnshop or a curiosity shop, shorn of its gems, tarnished and much battered. Once, many years after he had won the belt presented by Fox, John L. Sullivan, in touring the country, discovered the belt which had been stolen from him. But it was in a pawnshop window and the pawnshop was closed. Sullivan was leaving town that night and left word with a friend to buy the belt. But the friend forgot all about it and in a few days the belt was gone, picked up by some curiosity seeker who probably has it in a private collection now.

Terry McGovern's belt still is in existence, but for many years it was held in a safe in Sam Harris' office, because Terry could not be trusted to keep the belt out of pawn. It is said Terry's belt is in possession of a Brooklyn sportsman.

Belts came into vogue in the days when there was less commercialism in the sport that there is now. In the olden days a boxer received a small purse and a belt. The belt was the main object. With it went glory and glory meant more to fighters of those days than it does at present. This isn't meant as a knock on the present era of boxing. Boys nowadays have keener competition and with plenty of money floating around, they cannot be blamed for preferring the coin to belts.

Of course, the Tex Rickard belts are valuable and they stand for a certain kind of ring glory that has been sadly missing for many, many years. Likewise the Lord Lonsdale belt, in England, perhaps the most famous belt still put into competition. There is a Lord Lonsdale belt for every class and all belts are hard fought for. With these belts also go the championships, hence there is two fold glory in winning the coveted trophy.

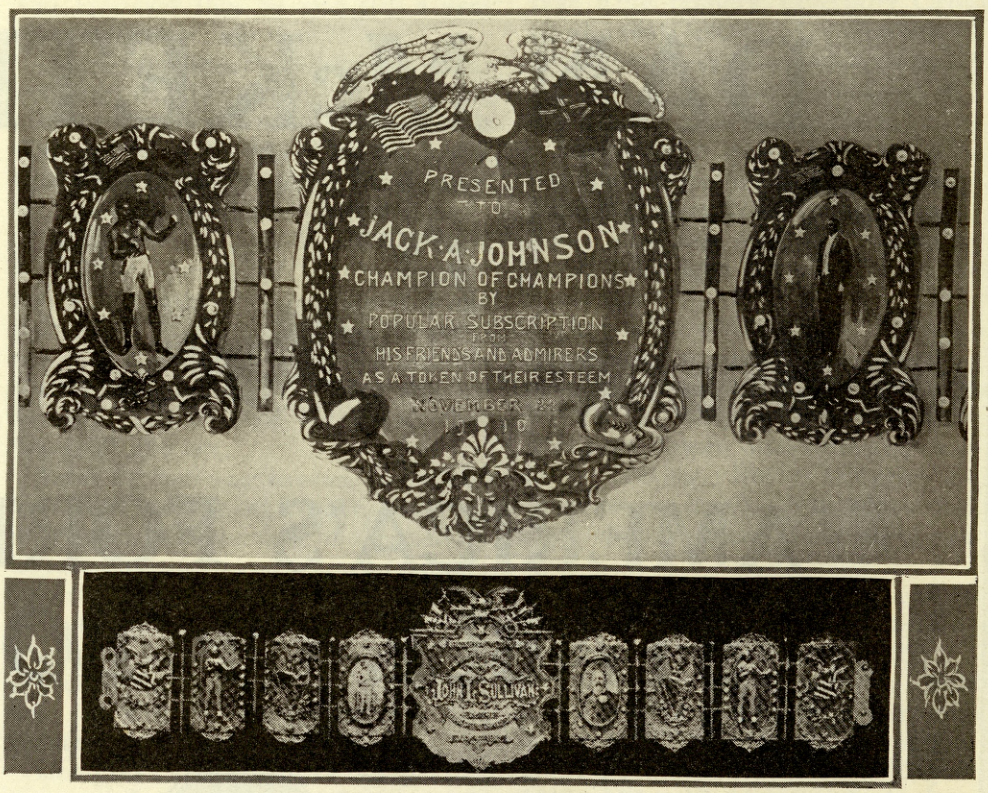
It used to be quite a sight in the old days to pass a store on some main thoroughfare and see a crowd packed around a window. In the window would be some famous belt of the day, beneath a picture of the present holder, with other memento peculiar to the ring. Fans would stand and admire the belt and picture and odds and ends for minutes at a time.

The story of how Richard K. Fox offered a belt to the winner of the Kilrain-Sullivan fight, believing that Sullivan would never meet Kilrain, is pretty well known. It was a great surprise to Fox when Sullivan won, and it made Sullivan smile because he knew that Fox disliked him. Yet when some one stole John L.'s prized belt he was furious and threatened to wring the neck of the thief if he caught him. John L. said he cherished the belt because it was something besides money that he had earned in the ring. Sullivan was noted for the peculiar streak of sentiment that flowed through his Irish veins.

The awarding of belts is a fine thing for the sport. If its revival is genuine it will mean much for the game. The chances are that boys of this era who win such a belt will not be careless with it and permit it to get out of their hands except through a battle in the ring. A belt, honestly fought for and honestly cherished, lends an aspect to pugilism that is good for it. Most folks like good sportsmen.

The money side of boxing is overlooked by hundreds of thousands of fans who otherwise are strict patrons of the amateur sports. They realize that boxers must stick to boxing to be champions and must make a living in the meantime. But they dislike the hoggishness of some in the game who have forgotten what sportmanship means. They, most of all, welcome the return of a fine old custom that had a touch of glorified sportsmanship connected with it.

Boxing owes a debt to Tex Rickard for reviving this custom in America. Its perpetuation is up to the boxers.



Belts of Two Famous Champions

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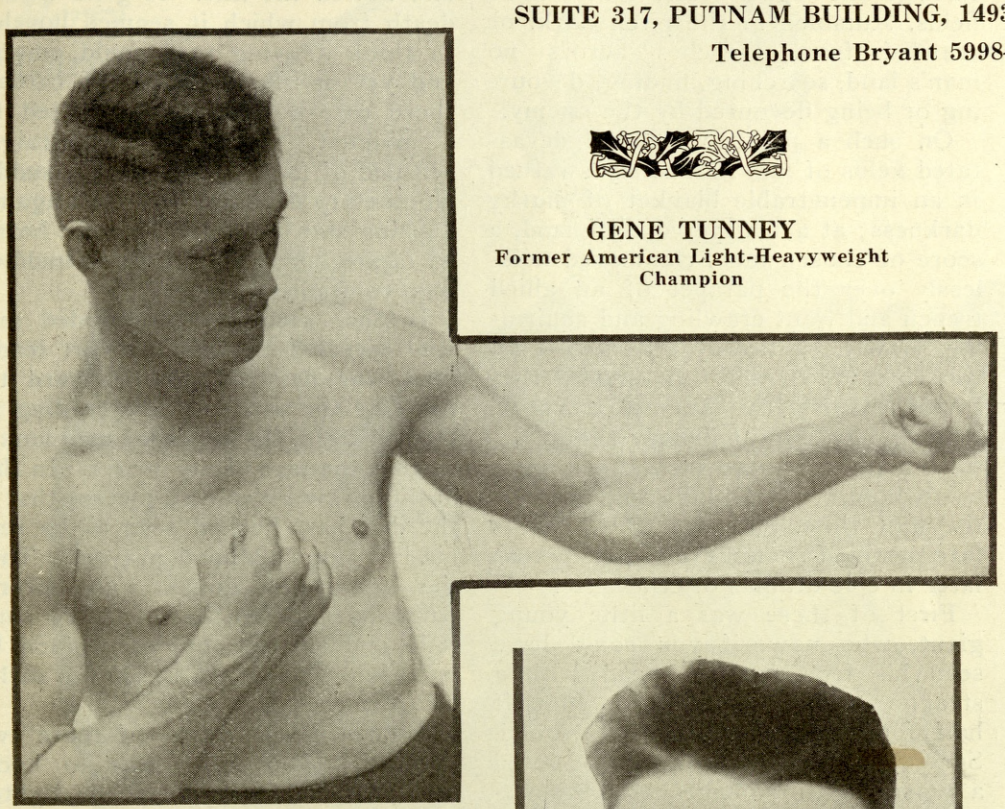
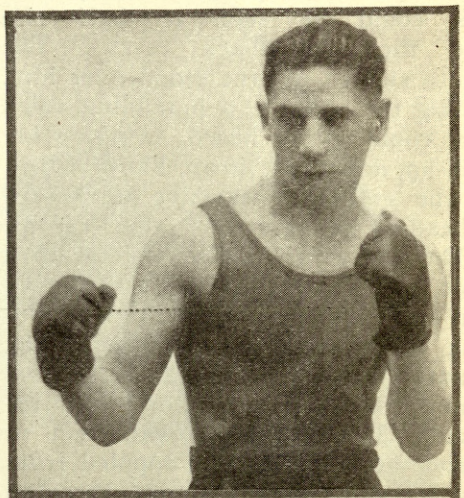
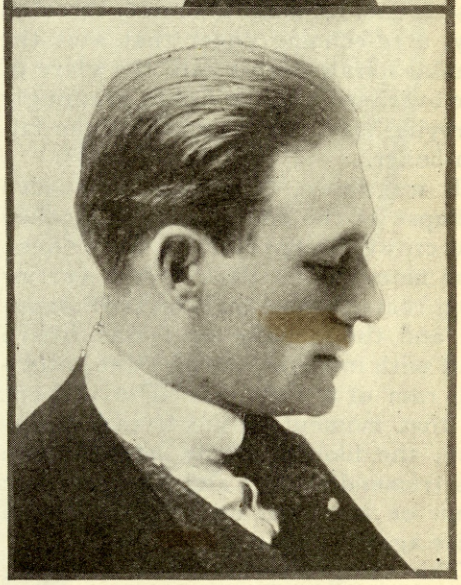
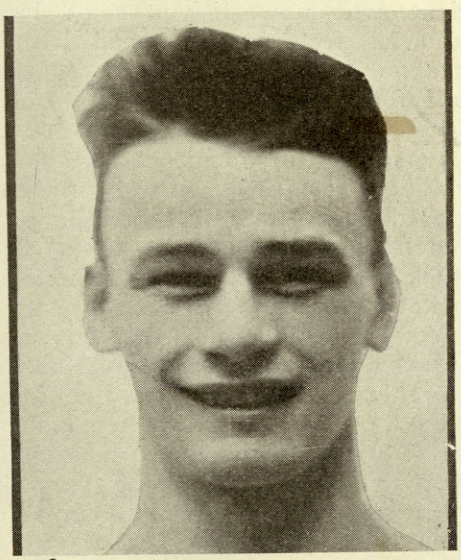


GENE TUNNEY
Former American Light-Heavyweight Champion

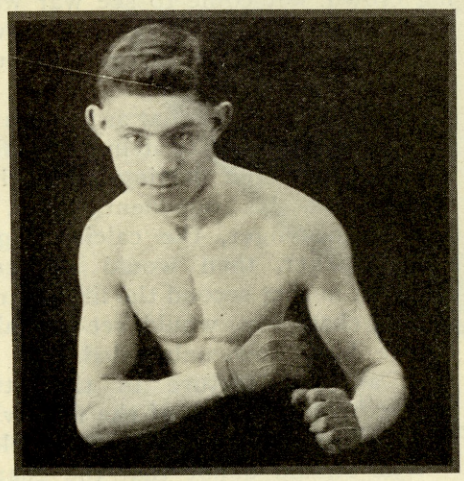




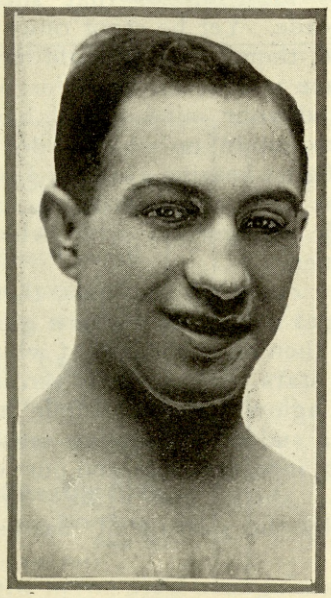
LEW SNYDER, Featherweight (Above)
"DOC" BAGLEY, Manager (Below)



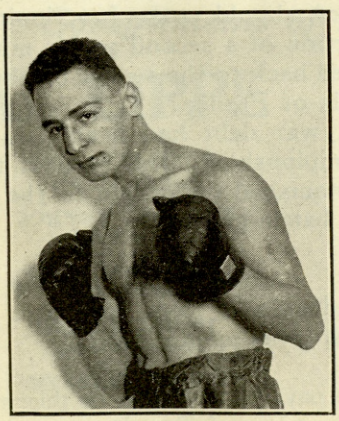
JIMMY SULLIVAN



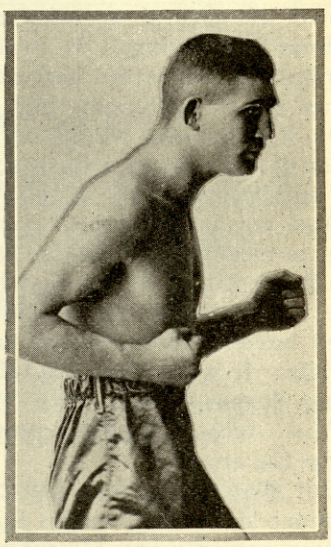
BATTLING LEONARD, Bantam



AUGIE RATNER
U. S. Leading Middleweight



MILTON WEISS, Junior Welterweight



WILLIE HERMAN, Lightweight

When Warrior Meets Warrior

By VERNON VAN NESS

THROUGH the smear of sickening smoke that drifted across the wide arena the figure of a man sprawled upon the dirty canvas could be seen to half rise and then fall back inert. The white shirted referee stood over him, tolling the count in a mumbling voice that could not be heard, swinging his arm up, down, up, down, like the man at the guillotine warming up before beheading his victim.

The victorious gladiator stood off a pace, sullenly silent, alertly watchful. But there was no need to be watchful. The fallen man did not rise. The counter finished his work with flourishing gesture. The victor's body relaxed. The hushed crowd, held in silence at seeing a king toppled from his throne, let loose a hoarse, throated cry, a re-echoing cheer that sent the smoke spirals higher into the glare of the overhead calcium lights, seemingly carrying upwards the spirit of the fallen boxer.

It was tense, dramatic, this sudden collapse of the champion. It shocked the crowd because of its suddenness. One moment this dark haired warrior king roared above his blonde antagonist and then in the next was frozen stiff with inaction, the straight battering ram of a right halted in mid-air. In that moment of horrifying hesitation, the blonde swung heavily with his tremendous left and the champion spun on one heel and fell—never to arise again as champion.

This thing hit the crowd hard. It sensed something unusual. The suddenness of it. The inexplainable hesitation of the champion as he seemed to have his man at his mercy. This crowd of natural sceptics could not fathom the thing. It was beyond them. It had seen battered champions finally succumb, but here had been a champion riding on the high crest of victory, in a flash sent crashing to the rocks.

And yet it could be explained. It was not the bright lights; it was not the flame biting at the last bit of tallow on the candle, a candle that had been burned at both ends and in the middle. It was something else, something deeper.

And only the champion himself knew the answer.

But that ending was but the sequel of more bitter happenings far away at a time now remote, almost impossible to recall. A time when armies marched through the night, across rain soaked fields, stumbled in the pitch dark, or crawled from trenches across no man's land, searching, finding, devouring or being devoured by the enemy.

On such a night, while the devastated fields of fair France lay swathed in an impenetrable blanket of murky darkness; at a whispered command, a score of chosen men, clambored noislessly over the parapet of an allied trench and went crawling and squirming, slowly, cautiously across that all too distant stretch of terrain that spread before the enemy trenches, now so silent, so ominously silent.

And among these men there were two whom fate had flung together for the first time, but two whose paths fate destined should cross and recross later in epic dramas of crude life.

First of these was a lithe young giant, who now, if you could have seen his face, looked ahead with a strange glare, mumbling to himself half forgotten prayers of childhood. Seeing his face you could have noted a tense, fighting demeanor. An unsmiling face that must have been topped by a black thatch of hair to match the hair upon the wrists that stuck out from the arm of the uniform jacket.

You would have sensed this man as an aborigine warrior, painted for the fray, lusting for the blood of an enemy, or hungering for the conquest of the hunt, you could have sensed him stalking his prey, creeping upon it, stealthily, warily, joyously, yet fearfully, lest it get away.

The other was a giant. But he was not in the forefront of that silent little cavalcade. Yet he crept onward and onward, though if you could have seen his face you would have forgotten war and your mind would have imaged a mountain, up which toiled a white clad figure bearing a cross. How incongruous now, this bearded figure bearing the implements with which men slay men.

From the ocean of blackness there suddenly spat a slant of white, a glint of red and then an avalanche of white glistening stars. The whole terrain was soon aglow and the whole air rent with a sudden thundering crash, a deafening, incessant roar and purr of murderous shell and rifle fire, drummed by the spitting of machine guns.

The advancing men were swept with withering enfilading fire, that raked and hewed the line. A grim field of death from which it seemed hopeless to think a living soul could emerge, and yet in the midst of the carnage there rose one figure, silouetted for a moment. He was tall, straight, bearded of face. Then came a sudden momentary darkness and then again a flashing star burst and now the bearded figure bore in his arms a huddled, limp comrade.

In that second the wounded man was revealed as that stalwart leader who was first to crawl toward the foe. As the star broke, spreading its tell tale light, the wounded man looked up into the face of his bearer. In that flash he saw revealed a picture that in the dim past he had seen as he read his book of childhood prayers. Then the light died down. The bearer stumbled and fell, but held his comrade and bellying on, crept inch by inch, foot by foot, to the haven of his own trench.

And there the paths of these two separated. But who was to know that years later, in a calcium lighted ring, around which sat a pleasure loving crowd, not come to see war with tools of steel, but a battle with gloves of leather, the paths again should cross?

Who was to know that as the champion poised himself to deliver the finishing punch, the driving right that would send his opponent down, a beaten challenger, the calcium light would flicker, then would brighten, and that in that second the lithe, dark-haired champion, would see revealed before him, now unbearded, but as true as that picture in the little prayer book, the face of the man who had carried him from the battle field?

Who should doubt that the champion, in the moment of revelation, should be switched back half a dozen years, should cease functioning for a fraction of a second as his mind wandered back to the scenes on the bloody fields of France?

A war debt had been paid with a championship! The hero of the ring relinquished his crown to the hero of the battle-ground.

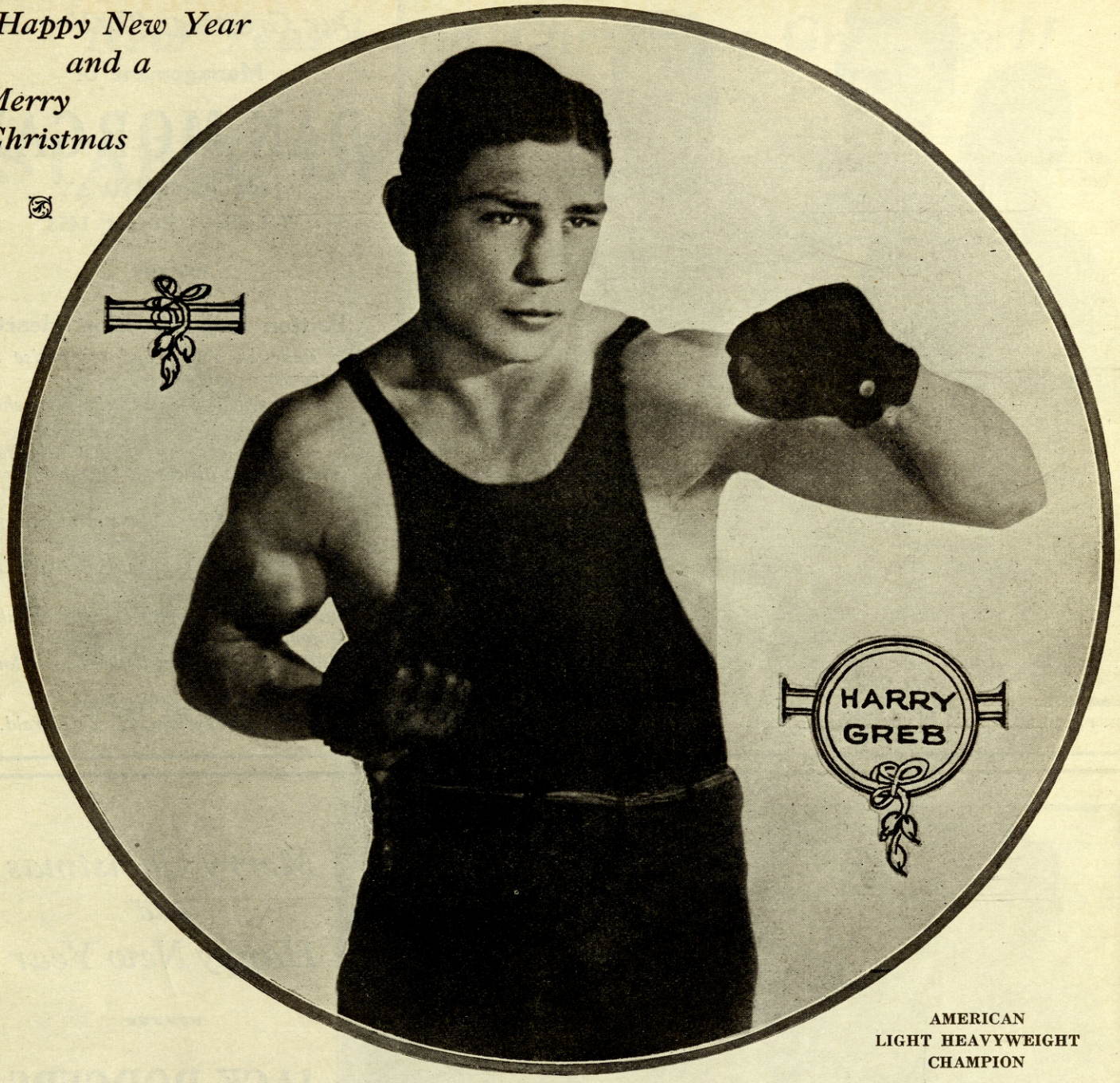
Advertise in The Ring

Advertising rates for space in THE RING given upon request.

* * *

It pays to advertise in this magazine. The readers of THE RING are men who buy.

Happy New Year and a Merry Christmas



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Our Greetings for the New Year

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JOHNNY KENNY, Light-heavy

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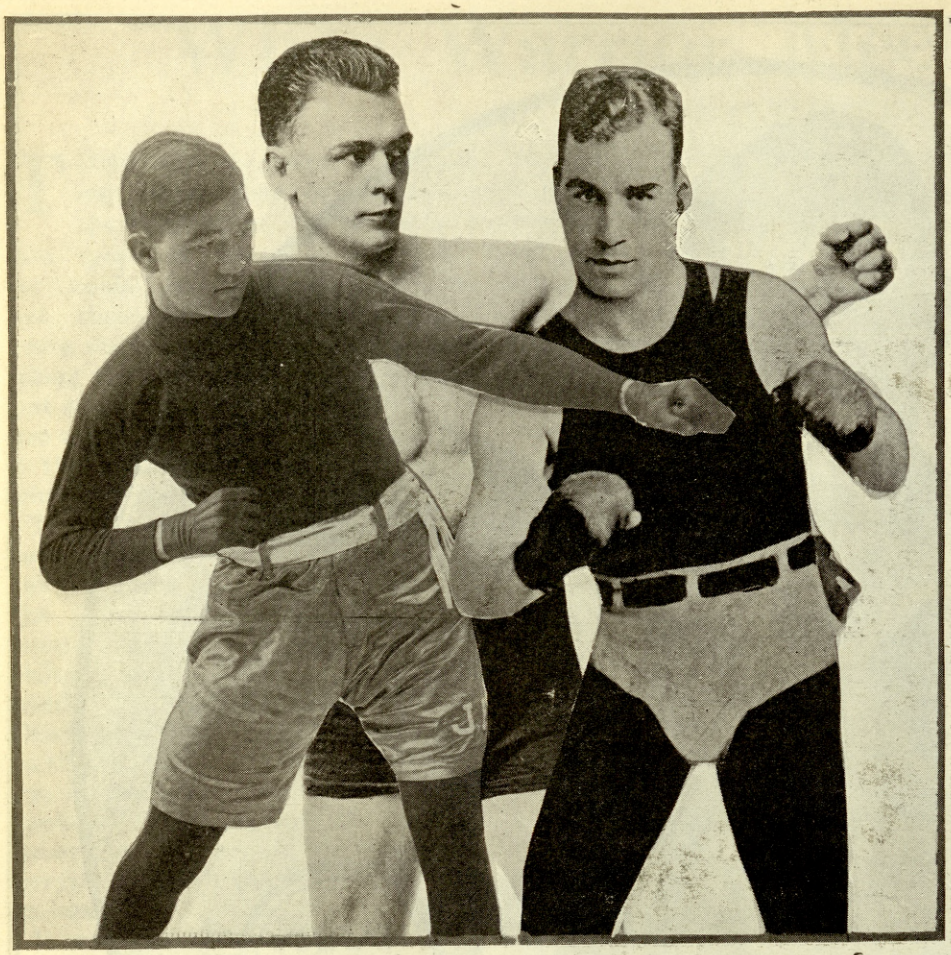

JACK PALMER EDDIE FITZSIMMONS
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Our Greetings To You All

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Britton and His Lion Heart

We smile on Youth and we praise his power,
The eyes which see and the fists which smite;
We give him cheers, for the little hour
That he tops his world by the force of might;
But our throats are tight and our nerves are drawn
When Age still grimly defends his throne,
With sight and strength and the old skill gone
And kept on his feet by his heart alone.

WALTER TRUMBULL,
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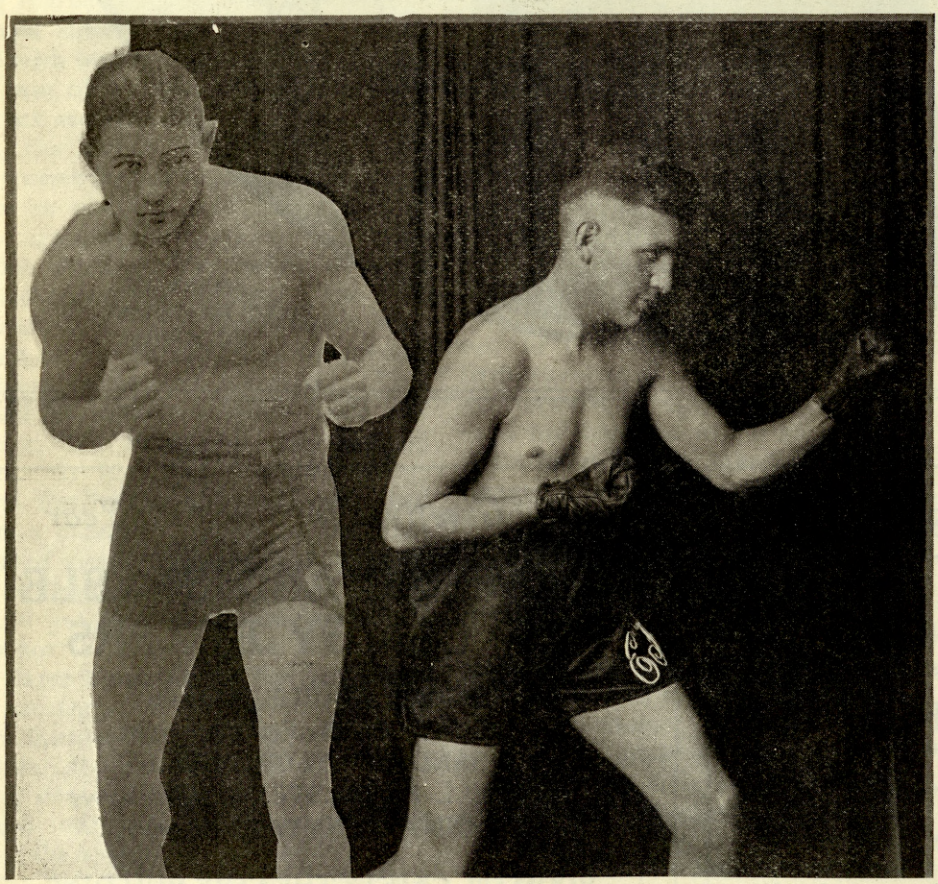

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Merry Christmas
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Happy New Year

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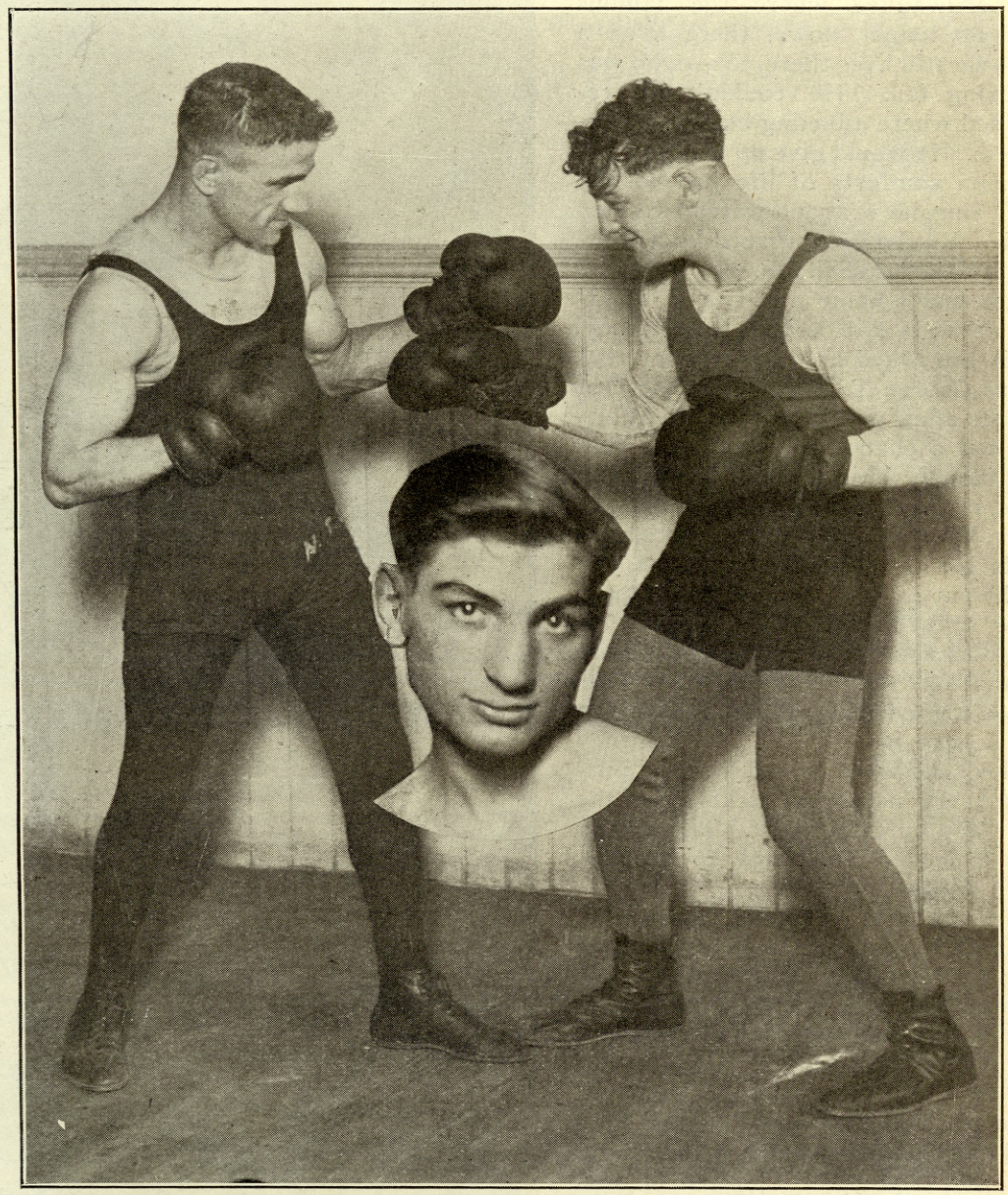
New Year's and Christmas Greetings!!

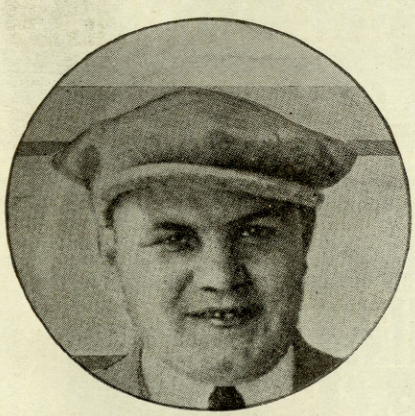
FROM THE

STABLE OF FAMOUS FIGHTERS

JIMMY KELLY



PEPPER MARTIN SPARRING WITH TERRY MARTIN
ANDY THOMAS IN INSERT



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Misfortune Followed This Fight Fan's Trail

By CHARLES P. WIMMER

WHEN Tammany Young heard the facts in this case he broke down. It was too much for him. He cried like a baby. And you can't blame him for it.

Here are the facts:

In Milwaukee, where the famous stuff no longer flows, there lived a man—he still lives there, too—who was a boxing fan. He couldn't be restrained where a boxing bout was concerned. He would give up many of the common comforts of life just to slip into a ringside seat and watch two men battle. But he was pursued by a ruthless fate, as we shall see.

This man's name was Lee R. Whitney. And it still is Lee R. Whitney, but if you asked us we would say that it was George T. Hardluck. The first real big affair pugilistic that Mr. Whitney had a chance to attend was that now famous fistic carnival in New Orleans, on September 5, 6 and 7, 1892.

Mr. Whitney collected the necessary funds for the object de tour, as you might put it, since he had to do quite some traveling from Milwaukee to New Orleans. The sum totaled quite a handsome figure. Though it represented a good many things in life that would have been useful, Mr. Whitney put his conscience behind him and purchased the necessary tickets for the three-day entertainment. The money thus expended amounted to twenty-seven dollars.

The car fare, of course, was added. Whitney started out in plenty of time to make the Crescent City but he was unfortunate. He missed a train connection and hurrying to make another that would land him at the scene of the battle in time, became involved in an accident that sent him to a hospital in a little town down in the South.

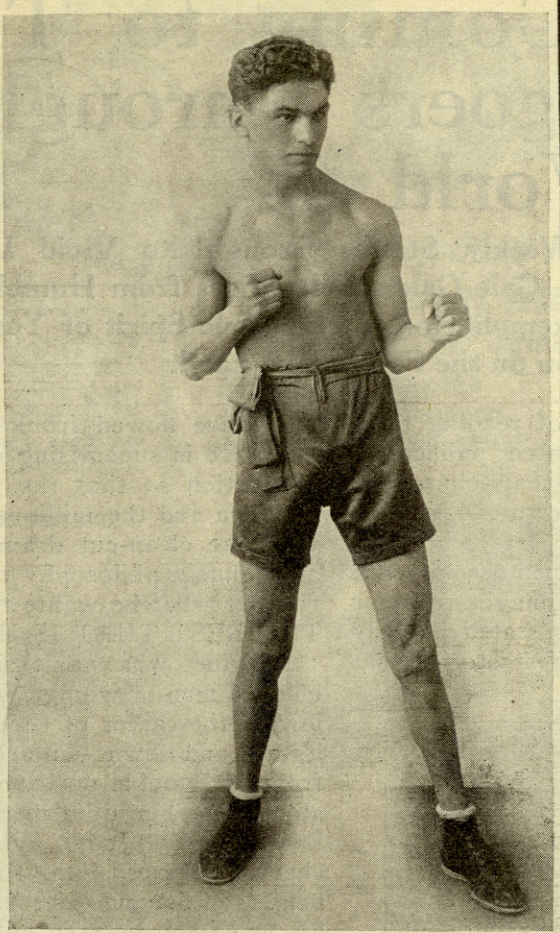
It was September 12 when he was able to leave the hospital and while he had tossed in his bed lamenting his fate, George Dixon knocked out our own Jack Skelly, now sporting editor of The Yonkers Herald, in seven rounds on the first night of the carnival. Billy Myer and Jack McAuliffe then fought twenty-five rounds and McAuliffe won, taking down a purse of $10,000 for the effort.

But that wasn't all. The third night, as our little pugilistic history tells us, John L. Sullivan, then the heavyweight champion of the world, met James J. Corbett, the sleek bank clerk from San Francisco, for the title.

The above are the reproductions of tickets purchased by Mr. Whitney but never used

Bobby Michaels

Wishes His Friends a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

Reserve Your Tables Now for the Holidays

at

Jimmy Kelly's Allegria

ITALIAN RESTAURANT

181 Sullivan Street New York City

Telephone: Spring 4242

The Sportsmen's Rendezvous

And as our little history continues to explain, Corbett won, dethroning the champion in 21 rounds.

Well, Mr. Whitney didn't go to New Orleans. What was the use? He climbed back on a train and went home, a little sadder, a little wiser, but as determined as ever to be a boxing fan, come what may. Then he played in some luck for a few years but when he again tried to sneak one over on Dame Fortune, he slipped once more.

This was many years later. It was when James J. Jeffries came out of retirement to defend his title against the usurping Jack Johnson, the lithe colored panther. This bout was staged in Goldfield and the sum demanded for a ticket was $50. Mr. Whitney had prospered and thinking he had overcome his jinx, quietly slipped out to 'Frisco and there purchased his coveted pasteboard. The bout was staged on July 4, 1910, as we know. Now on the night of July 3 Mr. Whitney was in Goldfield. He had his ticket. He was all set. Nothing could stop him. Or so he thought.

On the morning of July 4 he was in Goldfield. But he didn't know it. During the evening before he was walking through an unlighted street. His pasteboard, that coveted pasteboard, was tucked neatly in the sole of his right shoe. But, of course, a hard-hearted footpad isn't supposed to know a thing like that.

So he just tapped Mr. Whitney on the head, extracted whatever was available in Mr. Whitney's pockets, cursed his luck for not getting a ticket to the fight, and then he dragged Mr. Whitney into the back room of a saloon and draped him over a chair. Mr. Whitney, a most exemplary person in the matter of intoxicants, was presumed to be merely under the weather as he slept during that hot afternoon when Johnson knocked out Jeffries.

Much saddened, this time! but still bearing that indomitable spirit that is the fight fans'—the real fight fans'—he did not despair! He just sat at his post and waited and in time the chance came. Mr. Jack Dempsey was to defend his heavyweight title against Mr. Georges Carpentier, of France, at Boyle's Thirty Acres, on July 2, 1921.

Mr. Whitney left the empty steins, the cob-webbed palaces of once famous brew, and hied himself to Manhattan Island, where he had a fine time and all that sort of thing and then, with his pasteboard for a ringside seat tucked neatly in his inside pocket, where a big safety pin held it secure, he sauntered down the street and sought the hospitable shores of Jersey.

Well, the tubes were crowded and Mr. Whitney, who wasn't used to New York subways, thought he would take a ferry across to Jersey City. And so he stepped on a nice looking boat that promised a comfortable seat and stood up at the rail at the bow and watched the boat cut the water of North River and ease along to the Jersey shore. By and by he said to himself, "We seem to be taking a funny way of landing, kind of a long way," and then before he could get the drift of the thing it was too late.

Rushing up to the captain, he necked that gentleman and cried:

"What the h—— boat is this?"

To which the captain made a preoccupied reply:

"This is the Atlantic City boat."

"I would have jumped overboard and made Jersey City if I'd had to drink half the blooming Atlantic Ocean," declared Tammany Young wiping his eyes and shaking himself. "This Mr. Whitney is a glutton for punishment. He's the tough luck guy. Me, in the future, when I accidentally give a taxi driver a ten spot for a dollar bill, will consider myself in great luck."

Mr. Whitney's collection of unused pasteboards are herewith reproduced as mute evidence in the case.

"Fighting Blood" Coming to Thrill Millions of Theatergoers Throughout the World

Ring Champion Hero of Witwer's Great Collier's Weekly Stories Brought to Vivid Life on the Screen by F. B. O.—Stirringly Dramatic Tales of Gale Galen, Who Rises from Humble Position to the Very Crest of World Fame—Exemplifying the Dynamic Spirit of Youth That Has Made America the Greatest Nation on the Face of the Earth

LIGHT up the red fire, boys, and shoot off the Roman candles! "Fighting Blood" is coming—coming like the circus. "Bigger and better than ever"—to rip the roof off the nation in one grand and glorious upheaval of joy!

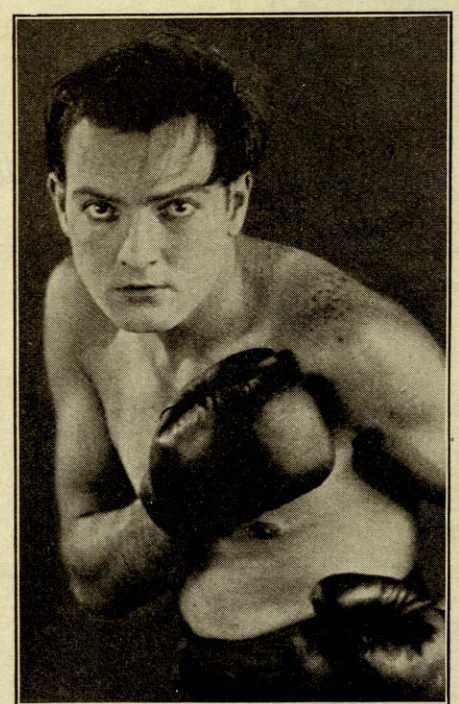
Film Booking Offices of America, Inc., is producing right now in its mammoth Los Angeles studios, the great "Fighting Blood" series of stories written by America's favorite humorist, Harry Witwer, and now running consecutively in Collier's, with its circulation of millions of readers throughout the nation.

The hero of these wonderfully human stories is a lowly soda jerker—just the type of boy you'll see at the counter in the corner drug store—who becomes overnight a champion of the prize ring!

Imagine what a master writer like Witwer, who knows the ring and its fighters as well as any man in the world, can do with such a character; And imagine what F. B. O., with its skilful production forces at work on the Coast, can do with such thrilling stories—stories not only of the ring with the crash and tingle of its fistic conflict—but also of love, deep and eternal—that women as well as men will enjoy to the utmost.

These great Witwer stories are running right now in Collier's. You can have the enjoyment of reading them in that widely circulated publication and of seeing the great characters spring into life on the screen at your favorite theatre.

Witwer has flung open the treasure chest of his superb imagination for these stories. He has stated publicly that they're the greatest stories that ever have flowed from his trenchant pen. He is supervising every step of production so that the fight fans of America and the millions of film fans who like clean-cut drama and action and homely philosophy on the screen will get what he wants them to get—THE BEST THAT IS IN HIM!



GALE GALEN, HERO OF "FIGHTING BLOOD"

Imagine what a thrill any red-blooded man or woman will get in following the career of Gale Galen, with its ups and downs—in seeing him rise from his humble position in a village store—in seeing him meet his light o' love, pretty Judy Wilcox, whose charm inspires him to climb the heights of fistiana—in seeing him fight his way, step by step with that wonderful courage and faith of American youth!

Witwer has outdone himself in the "Fighting Blood" stories, as hundreds of fiction critics agree. F. B. O. is outdoing itself in producing them. For the readers of THE RING and the millions of other men, women and children throughout the land who love their country and admire a two-fisted "go getter," "Fighing Blood" will be the treat of a life-time for they illustrate the sort of spirit that led America on to victory amid the shambles of the Marne and Chateau-Thierry—that has made our country the greatest nation on the face of the earth!

Jeff and "Leaches" in "Fighting Blood"

GREAT news from the West! Jim Jeffries and Leach Cross, together with other famous fighters of other days, will take part in some of the scenes of F. B. O.'s great Witwer-Collier's "Fighting Blood" productions.

Hundreds of thousands of loyal Americans will have a chance to cheer old Jeff to the echo when this greatest of all American champions comes forth from retirement to appear on the screen.

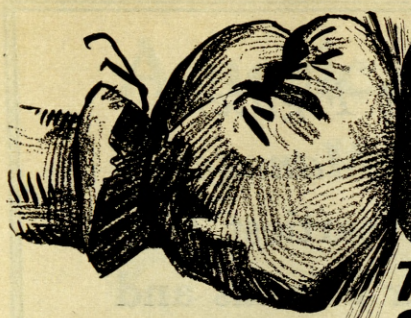
Jeff is glad that boxing has been raised to such a high plane that it is affording fine, wholesome entertainment for hundreds of thousands of men and women throughout the country. His countless friends will be surprised to see him in such fine condition as he is today.

"Leaches" Cross, New York's own hero of the prize ring, also appears in some of the early fight scenes. "Leaches" meets Gale Galen, the nifty young hero of "Fighting Blood" in one of the greatest fight scenes ever filmed. "Leaches" fights with all his old skill and generalship. He's right at home in pictures.

Thousands of Women Like Ring Battles

HUNDREDS of thousands of women attend ring contests throughout the country. One of the greatest ring battles ever fought in historic Madison Square Garden, New York, was promoted by a woman.

The contestants were Benny Leonard and Ritchie Mitchell. Boxing is a woman's sport today and they'll love the "Fighting Blood" stories on the screen because they have wonderful fight scenes as well as wonderful love episodes.



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The Famous H. C. Witwer-Collier's Weekly Series that have been Entertaining Millions of Readers

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REMEMBER THE TITLE —

Thrilling Bouts
Brilliant Humor
Bristling Romance

FIGHTING BLOOD

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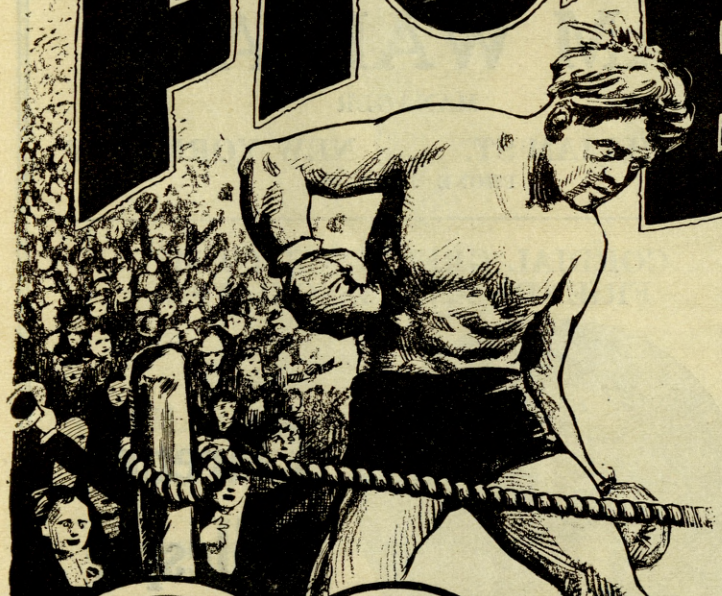

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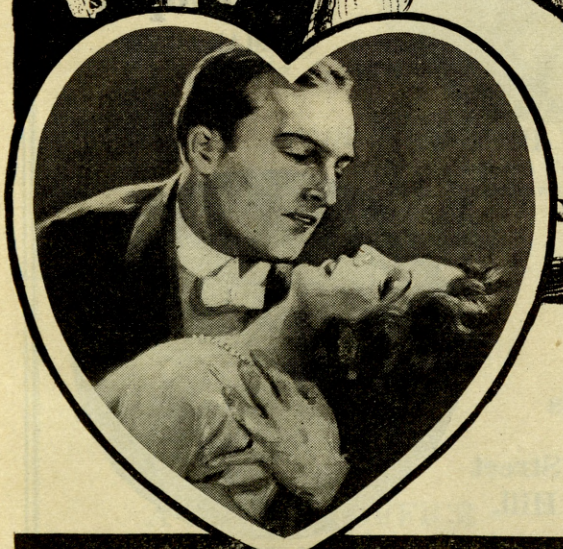

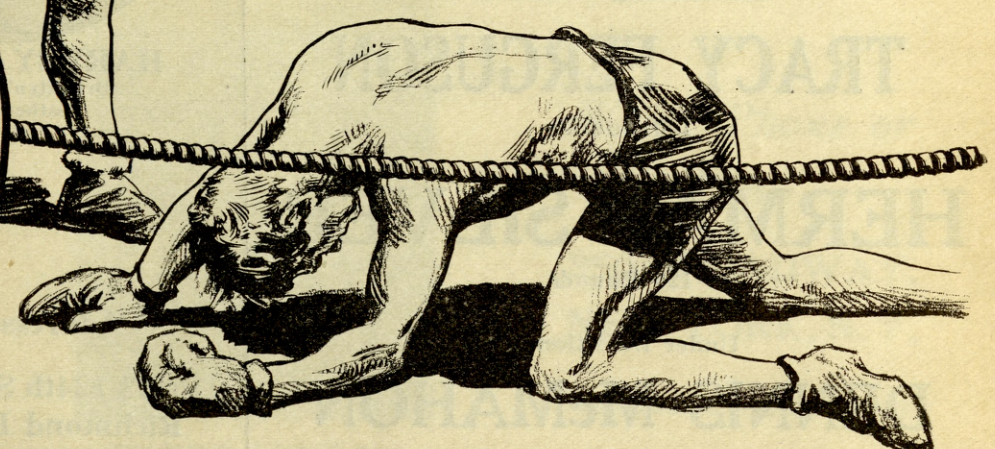

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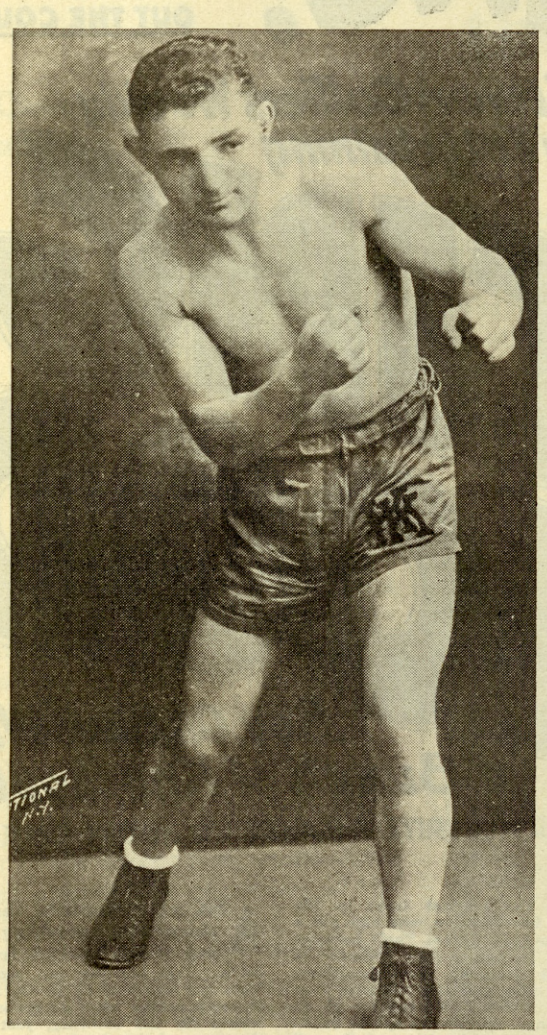

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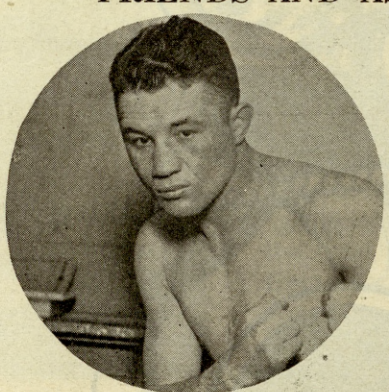

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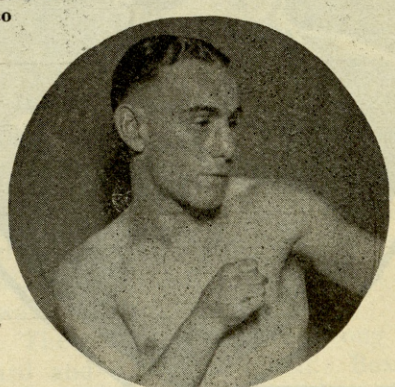

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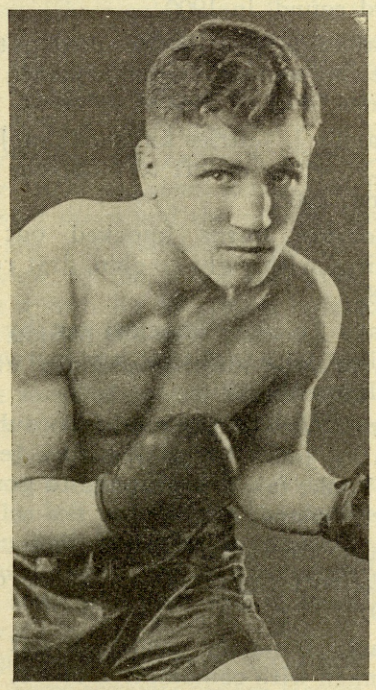

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1922 a Banner Year for Boxing

By NAT FLEISCHER
(Editor The Ring)

JUST as we are about to close the year book on boxing for the period of 1922, it comes to mind that the approaching year marks the 107th since the introduction of the great sport in America. And in the same flash comes to mind the fact that just a matter of sixty-three years ago the first international boxing bout was staged here.

Thus in retrospect we can bring to mind in a clear way what has taken place during the year just closing. It is safe to say that 1922 was one of the greatest years in the history of boxing, either here in this country or in the world. Yet during the year there were three important classes in which the title holders did not put their crowns at stake.

Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight champion, could not secure a match, for one reason or another. Johnny Kilbane, holder of the featherweight title, refused to risk his crown, while Johnny Wilson, the middleweight champion, first refused to risk his title and then was put under the ban of several state boxing commissions for this refusal, with the consequent result that no middleweight championship contests were staged with the title at stake.

On the whole, however, it was a year of genuine performance in other divisions. The bantamweight title changed hands, as did the light heavyweight and likewise the welterweight title found a new holder. Johnny Dundee, the veteran welterweight champion, the oldest champion on the list, was dethroned and Johnny Buff, nearly as old as Dundee, was thrust aside as the bantam king. Gene Tunney, who had not long held the light heavyweight crown, was tumbled from his throne by Harry Greb. In almost the same period that he lost his bantam title Johnny Buff was shorn of his flyweight title by Pancho Villa, from those far away Philippine Islands.

These four events in themselves were enough to mark the year in glowing red letters.

There was one other division in which the title was put up, the lightweight, and Champion Benny Leonard successfully defended it.

Time and events prevented international competition. Nineteen hundred and twenty-one saw Dempsey defend his title against Georges Carpentier. Nineteen hundred and twenty-three will see him in a bout for the championship with Harry Wills, but, of course, this will be a purely domestic quarrel.

Harking back along the road that boxing has tramped, a road strewn with thorns and many pitfalls, we find that as the year 1923 approaches boxing is in its great glory. It never before was so affluent. In twenty-three states in the Union boxing is a legalized and regulated sport. It no longer is a stepchild of athletics, but a full grown member of the family. In fact it now is among the most prosperous.

Its black days are behind it. Its future has a golden hue, and yet more careful watch over the sport is necessary now than ever before because of the simple fact that it has grown into a tremendous business proposition, a business with many ramifications, each of which must be guarded. Though its days of despair are past, not all of its parasites are eliminated. In due time this will have come to pass, but until that day the game must be regulated in the same careful way that has marked its progress in the past few years. Vigilance has so far been amply rewarded. It can not fail to be rewarded in greater measure in the future.

All of this seems pertinent as an introduction to several of the greatest fights ever staged in the history of boxing and which are a part of this article. One likes to look into the future, and no better way can be found than by a glimpse into the past, for then it is possible to reach a comparative basis on which to form ones future anticipations.

BLOWS THAT WON WORLD'S GREATEST FIGHTS

John L. Sullivan knocked out by James J. Corbett with right to jaw in twenty-first round, 1893.

James J. Corbett knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons with left to stomach, solar plexus blow, fourteenth round, 1897.

James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett with left to jaw in twenty-third round, in 1900.

James J. Jeffries knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons with right to jaw in eight rounds, 1903.

James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett with left to stomach, tenth round, 1903.

Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires with right to chin, first round, 1908.

Jack Johnson knocked out by Jess Willard with right to jaw in twenty-sixth round, 1915.

Jess Willard battered into submission by Jack Dempsey with a terrific left hook; failed to respond to gong in fourth round, 1919.

Jack Dempsey knocked out Billy Miske with right to chin in third round, 1920.

Jack Dempsey knocked out Bill Brennan with combination of left hook to chin and right rabbit punch, 1920.

Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier with a right to the jaw in fourth round, 1921.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Ring, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1922.

State of New York, } ss.:
County of New York }

Before me, Frank E. Coultry, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above capition, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Madison Square Garden, New York City; editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Madison Square Garden, New York City; managing editor, none; business manager, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

2. That the owners are: The Ring, Inc., Madison Square Garden, New York City; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Madison Square Garden, New York City; Frank E. Coultry, Madison Square Garden, New York City; John L. Dorgan, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

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NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of October, 1922.

FRANK E. COULTRY.

(My Commission expires March 30, 1923.)

World Famous International Ring Battles Recalled Through Final Rounds—American Negro in First Contest

[The year 1923 will probably see two heavyweight championship battles, one between Dempsey and Wills, and another between Dempsey and Joe Beckett, an international contest. It is therefore opportune to review some of the great International heavyweight battles.]—Editor's Note.

CRIBB DEFEATS MOLINEUX, NEGRO

(Tom Cribb, England, against Tom Molineux, American negro. Fought in England, December 18, 1810. Cribb won in thirty-three rounds which lasted fifty-five minutes. This fight was the first international contest in which a negro took part.)

After engaging in an uphill contest for twenty-seven rounds, during which time the negro was as couragoeus a man as ever faced an adversary and tested Cribb's merits as a pugilist to the limit, both fighters suffered severely from the effects of the punishment assimilated by each.

In the twenty-eighth round, after the men were carried to their corners, Cribb was so much exhausted that he could scarcely rise from his second's knee at the call of time. Joe Ward, chief second for Cribb, performed a little manoeuvering which occupied the attention of Molineux's seconds sufficiently to enable Cribb to regain some strength. In the next two rounds Cribb rallied and knocked Molineux down. In the thirty-first round both rallied and Molineux threw Cribb, but in the struggle fell on his head and practically lost consciousness. Then the famous battle ended as follows:

"Round 53—Molineux was induced to continue in the hopes his opponent might weaken. He walked to meet Cribb and fell heavily to the ground. He could not keep his legs and this by Cribb's seconds was called falling without a blow, and a squabble would have ensued had not Molineux wisely announced: "I can fight no more."

Thus ended the first international prize-fight between England and America.

EASY FOR CRIBB IN RETURN BATTLE

(Tom Cribb against Tom Molineux in England, September 28, 1811. Return bout won by Cribb in eleven rounds lasting nineteen minutes ten seconds.)

This battle, fought as a result of the assertion by Molineux that had he not fought Cribb the first time during inclement weather he would have won the bout, clearly showed Cribb to be the superior.

During the first five rounds the struggle was a sanguine one, with terrific hitting on both sides. Molineux thrice floored his opponent in these sessions and also closed Cribb's right eye and drew first blood. In the sixth and seventh rounds Cribb rallied and cut the negro badly, causing Molineux to rage with fury. At the end of the eighth round he fell from exhaustion, and again in the ninth and tenth rounds Molineux went down.

The end was clearly in sight as the call was made for the start of the eleventh round. The tale of the wind-up follows:

"With great difficulty Molineux was induced to get off his second's knee, only for more punishment. Molineux's senses were absolutely hit out of him. He tried to stand and face his adversary, but was unable to do so. A Scotch reel by Gully and Cribb then announced the victory for Cribb, while the very welkin echoed with applause."

HEENAN-SAYERS BOUT ENDS IN RIOT

(Tom Sayers vs. John C. Heenan, April 17, 1860. Farnborough, England. Fight 42-round draw; police interference.)

The battle between Heenan and Sayers, a bloody, bare knuckle international contest, went five rounds after the official referee had left the ring in the thirty-seventh round and declared the contest a draw because of police interference. Up to the time the referee left the ring Heenan had the better of the fight and it seemed he would win. In the thirty-seventh round, when the police made a rush for the ring, Heenan, after being badly punished about the face, got a strangle hold on his opponent from which Sayers could not extricate himself, and as the round was about to end, both fighters went down and the referee, who at the time was completely shut out from the view by the police and those who made a rush for the ropes, ordered the bout stopped and left. Although he sent orders for the cessation of hostilities, five more so-called rounds were fought with pretty equal advantage. After the crowd rushed into the ring to save their bets, Heenan's right eye was rapidly closing and his left was in complete darkness.

The fight lasted two hours and twenty minutes, when the toughs entered the ring and the contest had to be called a draw.

Opinion differs as to the actual winner. Some accounts declare Heenan won, and the crowd rushed into the ring to save their bets, while other English critics declare Heenan was so badly beaten and blinded he had to be led from the ring.

"Boxiana," the most famous history of English boxing, declared the bout ended as follows:

"Forty- First Round—Heenan, in a frenzy at having one eye closed and the other almost in darkness, rushed at Sayers' seconds before time was called, and hitting left and right, floored each. Then, when the round started, he rushed into a clinch with Sayers and after considerable close range fighting, both fell to the ground.

"Forty-second Round — When this round started the men again rushed at each other and both again fell. By this time the referee was able to get to the ring side and he ordered the men to desist from fighting. Heenan rushed out of the ring. He showed the agility of a deer despite the fact he was totally blind."

GOSS-MACE FIGHT DESCRIBED AS "FAKE"

(Joe Goss vs. Jem Mace, Farmingham, England, May 24, 1866. Fought draw; one hour ten minutes.)

With the swells in the party carrying "well stocked picnic baskets and bottles of champagne," 600 fight fans sneaked into the bushes at Farmingham Bridge, in Kent, London, at eight o'clock on the morning of May 24 to witness James "Jem" Mace and Joe Goss fight for the English belt and 200 pounds side bet.

Take it from the witnesses of that contest that the affair, lasting one hour and ten minutes, "in which it is said, not one hard blow was struck, was a posture." In these days "posture" in the ring would be synonmous with the word "fake," carrying with it all the hisses, catcalls and hoots that such present-day ring contests receive.

All classes of society viewed the fight. The tickets were $10, with guardsmen, dandies, pugilists, publicans, tavern keepers and ordinary citizens looking on.

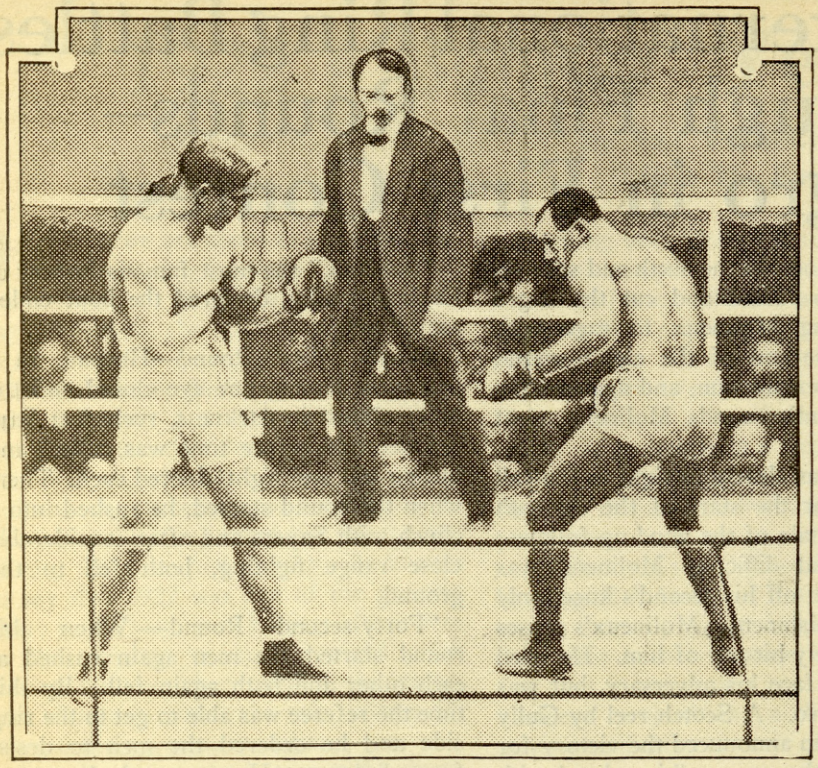
In describing the fight several fight reports declare:

The fight! There was no fight! The rounds! There were no rounds! There simply was one round which lasted an hour and ten minutes. For want of a better name the "contest" was called a draw.

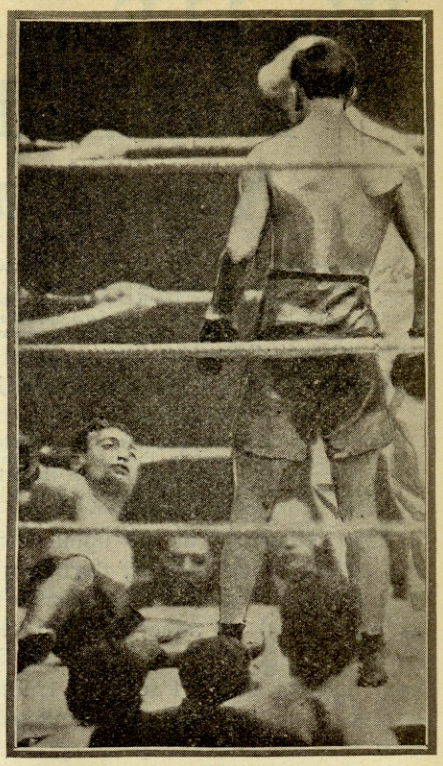
SULLIVAN-MITCHELL CONTEST A DRAW

(John L. Sullivan vs. Charley Mitchell, at Chantilly, France, March 10, 1888. Fought 39-round draw.)

This contest, fought before forty-one persons during a chilly, drizzling after-



GEORGES CARPENTIER
It was on March 21, 1914, when Georges Carpentier fought his famous battle with Joe Jeanette. The fight went 15 rounds, and when Georges failed to come out of his corner Jeanette was declared the winner.



Danny Frush Taking the Count in Bout with Johnny Dundee.

noon, found Sullivan far from being the invincible fighter his American admirers thought he was. Up to the seventh round, Sullivan did all the forcing. He damaged Mitchell considerably in those sessions and five times floored the Englishman.

In the thirty-fifth Sullivan seemed to get his second wind, while Mitchell was extremely tired, and from then until the windup in the thirty-ninth session, the spectators were treated to a dreary exhibition. The last round of this battle is described as follows:

"The round lasted thirty-five minutes. Frequently Mitchell, for a change, would take a walk around the ring, while Sullivan stood still. Some four times they retired to their corners to get the clay off their boots and refresh themselves until one would challenge the other.

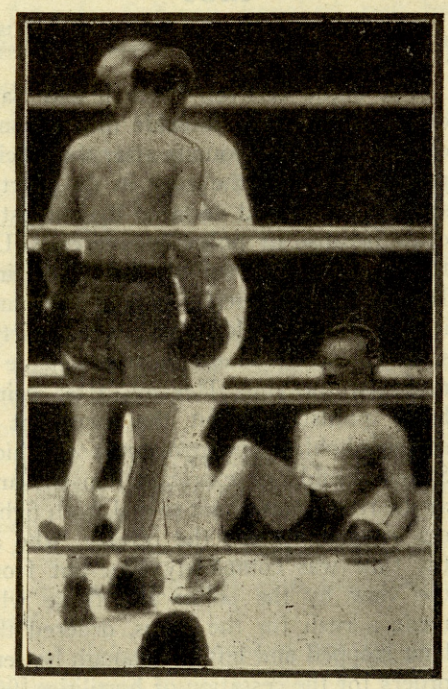
"A draw had been suggested and declined, till between four and five o'clock all got impatient, as the finish seemed at least two hours off. However favorable to Mitchell, the latter at last said:

" 'Well let's shake hands or fight on, as John likes." Here Baldock, who had been very troublesome, rushed in and joined their hands and both retired from the ring. Mitchell was very much bruised on the body, his left eye closing. Sullivan was also much bruised on the body and his mouth much punished."

JACKSON-CORBETT IN 61-ROUND DRAW

(Peter Jackson vs. Jim Corbett, at San Francisco, May 21, 1891. Sixty-one-round draw.)

Referee Cook's decision of "No decision," which was given at the end of the sixty-first round, after the men had been in the ring for four hours and five minutes, was generally accepted as equivalent to a "draw decision." The first thirty rounds constituted one of the most scientific contests seen on the Pacific Coast, but the last part of the contest was simply a walk around. In the last few rounds of the contest Jackson staggered about the ring and Corbett was in little better condition. The contest wound up as follows:



Joe Lynch Regaining Bantam Title by Knocking Out Johnny Buff.

"When the men came up for the sixty-first round it was plain to be seen that both were fighting and staying upon their feet merely on nerve. Jackson swung at Corbett and missed and had all he could do to keep from toppling over, while Corbett essayed to counter, but reeled around the ring. The most the contestants could do was to tap each other lightly.

KILRAIN BATTERED INTO HELPLESSNESS

(Frank Slavin vs. Jake Kilrain, June 17, 1891. At Hoboken. Slavin scored knockout in ninth round.)

When Kilrain entered the ring he was fat and out of condition. From the beginning of the contest Slavin led in the clean blows struck, Kilrain being mainly on the defensive. As the fight progressed Kilrain hugged his opponent, and as he weighed 190 pounds this fact worried the advisers of Slavin. They accused the American's handlers of advising their man (Kilrain) to adopt such tactics. This was while fighting in the ring was going on. There were a number of such impromptu verbal altercations throughout the contest. The last round follows:

Ninth Round—Slavin trotted out of his corner intent on "finishing" his man. Kilrain could hardly put up his hands. Kilrain went into a clinch and Slavin shoved him off and landed a hard right over the heart. Kilrain managed to plant a good left hander in the face, the best he had landed since the sixth round. Slavin retorted with an awful right punch in the ribs. Another followed in the pit of his opponent's stomach. It was followed by

a right into Kilrain's side. The latter turned sideways, tottered and then fell upon his right side.

Then he rolled over on his back, his right knee drawn highly in the air. The gong rang. "Honest John" Kelly counted the seconds up to ten, picked up his long hammer, looked at his watch again and rang the gong once more.

As he did this Kilrain labored to his feet. Then he was carried to his corner. He had been "out" for fourteen seconds. Kilrain then got up and walked to the centre of the ring and put up a pretence of continuing, but he looked helpless. While his seconds put up a protest, they were waved away and the fight was over.

"ONCE TOO LONG IN RING," SAID JOHN L.

(Jim Corbett vs. John L. Sullivan, New Orleans, September 7, 1892. Won by Corbett in twenty-first round.)

No contest in the annals of fistiana was so revolutionary as the Corbett-Sullivan go; no contest had so great an effect on the game, its contestants and patrons. It not only marked a turning point in the manly art, directing away from the influences and conditions that surrounded old time prize fighting, but it exerted a tremendous effect on clean sport in general. It demonstrated the fact that brain is greater than brawn. After Sullivan had gained an advantage through sheer strength and brutality in the first few rounds, Corbett amazed the fans by his cleverness. Gradually the crowd saw the lesson was unfolding before them. They saw that Corbett, instead of running away, was pursuing a heady, intelligent style of battling. The end came in the twenty-first round as follows:

Corbett left his chair, rushed at Sullivan and was upon John L. like a flash, raining on him a shower of lefts and rights. Under the panther-like assaults of Corbett the old lion was backed to the ropes. Then Jim curled up a nicely timed right hand smash to the jaw. The mighty John L. pitched forward on his face.

John came up O. K. again. He led with a weak left. Corbett was watching for an opening. The house was now all Corbett.

John sparred for Jim, but Jim jabbed him as he pleased. Fiercely Corbett fought the almost helpless champion to the ropes and banged him with right and left at will.

Sully fell three times. He tried to get up, and fell supinely back again, clearly knocked out.

Blood was pouring from his mouth and nose as he was lifted into his corner.

The champion had given up his laurels, and James J. Corbett stood in the centre of the ring, the champion of the world

He was showered with bouquets, his friends embracing him, and the wildest scene of excitement ever seen in the club ensued.

The time of the fight was one hour and twenty-three minutes.

In three minutes Sullivan slowly raised himself in his chair and began speaking to his seconds. The crowd could not hear him, and yells of "Sullivan! Speech!" rent the air.

Sullivan arose, and Corbett crossed quickly over and shook hands with him. Sullivan tried to address the crowd. His voice was very hoarse as he said:

"Gentlemen, all I have to say is that I stayed once too long in the ring, and that I am glad America has so good a champion."

CORBETT LANDS K. O. IN 9 MINUTES

(Jim Corbett vs. Charley Mitchell, Jacksonville, Fla., January 25, 1896. Corbett won in third round.)

This great international prize fight took exactly nine minutes to decide. In the brief period James J. Corbett put Charley Mitchell, "the English Bluffer," to sleep. And in the same time the American champion become world's champion.

Second Round—Corbett landed a terrific right to the temple and Mitchell was knocked flat on the floor. Corbett lost his head for a minute. He was so eager to get at his adversary that he came close through losing on a foul only for the restraining hand of the referee, Honest John Kelly.

Third Round—Mitchell responded very slowly. He seemed stiff and sore. Corbett sprang at him and rushed him into a corner. He punched Charley in the nose, drawing blood. Then he swung his ponderous left on the jaw and dropped Mitchell. Mitchell was dazed and wanted to nurse his ten seconds. This seemed to madden Corbett. He wanted to get at his victim, but his seconds jumped into the ring and dragged him away. The instant Mitchell was up Corbett was at him, smashing him in the mouth, causing the blood to gush forth from his mouth and nostrils.

Beaten, bleeding, Mitchell slowly turned on the floor and staggered to his feet. Corbett saw that the moment for a final hit had arrived. Swinging that awful right hand, he smashed a terrible blow on Mitchell's jaw. The Englishman fell heavily on his side, rolled over on his face senseless and knocked out.

CORBETT ATTACKED FITZ AT CARSON CITY

(Jim Corbett vs. Bob Fitzsimmons, at Carson City, Nev., March 17, 1897. Won by Fitzsimmons in the fourteenth round.)

It was the most vicious battle between heavyweights seen up to that time. From the moment the gong sounded it was a hard hitting clean cut battle. "Bob" in round after round played for and reached his opponent's stomach. It was the first time that a contender for the championship had tried to reach it by playing the body. The wily Fitz also made a target out of Corbett's body near his heart, but the decisive blow was a left swing into the pit of Corbett's stomach.

"Fitz" was almost knocked out in the sixth round. Corbett going at him viciously, smashed him on the jaw with lefts and rights, leaving him unsteady on his feet. A straight blow to "Fitz's" nose brought the blood in a stream. Another heavy right hander to jaw knocked Fitz to his knees, and in order to avoid further punishment he remained there until the count of eight, the crowd yelling:

"You've got him, Jim; go at him; kill him; finish him."

But Corbett couldn't. Although Fitz came out of his corner for the seventh round a little weakened, from then on he steadily seemed to gain the mastery over Corbett that gave him the battle in the fourteenth round.

The rounds follow:

Fitz rushed and Corbett steadied him with a hard left on the mouth. Again Fitz rushed and again received the same kind of a reception. Fitz led for the body with his left and brought a right overhand swing. He caught Corbett fairly on the ear with his right.

Delaney evidently thought Corbett was hurt, for he shouted, "Look out, Jim!"

Corbett clung to his man, however, and nodded to his seconds in mute assurance that everything was going all right.

When they broke away Fitz worked Corbett around the ring and got in two heavy left-hand punches and there was another right-hander. Fitz caught Corbett a left-hander in the pit of the stomach and a right-hander to the jaw and Corbett went down.

He placed his hands on his stomach and there were cries of "Foul!" His face puckered up in withering pain. The seconds crowded into the ring. There was great excitement. Corbett crawled on his knees to the ropes and held on. People began to pour into the ring and Fitz waved them out. Martin Julian commenced waving a towel as if for a token of victory.

Corbett partly recovered himself and rushed over to Fitz. He fell on Fitz and his brother, Joe, tried to haul him back. Fitz fell under the ropes and some of the sheriffs pulled Corbett away. Corbett was very wild. He was trying to get at Fitz in his corner and Delaney waved him away.

Jim's face had the appearance of crying and he kept bending down toward his groin to indicate that he had been fouled.

The ring was soon invaded, the crowd clambering through the ropes.

Fitz was dragged to the corner and dumped into his chair. Jim made violent efforts to get at him the second time. Delaney clung around Jim's neck and others intervened and managed to hold the infuriated fighter at bay. Jim was forced bodily back to his corner, and Referee Siler made the announcement:

"Fitzsimmons wins."

FITZ FELL LIKE A LOG IN ELEVENTH

(Jim Jeffries vs. Bob Fitzsimmons, Coney Island A. C., June 9, 1899. Won by Jeffries in eleventh round.)

Round 11—Fitz came to the centre as willingly as Jeffries. He never faltered. And in this last battle he proved his gameness as he never did before. Jeff, with the same lazy caution and long, sneaky, left-hand feints, came in, shifted to the left, broke ground, worked in again and drew a left-hand lead.

He blocked it and came into the clinch with a furious right-hand jolt over the heart. He broke, feinting again, and Fitzsimmons tried the right. It missed. Then came the left. It was blocked. Again Jeff feinted at the body. Then he stabbed it once. Then up came that awful left hook to the jaw. Then, like a flash, back came the arm, then out straight as a piston rod full to Fitzsimmons's jaw.

It shook Fitz to his heels. His knees bent and his hands dropped from position. Jeff, who had stepped back, threw up the left arm as a block and shot in. The right, from a half arm position, went straight to the jaw.

Fitzsimmons fell like a dead man. His back struck, then his shoulders, with a bang, then his head with a thud. His outstretched arms flopped down beside him. Jeff looked at him and, rubbing his nose with the thumb of his right glove, stepped back, then strolled over to the ropes, all the time watching him from the corner of his eye.

At the count of ten a throaty cheer went up which announced the new champion. In a second from either corner came men like ants. Brady, with one wild, happy cry, threw his arms about Jeff's neck. Then came Delaney, then Jack (Jeffries' brother), and Ryan. Hundreds of hands were outstretched toward the corner. A thousand voices cheered.

BURNS FAILED TO LAND TELLING BLOW

(Jack Johnson vs. Tommy Burns. At Sydney, Australia, December 26, 1908. Johnson won in fourteen rounds.)

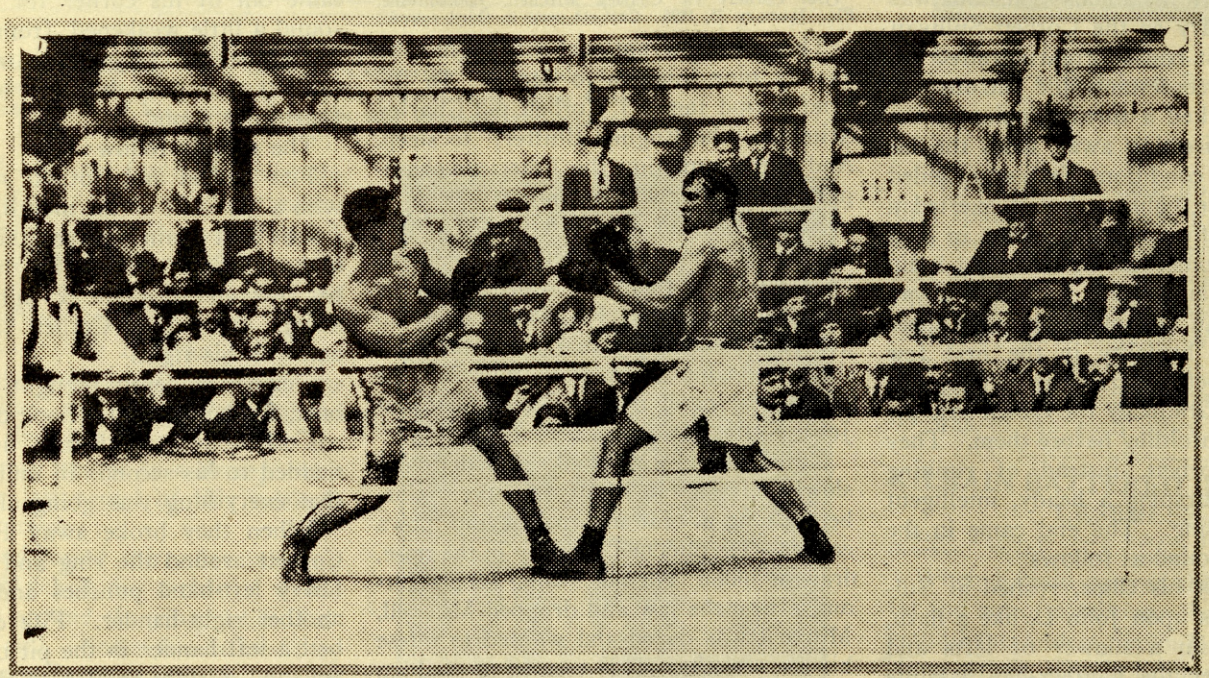
This battle, if such it may be called, was one in which the victim, Burns, was so far outclassed it was a shame to call the affair a fight.

There was no fraction of a second in all the fourteen rounds that could be called Burns'. So far as damage is concerned, Burns never landed a blow. He never phased the black man. It was not Burns' fault, however. He tried every moment throughout the fight except when he was groggy. It was hopeless, preposterous, heroic. He was a glutton for punishment, and he bored in all the time, but a dew drop in Sheol had more chance than he with the giant Ethiopian.

Johnson play-acted all the time, and he played with Burns from the going of the opening round to the finish of the fight. Burns was a toy in his hands. For Johnson it was a kindergarten romp.

"Hit here, Tahmy," he would say, exposing the right side of his unprotected stomach, and when Burns struck Johnson would neither wince nor cover up. Instead, he would receive the blow with a happy, careless smile directed at the spectators, turn the left side of his unprotected stomach and say, "Now here, Tahmy," and while Burns hit as directed Johnson would continue to grin and chuckle and smile his golden smile. This is how the fight wound up:

In the thirteenth round, Johnson should have put Burns out. He could have put him out. It would have been child's play. Instead of which he smiled and deliberately let Burns live until the gong sounded, and in the opening of the fourteenth round the police stopped the fight, and Johnson lost the credit of a knockout.



It was on June 24, 1912, that Georges Carpentier lost to Frank Klaus in a bout that ended in the 19th round. Klaus won on a foul when he almost had Georges out.

JEFFRIES BATTERED BY JACK JOHNSON

(Jack Johnson vs. Jim Jeffries. At Reno, Nev., July 4, 1910. Johnson won in fifteenth round.)

From the beginning of the contest it was noticed that Jeffries "had gone back," and Johnson's golden smile beamed on his adversary, trainers and spectators as he punched his opponent at will.

The end came in the fifteenth round when Johnson, after mercilessly battering his opponent, knocked him to the floor three times. The last time at the count of eight Jeffries' seconds rushed over the ring and the referee awarded the fight to Johnson. The last round follows:

Fifteenth Round—"When the men faced each other it was plain to all that Jeffries was in distress. His face was puffed and bleeding from punishing lefts

and rights he had received and his movements were languid. He shambled after the elusive negro, sometimes crouching low, with his left hand stuck out in front, and sometimes standing erect. Stooping or erect, he was a mark for Johnson's accurately driven blows. Johnson simply waited for the big white man to come in and chopped his face to pieces.

"They came into a clinch after a feeble attempt by Jeffries to land a left on the body, and as they broke away Johnson shot his left and right to the jaw in a flash. Jeffries staggered back against the ropes. His defensive powers seemed to desert him in an instant.

"Johnson dashed at him like a tiger. A rain of lefts and rights delivered at close quarters set Jeffries reeling blindly. Another series of short, snappy punches, and the big white giant was down for the first time in his ring career. He fell under the top rope, over the lower one and onto the overhang of the platform. Resting on his haunches and right elbow, Jeffries looked around in a dazed way and got up at the count of nine.

"Jeffries was helpless, and as he staggered into a standing position the negro was waiting for him. A left, a right and another left—short, powerful blows found their mark on Jeffries' chin, and he went down for the third time, again sprawling over the lower rope, half hanging out of the ring.

"The timekeeper raised and lowered his arm tolling off the seconds. He had reached the count of seven when some of Jeffries' seconds put foot inside of the ropes and Tex Rickard walked between the fallen man and the negro champion. Placing his hand on Johnson's shoulder, he declared him the winner. While Jeffries was not counted out, this was merely a technical evasion. It was evident that he could never have gotten up in ten seconds."

WILLARD SCORES K. O. OVER JOHNSON

(Jess Willard vs. Jack Johnson, Havana, Cuba, April 5, 1915. Willard won in twenty-sixth round.)

This championship fight, with Willard, a white man, trying to wrest the title from Jack Johnson, its negro holder, aroused as much interest as did the fight between Johnson and Jeffries in 1910, when the negro won the world's title.

Early in the fight it was seen that Johnson was not the same man who had conquered Jeffries. His younger opponent stung him with blows in vital spots, and it was seen that Johnson drew back. Willard from the first fought slowly, carefully biding the time until the champion showed some signs of leg weariness.

Up to the tenth the negro was flashing his golden smile and chaffing Willard, "Why don't you fight?" Willard was noticeably shaky. Johnson continually made a mark of Willard's body with his famous left and right hooks, but the blows did not budge the 238 pound "Jess." Willard was unhurt and fresh in the eighteenth round, when Johnson seemed to go all to pieces, through exhaustion. In the last eight rounds of the fight Johnson stood facing his opponent like an image, cut out of glistening ebony. He seldom attempted to strike a blow, and made only a feeble attempt to defend himself. When Willard's blows staggered him in the twenty-fifth round, then everybody knew that the end was in sight. The end came as follows:

Twenty-sixth Round—"Johnson rose slowly from his chair and Willard met him more than two-thirds of the way across the ring. Willard stabbed a long left in the negro's face, sending his head bobbing back. Before the champion could recover his position Willard swung a smashing right, which landed full on Johnson's stomach. Johnson was swung against the ropes by the force of the blow and he clinched on the rebound.

"As soon as Welsh had broken the clinch 'Jess' rushed again, forcing the negro into Willard's corner, where the finish came. Johnson was slow in darting, and his strong, youthful opponent, hooked a swinging left to the body. The fading champion's legs quivered and again the towering giant feinted for the body. Johnson dropped his guard and Willard won the title with a quick, hard swing to the exact point of the jaw.

"The negro's knees folded up under him and he sank slowly to the floor and rolled over on his back partly under the ropes. Welsh waived Willard back and began to count. Up and down swung the referee's hand, but Johnson never moved, his eyes were glassy, only the whites being visible.

"At the count of 'ten' Welsh turned and held up Willard's hand and a new champion replaced Johnson, who was still stretched on the floor of the ring. Time of round one minute and twenty-six seconds."

WILLARD LOST TITLE IN DRAMATIC BOUT

(Jess Willard vs. Jack Dempsey, July 4, 1919, Toledo, Ohio. Willard stopped in three rounds; failed to resume battle in fourth.)

After the dramatic turn of events in the opening round, when Challenger Jack Dempsey dropped the tall Kansan seven times and had him all but out when the bell clanged, Dempsey came to the centre of the ring in the second session with a rush and battered and pummelled the champion about, forcing Willard to give ground as he assimilated the punishment. As the round ended Willard staggered to his corner. Then came the eventful and fateful third. Dempsey hit the champion almost at will and Willard scarcely retaliated. He was against the ropes, tired, weary, nearly out on his feet. When the bell sounded for the beginning of the fourth round Willard refused to continue. The bout ended. Dempsey was champion of the world.

Willard was in pitiful shape when he came to his corner at the end of the third round. As he slunk down into his chair with an exhausted air he spat out a tooth. His face was bruised and bleeding. Walter Monahan, his chief second, leaned over and for a few seconds talked earnestly with Jess. Both men were seen to shake their heads, as if agreeing to something. Then Monahan walked over to Referee Pecord and spoke to the arbiter. Pecord then went over to Dempsey's corner, said something to Jack and led the new champion to the centre of the ring, where Willard presently made his staggering way. The two boxers shook hands and Pecord then held up Dempsey's right hand in significance of victory. The third and last round follows:

Round Three—Dempsey began where he left off in the second round. He hit the champion almost at will with either left hand or right, and occasionally varied the monotony by crashing a punch to the body. Willard scarcely made a return, and backing against the ropes tried to shield his head and body with his long arms from the rain of blows which the challenger poured in without let or hindrance. Willard's right eye was entirely closed, while blood was streaming from his mouth and nose.

Finally Willard called on his fast ebbing strength and landed a stinging uppercut to Dempsey's jaw. But the challenger only smiled and returned the blow with such good measure that Willard was reeling and staggering as the bell rang, ending the round. HE NEVER CAME BACK FOR THE FOURTH ROUND.

CARPENTIER A MARK FOR JACK DEMPSEY

(The battle of the century, July 2, 1921, saw France's fistic idol knocked out by Jack Dempsey in the fourth round of a bout in which Georges never had a chance.)

The last—and perhaps the most important international heavyweight championship contest to be staged, was that between Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight champion of the world, and Georges Carpentier, heavyweight champion of Europe and doughty challenger for the world's title. It was held in Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, New Jersey, on July 2, 1921, and 91,000 fans crowded into the huge wooden arena to witness the bout, which was terminated in the fourth

Freeman Tallest Fighter in Ring History

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

IT was Bob Fitzsimmons who made the remark, "The bigger they are the harder they fall." Bob was a middleweight, or at best a light heavyweight, but he fought heavyweights and won the title weighing below 170 pounds. But the story is not about Fitz. The story is about big fellows of the ring, and more specifically about the biggest, or tallest, at least, of the many big and tall ring gladiators that have come and gone.

The fellow we have in mind is Charles Freeman, and if you think he was a midget just take a slant at his specifications: Charles weighed 333 pounds, and when he took off his socks and stood alongside of a yard stick he was just twice as tall as the yard stick, with one foot and three inches to spare. In other words, he was seven feet, three inches in height. Now, that's quite a sizable chap anyway you take him.

This Freeman person was looking down on folks around the period of 1841. He was born somewhere in Michigan and he was known as the Michigan giant. Among other things he did was to claim the American heavyweight championship, and this despite the fact that at the time he had never fought a professional bout in his life. But this didn't seem to have any effect on Charles.

Invades England

He invaded England, and made his claim there, perhaps out of a sense of justice to the American who at the time held the crown. Anyway, Charles was taken to England about 1842 by Ben Caunt, who then was the British champion. Ben had been touring this country when he ran into Freeman, and seeing the possibilities of the big fellow, took him over to London to pose as the champion. Caunt was no pigmy himself. He was a six-footer and weighed around 225 pounds.

Ben took Freeman across the bloomin' pond and billed him as the Michigan Giant, the American heavyweight champion, and the Britons fell for it strong. The local pride over around London was Bill Perry, known as the Tipton Slasher. He was a good fighter and a tough one. Incidentally, he was a pretty big sort of chap.

Caunt matched the two that year, 1842, and Freeman and Perry fought seventy rounds for a side bet of $500. Freeman won, leading all the way. Perry was just able to stand at the finish. Well, Charles did a little touring in England after this, but he didn't do any more fighting.

In three years he was dead, a victim of tuberculosis.

Ring records fail to disclose any fighter that ever approached this bird in size, but he was no wonder as a scrapper. He had the modern tendency of champions, however. He didn't believe in fighting too often. In passing one wonders how pleased Fitz would have been to mingle with this chap. Lanky Bob certainly could have put his formula to the test against Freeman.

Carpentier a Mark for Jack Dempsey

(Continued from Page 29)

round when Dempsey knocked Carpentier out.

It was Dempsey's fight at every stage. Just once did the lithe Georges threaten, in the second, when he connected with a right that rocked Jack and sent the champion back on his heels. But the true calibre of the champion was shown by his remarkable ability to assimilate this punch and come right back, carrying the fight to his opponent, who had spent his one chance in this effort and failed. Two rounds later Georges was on the canvas, a beaten man. The last round of this fight follows:

FOURTH ROUND — Dempsey opened with a heavy right smash to the body and followed with a volley of rights and lefts to the body and chin. Carpentier came in close and Dempsey knocked Carpentier down with a right hander to the jaw and Georges took the count of nine while lying on his right side. Just as the referee counted nine Carpentier got to his feet with a sudden jump and resumed the battle, which was setting strongly against the European champion.

He took to his feet and tried to get away from the danger zone but the great figure of the world's champion followed closely and the tremendously muscular arms of the title holder swung through the air at the Frenchman's body. The Frenchman made a dying effort with his right but it was blocked by the champion. Dempsey then rushed at his opponent and with a series of heavy rights to the ribs and a left uppercut to the chin he soon had Carpentier in an effort to get away from the defeat which was staring him in the face.

The Frenchman covered up and backed with his adversary but Dempsey stepped in with all the great speed for which he is noted, and drove a savage right hander over the Frenchman's heart. Carpentier doubled up in pain and Dempsey again swung his right against the jaw of the challenger and for the second time the Frenchman measured his length on the canvas-covered floor. Carpentier laid quite still after his second knockdown and never made a movement until the referee reached the count of eight.

Carpentier then raised his legs in an effort to get on his feet, but his limbs straightened and while his body was swaying in an evident attempt to regain his feet, he had been too severely hurt by the terrible punches of the champion and was on his back when the referee announced the fatal ten.

Thus ended the "Battle of the Century."

HUSBANDS FIRST

(Continued from Page 6)

"How did you know it was Daisy's birthday," I asks Marvelle, suspicious-like.

"Her husband told me," he says to me. "That was him just left. I wanted the phone number for him on account of he's been looking for her for some time," he says.

"When do you figure you'll be married," he says, and that shows you what kind of a guy he is, clowning when I am fixed the way I am.

"Never," I says.

And that goes, too.

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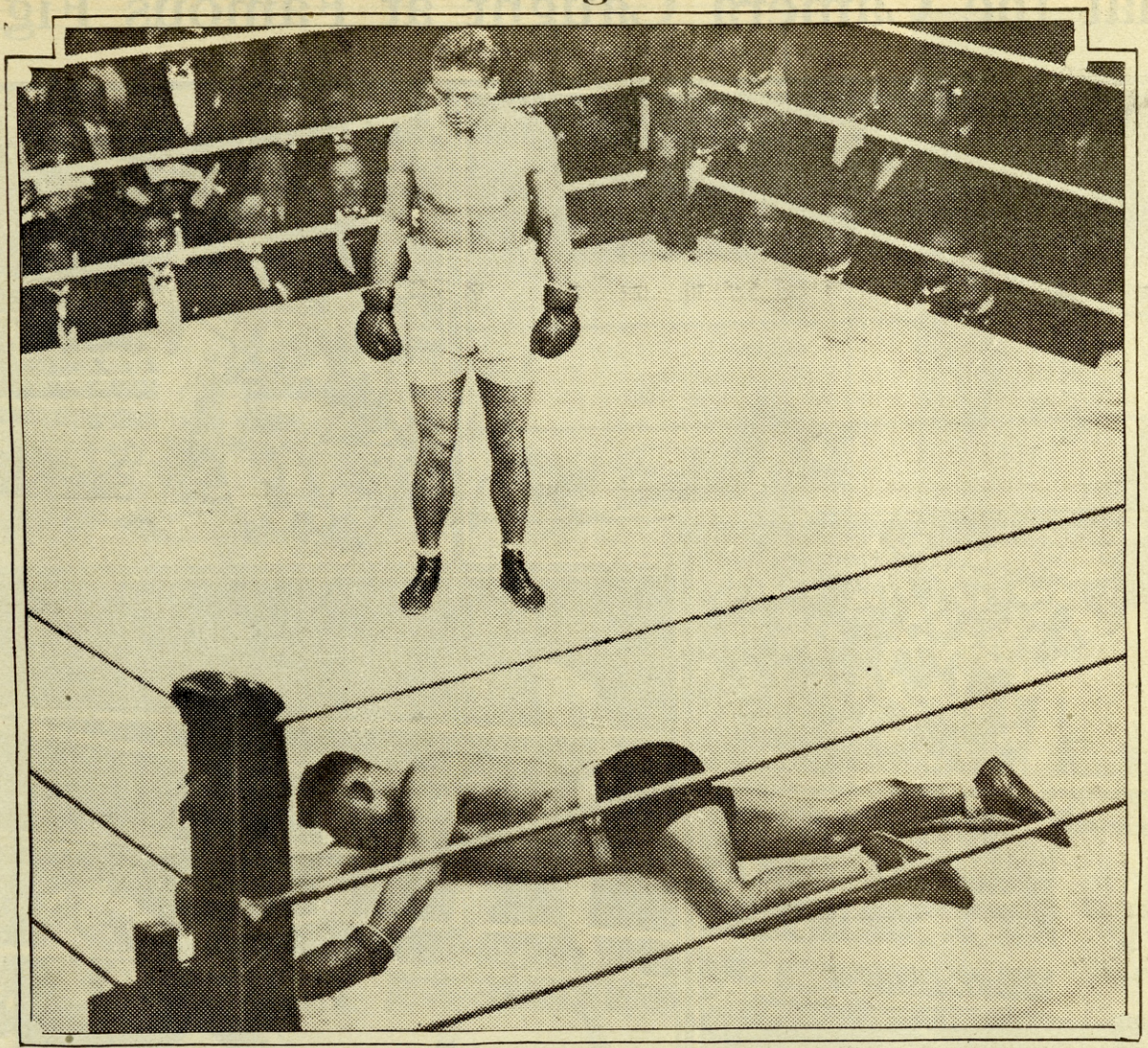
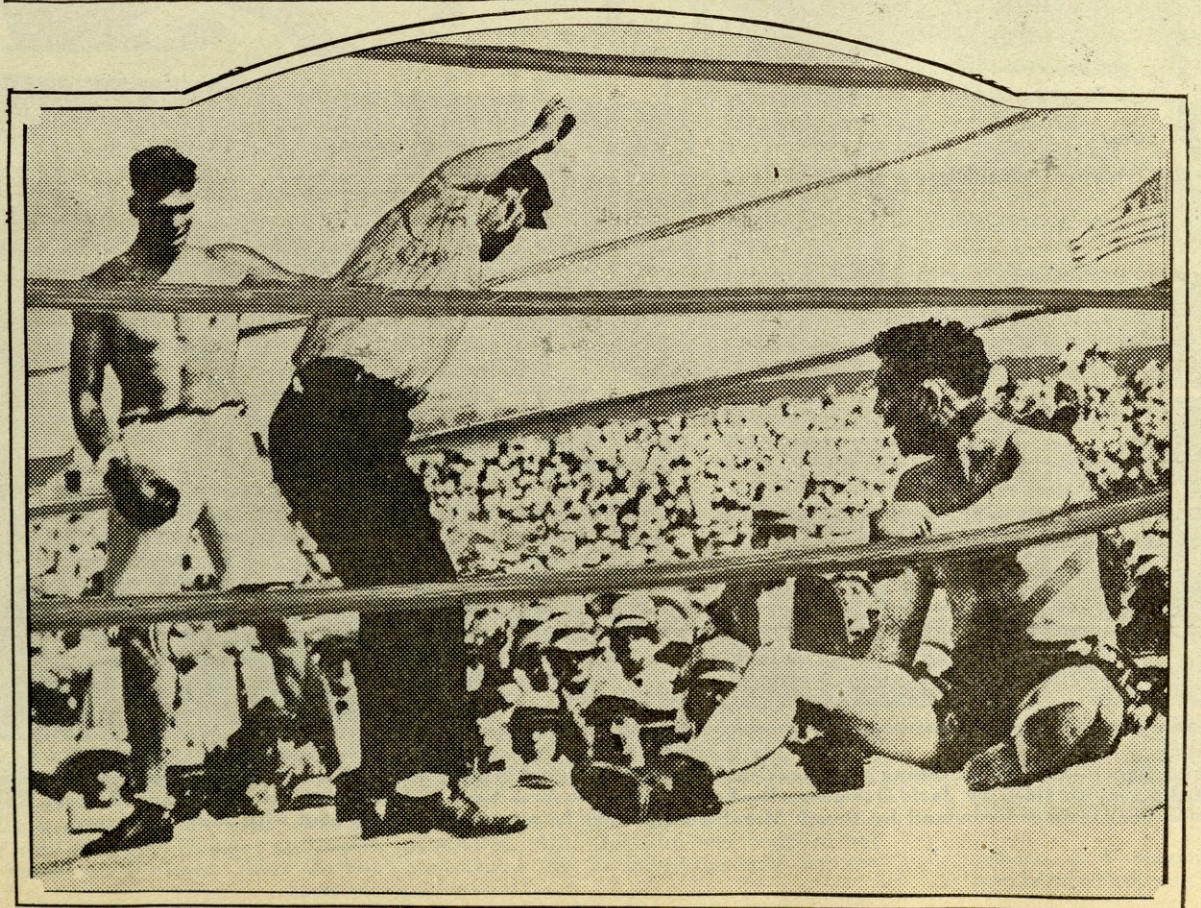
Knockouts that Brought Fame to Victors

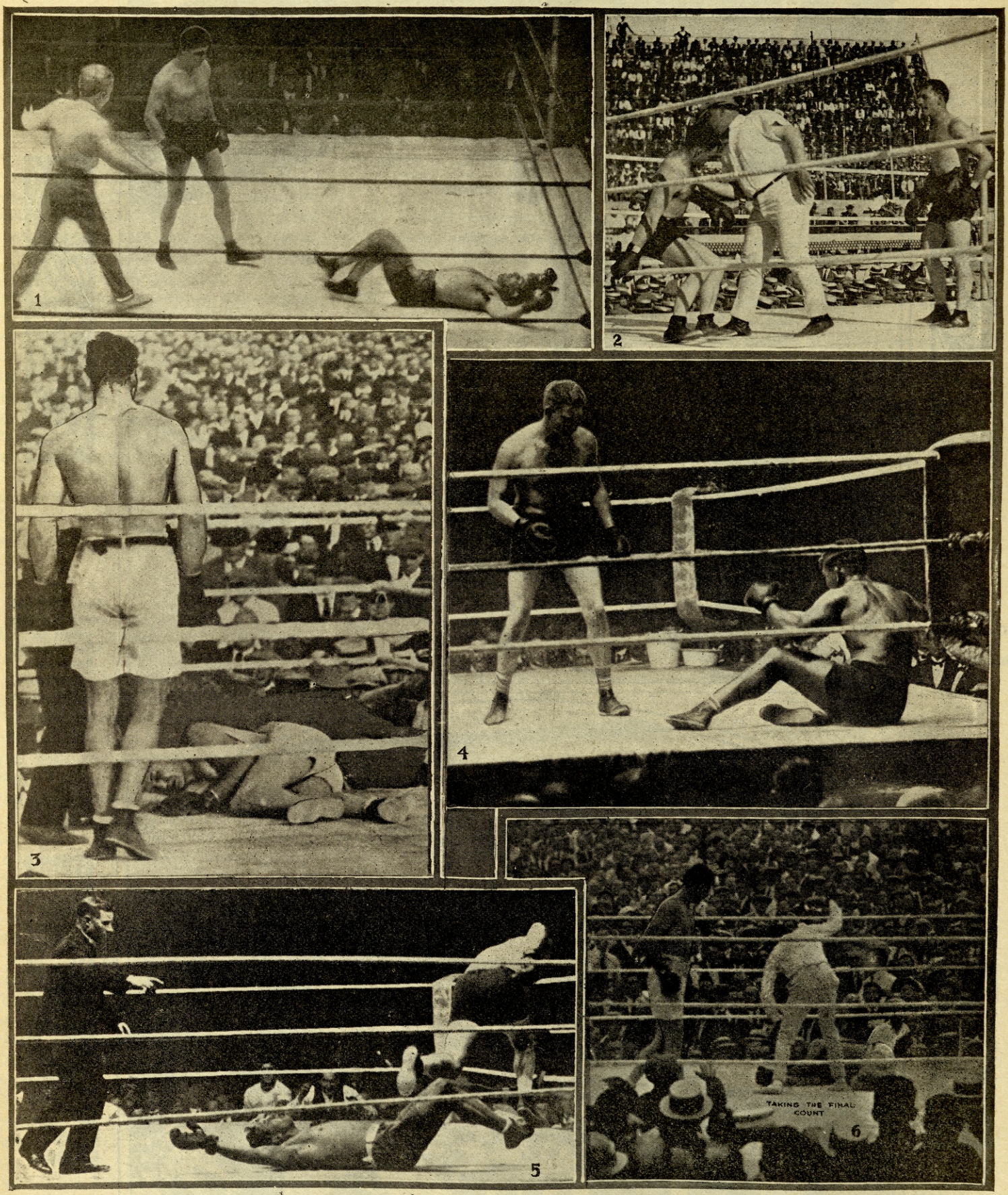


Georges Carpentier putting Joe Beckett away (above)

Jess Willard receiving the count for fifth time in bout with Dempsey (below)

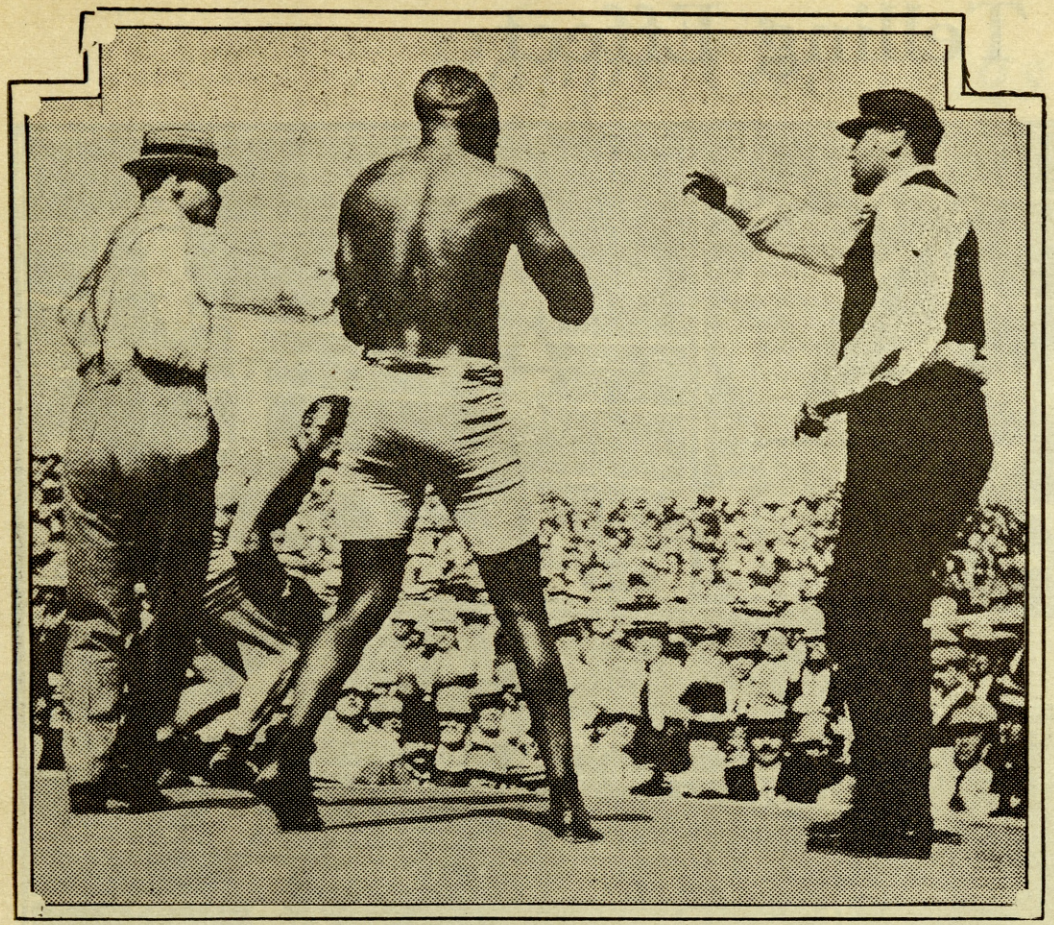


What the Camera Caught at Famous Fights

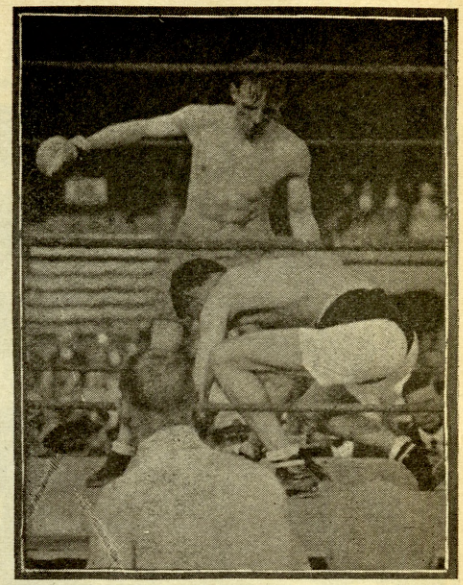


Top row (left to right)—Sid Marks taking the count in bout with Charley White; Rocky Kansas stopped by Benny Leonard. Middle row—Billy Miske sent to sleep by Jack Dempsey; Beckett floored for first time in bout with Frank Moran; Bottom Row—Beckett rocked into dreamland by Frank Moran; Carpentier being counted out in bout with Jack Dempsey.

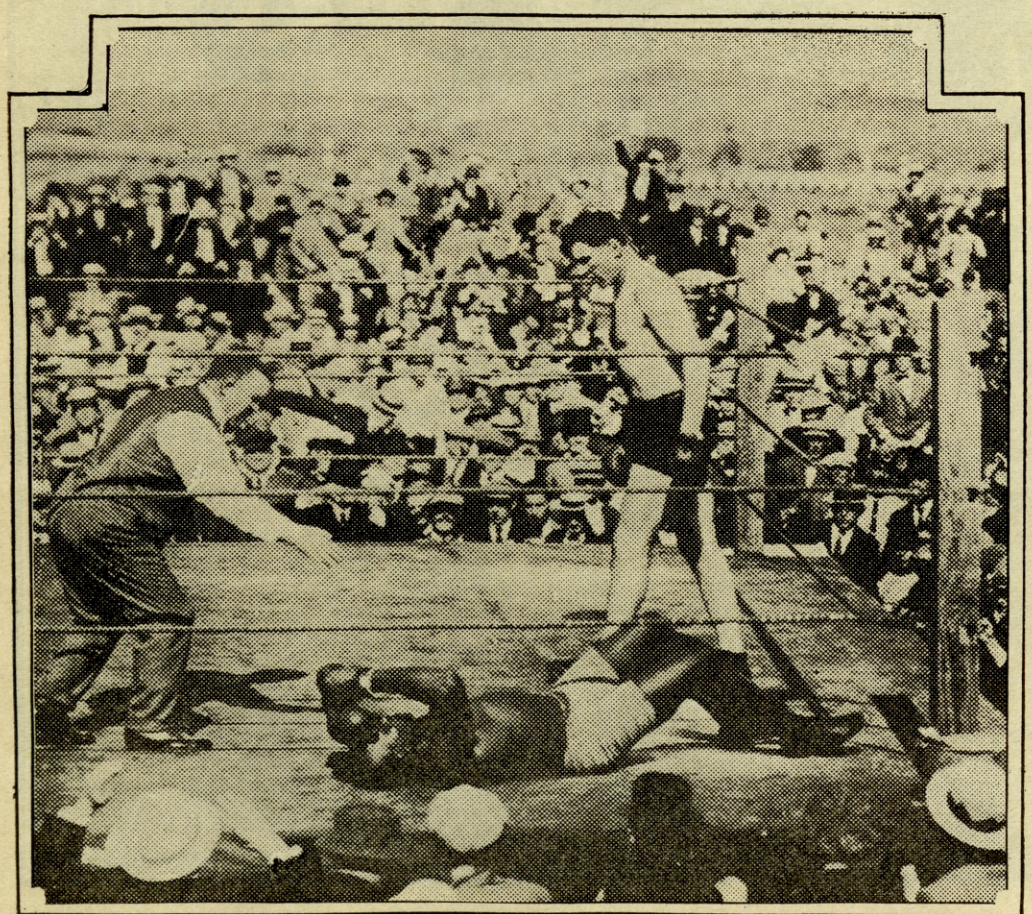
Rise and Fall of Jack Johnson—Two Famous Flyweight Bouts



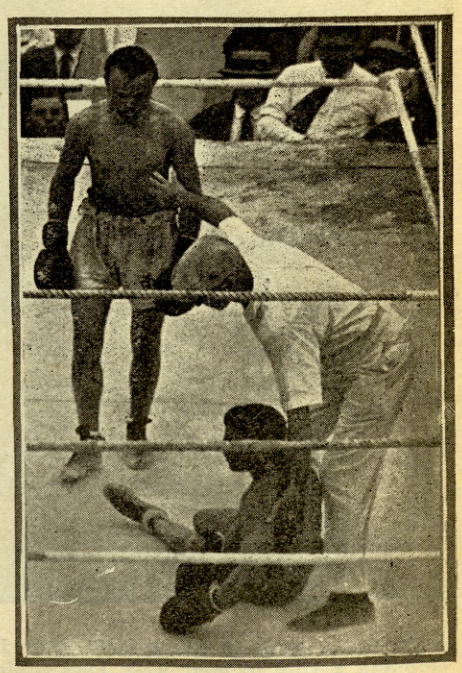
Sam Berger throwing up sponge in fifteenth round of famous fight between Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries at Reno, July 4, 1910, giving the negro the world's heavyweight championship.



Jimmy Wilde putting Joe Conn to sleep in their bout in London.

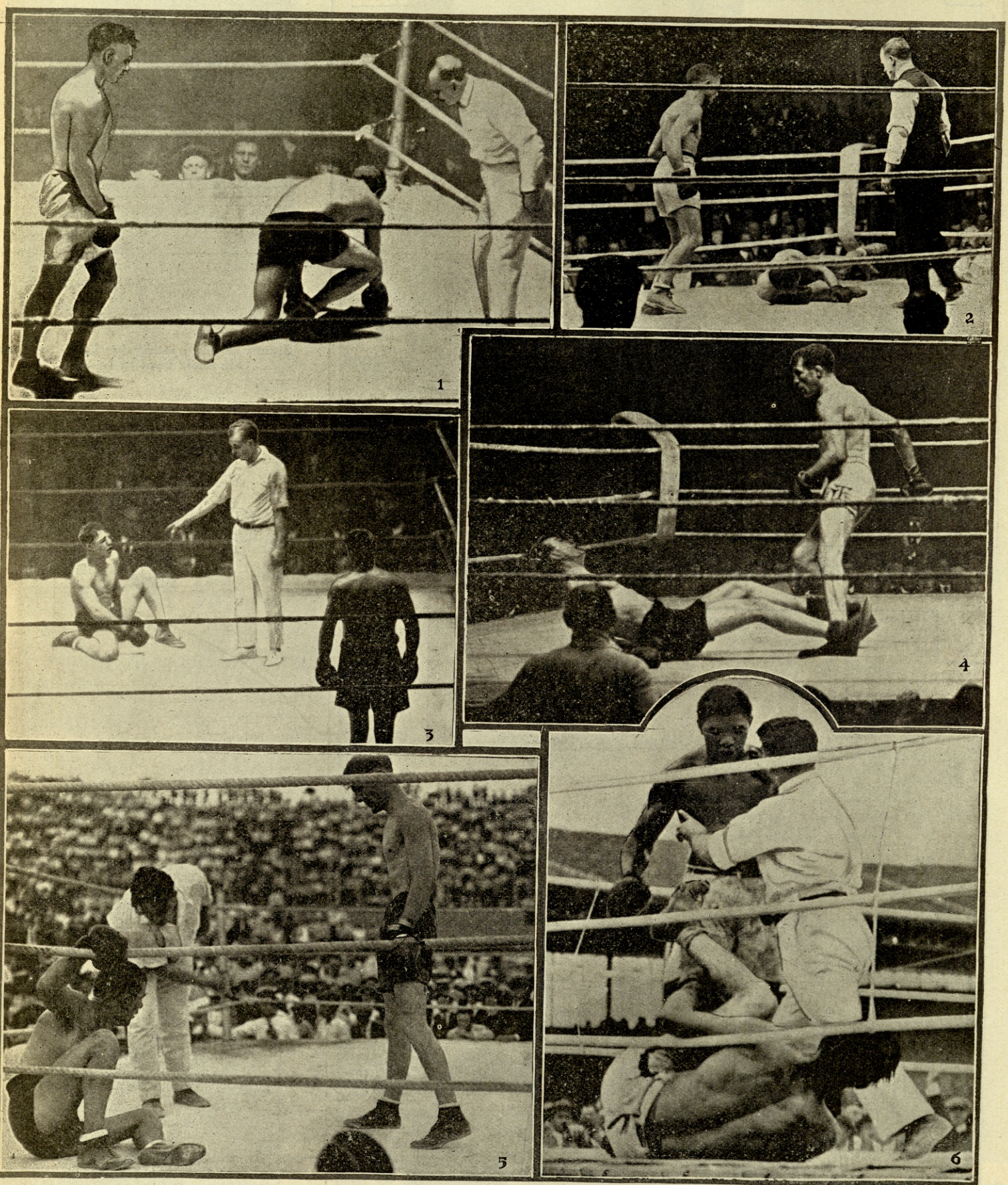


Jack Johnson shading his eyes while taking the count in the famous battle for the world's title with Jess Willard at Havana on April 5, 1915. Johnson was knocked out in the twenty-sixth round. After the bout he declared that he faked the fight, but the facts prove otherwise.



Johnny Buff defeating Indian Russell just before Buff won the flyweight title.

Where the Haymakers Landed with Telling Effect

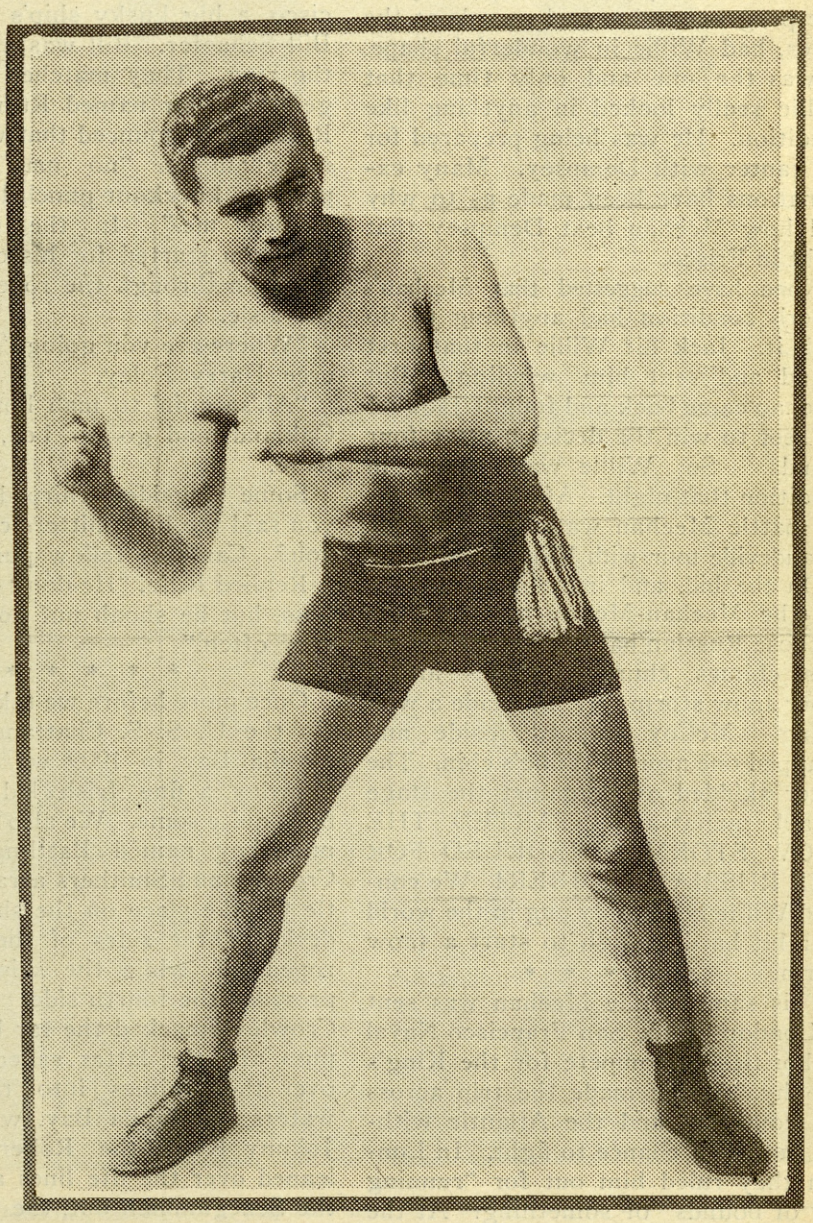


1—Brennan counted out in bout with Jack Dempsey; 2—Pete Herman putting Jimmy Wilde away in London bout; 3—Billy Miske claiming a foul in bout with Tom Gibbons; 4—Ted "Kid" Lewis knocking out Johnny Basham in London; 5—Joe Lynch, bantam champion, handing Pal Moore a terrific beating in Michigan City; 6—The knockout of Georges Carpentier by Battling Siki.

Happy Greetings!!

The Uncrowned Bantamweight Champion of the World and Junior Featherweight Title Holder

JACK WOLFE



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"Now *YOU* Tell One!"

Being a second series of freak ring experiences gathered in all parts of the Globe

By LIEUTENANT "HEINIE" MILLER, U. S. NAVY

Former Feather and Lightweight Champion of the Far East

WHEN Willie Meehan was in the Navy during the World War the sailor trainers at San Pedro, with their early to bed and early to rise program and armed guards at the gates, had Willie in wonderful shape. It was the one and only time that Willie really looked in anything like condition. He was being prepared for his canter with Dempsey. Many explanations have been made as to why and how Meehan beat Dempsey that night in Frisco.

None have suggested that Meehan's superb condition had anything to do with it. Jack hit Willie in that first round and sent him winding. But Meehan came back and fought Jack off his feet to win the decision after four rounds. So Willie was right in condition that night. After the Dempsey battle Meehan was signed up for a vaudeville tour with Kid McCoy.

On the bill, and immediately following the Meehan-McCoy act, was one of those Russian ballet acts with white furs, chimes, church steeples and a paper snow storm. Willie made a wild swing. McCoy stepped inside and wrapped one around Willie's chin. The latter skidded over against the stage paraphernalia and STARTED THE SNOW STORM SCHEDULED FOR THE RUSSIAN NUMBER! We contend Willie is the only pug in the world ever hit hard enough to start a snow storm. * * * * *

This same Willie Meehan was sent to London by the San Francisco Naval authorities to compete for the King's Trophy. Willie made the trip across the continent and the Atlantic without getting a chance to fight. In London they ruled him out for "running out of bounds" or something. At the time Meehan was sent to London Admiral Joseph Lee Jayne, U. S. N., was commandant out there. Admiral Jayne was a gentleman of the first water and a real sportsman. He would not let Meehan leave without first wishing him well. So he sent for Willie.

With due ceremony Willie went into the Admiral's cabin. Rank, dignity and lace meant little or nothing to Fat Wilyum. When Admiral Jayne said, "Meehan, I certainly wish you well in London," Willie chirped right back, "Dat's O. K., Admiral, if all I gotta do is to beat buys like Beckett and Wells you can figure that Trophy is right here already. And if I run into Sims over there I'll give him your regards."

* * * * *

Some years ago we had, in San Francisco, a big husky ship's cook named Bill Schaefer. Bill was a wild one in the ring. They matched him with a gent of color named Rufus Cameron. Rufe had announced that while he was no champion "no man who can't punch a knockout punch has a chance to beat me." In the third round Cameron started for his corner, went right on through the ropes and down the aisle.

"Where are you going?" yelled Referee Harry Foley.

"Ah'se goin' to mah house in West Oakland and go to bed," answered Rufe.

Some ringsider chirped, "Thought you said the light hitters couldn't beat you? Can this fellow punch?"

Replied Rufe, "He don't hit so hah'd, boss, but he shoah nuf does hit very, very often."

* * * * *

Once more before we take the count. On the U. S. S. Chattanooga out in Manila Bay in 1909 we had Dennie Crowley, a fine Irish lad who could fight quite some. We also had a dusky mess boy named Battling Smithers. Crowley and Smithers arranged a battle to take place on the ship's quarter deck. Three sides of the ring were roped off, while the ship's life-lines provided the fourth side. In due time Crowley smacked the tar baby on the puss and the latter sailed gracefully over the lifelines into the tranquil waters of Manila Bay, while Honest Johnny Kelly, the Roller-Mill Man, leaned over the life lines and counted the Senegambian out, the latter doing an Australian crawl for the sea ladder in the interim.

* * * * *

A funny one occurred on board the U. S. S. *Maryland* a few weeks ago. The *Maryland* was coming up from Rio de Janeiro with Secretary Hughes on board. Entertainment must be provided for the distinguished passenger, so a series of mid-ocean boxing bouts were arranged. In the main event Texas Hawes, a good middleweight who boxes any of them about New York, stacked up against Marty "Red" Barrett, champion of the Fleet. "Red" is a good one and could box against the better professional boys, but wants to remain in the A.A.U.

In the Barrett-Hawes bout Hawes hit the canvas several times. Trying to kid the referee into believing he slipped to the canvas Hawes looked up at Barrett and chirped, "The bunch didn't stretch this canvas properly, did they, 'Red'?" Barrett replied, "You tellum, Tex, you're *closer to it!*"

* * * * *

My pet ring yarn, though not a Navy yarn, is probably worth spilling here. It pertains to two fakers, each trying to lose a bout to the other via the lay-down route, after having bet their wad on their opponent. One was "Cocky" O'Brien, Irish battler. The other was Yossel Cohen, not so Irish. Cohen bet on O'Brien to win. O'Brien bet on Cohen to win. Both were ready and willing to take advantage of the first soft spot.

The gong rang. Cohen tapped O'Brien with a very light blow. O'Brien immediately rolled over and played dead. Cohen, realizing that all his money was on O'Brien to win and realizing that business at that particular instant looked very, very poor, held a rapid convention with himself, waited until the referee had counted nine and there was no chance of O'Brien getting up before "ten," rushed over to the prostrate O'Brien and kicked him squarely in the stomach. O'Brien won on a foul. If you don't believe that we'll let Joe Waterman, manager of "Bud" Ridley, tell you one.

Joe is the old boy who once had a stable of Navy boxers arranged like a baseball league. Joe kept their standings. If one of his battlers won two bouts and lost one he was hitting .666. Joe published the standings accordingly. All batting under .500 got their unconditional release.

(To be continued.)

"A SPORTING CHANCE"

Win or lose? Let the whirling dancer
Take his cheers in a land of jazz.
But, tell me, what is the final answer
Where one scraps with the best he has?
What is beyond that for a story
Woven into the last romance?
So for the voice that drowns out glory
"All we ask is a sporting chance!"

—GRANTLAND RICE.

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They Do Not Know What the Word Quit Means

Under the Management of
LEW DIAMOND
76 Newark Ave. Jersey City,
Phone, Montgomery 5520 N. J.

Jabez White—White, the nemesis of champions, has tackled four world's title holders and always has come through with flying colors.

Had he fought in decision contests, Jabez would now be holding the bantam title. Four times he stacked up against the leaders of his class and each time was returned the victor through newspaper decisions.

Lew Diamond, his manager, is ready at any time to offer Joe Lynch a guarantee of $20,000 for a decision bout with White, but can't coax Joe into a battle.

Why? The reason is simple. White is too good for the champion.

Johnny Buff, the Little Old Man of the Ring. A fighter who has received more complimentary recognition from fans throughout America than any other champion or former champion with the possible exception of Jack Britton.

Admired by all—and why? Because he always gives the best that is in him. Always fights from gong to gong. Never knows the word defeat. One of the few battlers to hold a championship after he reached the age of thirty years. He is the first flyweight in ring history to win a bantam championship.

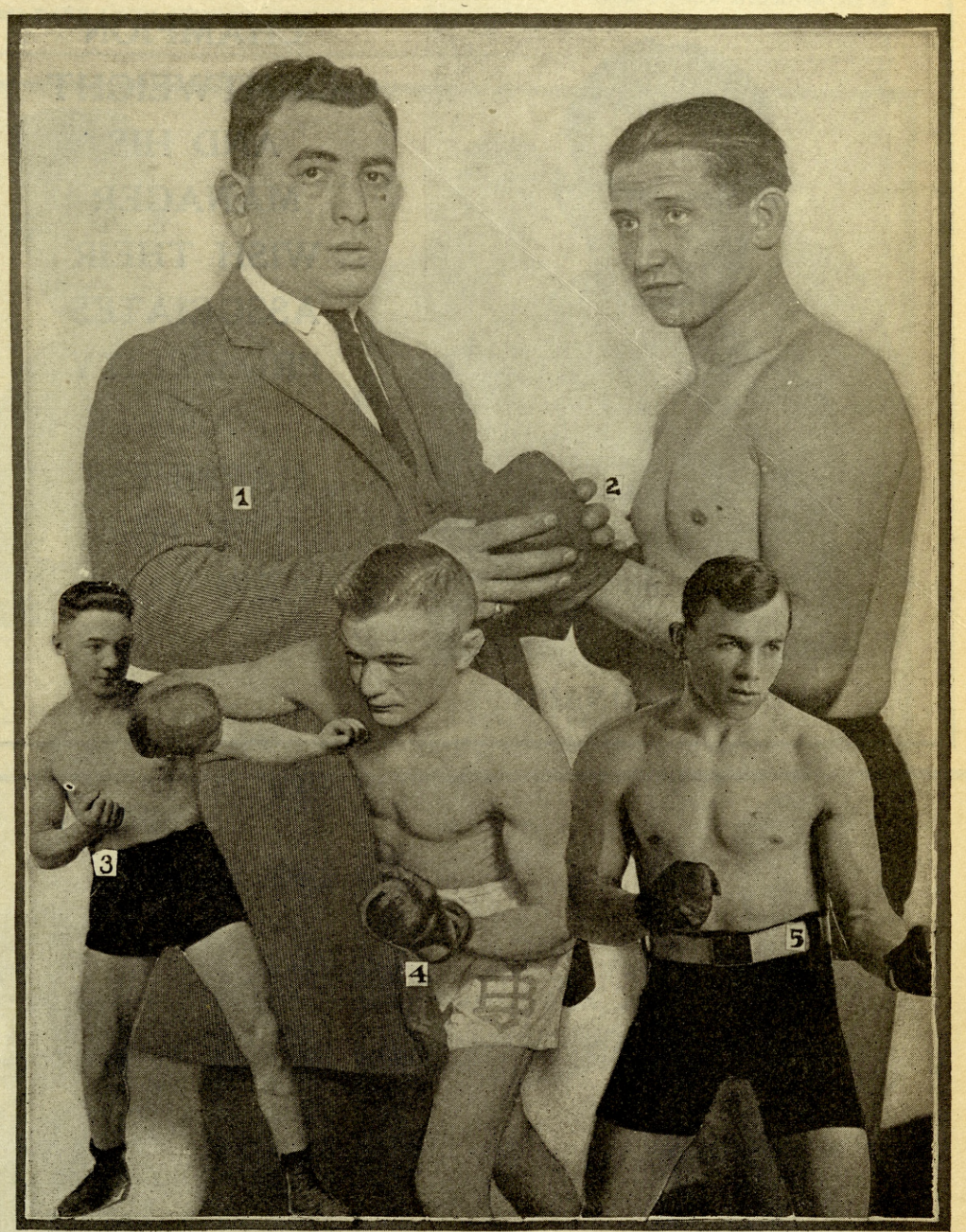
Johnny, after a long rest, is ready to resume his campaign. He will attempt to regain one or both of his lost titles.

Johnny Drummie, a crack Jersey boy—a lad with a clean record, a high-class boxer who is both scientific and a hard hitter. Johnny is a boxer of champions and is one of the most feared boys in his class. Included in his list of ring battles are contests with Dundee, Kilbane, Welsh and three bouts with Benny Leonard.

Drummie is arranging an active campaign through his able manager, the developer of champions, Lew Diamond.

Ray Newman, the Flying Dutchman of Jersey City, one of the newcomers who promises to lead 'em all in the light heavyweight division. Newman, with able tutoring, has scored fourteen consecutive knockouts. According to Diamond, a good judge of boxers, Newman is the coming light heavyweight champion.

Why has Greb asked $5,000 to box Harry Newman? The answer: He knows that Newman is a capable, two-fisted fighter who is very likely to dethrone him. Harry will take no chances with Newman. Gene Tunney also has been offered a fight with Newman, but has declined with thanks.



1. Lew Diamond, manager. 2. Ray Newman, light heavyweight. 3. Jabez White, bantamweight. 4. Johnny Buff, flyweight and bantam. 5. Johnny Drummie, junior lightweight.

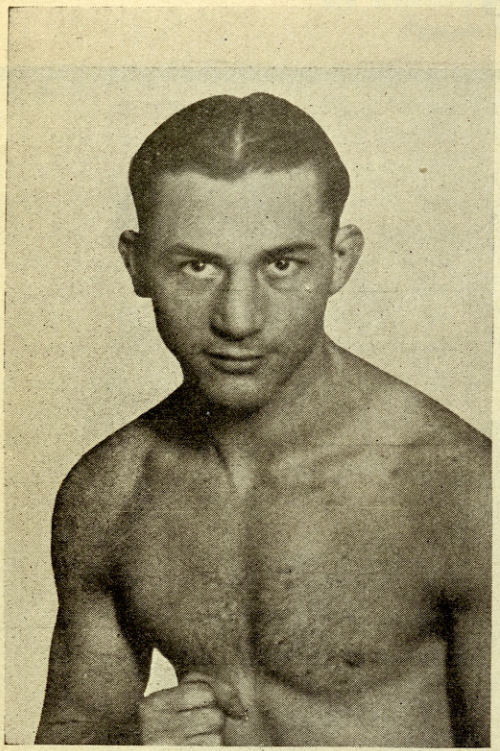
Here is a stable that no manager, alive to a good drawing card, can afford to ignore.

Small clubs look just as good to Lew Diamond as do the big ones.

Wire and make your offer. Don't be bashful.

Christmas greetings to the Readers of The Ring.

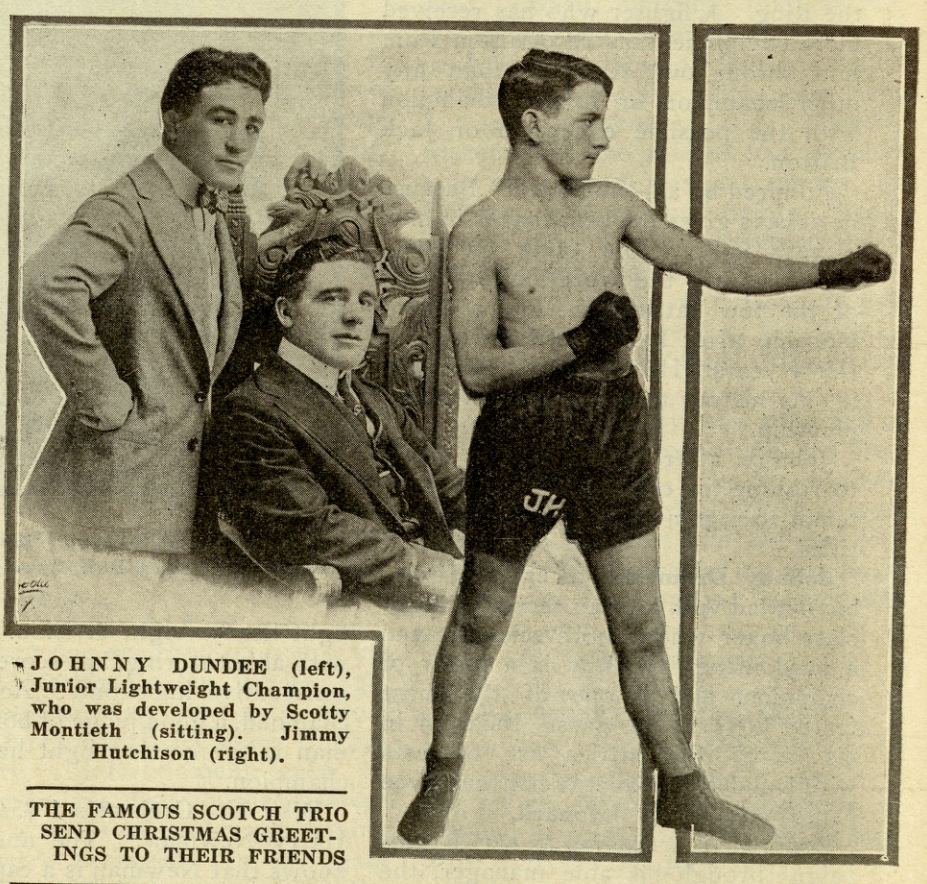
Greetings To Our Friends



BENNY LEONARD

WORLD'S CHAMPION LIGHTWEIGHT AND HIS MANAGER WISH THEIR ASSOCIATES PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS FOR THE NEW YEAR

BILLY GIBSON



JOHNNY DUNDEE (left), Junior Lightweight Champion, who was developed by Scotty Montieth (sitting). Jimmy Hutchison (right).

THE FAMOUS SCOTCH TRIO SEND CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO THEIR FRIENDS

There's some hae meat that canna eat,
An' some would eat that want it.
But we hae meat,
An' we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thank it.

Bobby Burns

Lou Brix's Classy Boxers Wish Their Friends A Happy New Year

PHONE MELROSE 3999 - 6426 - 5845
2 P. M. TO 5 P. M. UNIVERSITY 2283

LOU BRIX care BILLY GIBSON
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FRANKIE JEROME
The sensational bantamweight of the Bronx, who has boxed and beaten some of the best bantams around the east and is ready to meet any of the top-notchers.

* * * * *

JOHNNY "RED" MONROE
The Yonkers featherweight, who has not lost a decision since his debut in the professional ranks, and has beaten such lads as Jack Bernstein, Billy Fitzsimmons, Sammy Vogel, Phil Mandot, Kid Murphy and Harold Evans. Monroe is the Featherweight Champion of Westchester County and is ready to meet any of the lads around these parts that cares for his game. Red weighs about 124 lbs. and will box anyone up to 128 lbs.

* * * * *

WILLIE DAVIS
The good little featherweight from Elizabeth, who has been going along at a very good pace and has boxed some of the best lads in the east and holds referees' decisions over Freddie Jacks, Sol Seeman, Lew Snyder, Al Delmont and Kiddy Diamond. Davis is ready to meet any of the 124 lb. lads.

* * * * *

BOBBY BOLIN
The fastest little flyweight around the east, who has boxed and beat such lads as Joe Dundee, Willie Farley, Eddie Leonard, Johnny Ritchie and Fighting Frisco. Bolin weighs 105 lbs. and is willing to box anyone up to 110 lbs.

* * * * *

AL DIAMOND
A classy little lad who can give them all a run from 114 to 116 lbs.

* * * * *

BUCK WALTERS
A satisfactory battler who always makes a good showing and is a good two-handed fighter. Buck is willing to meet anyone from 147 lbs. to 150 lbs.

* * * * *

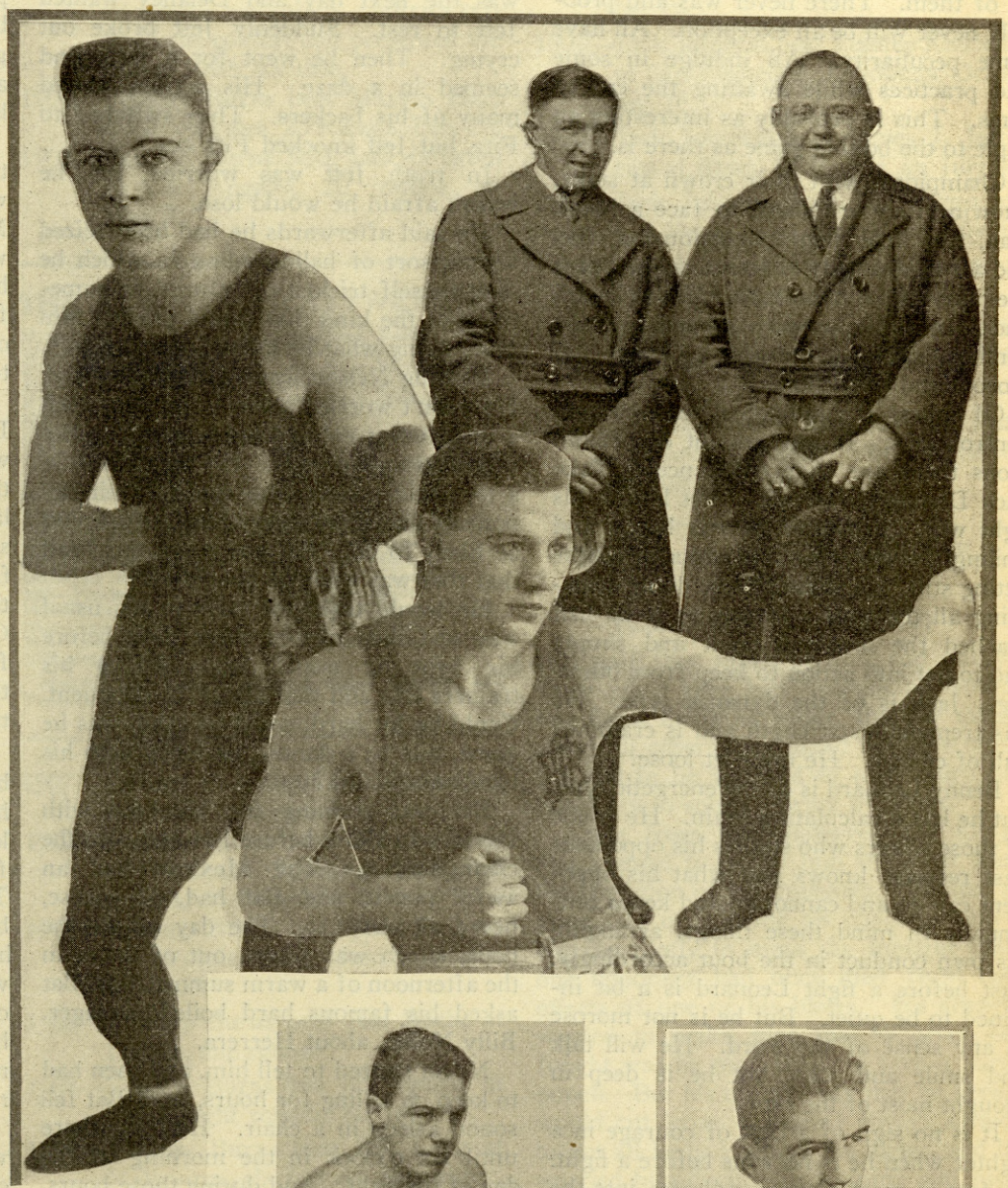
GEORGIE DOHERTY
A new little bantam from the Bronx and a brother of the well-known Frankie Jerome, who is willing to meet any of the bantams at 116 to 118 lbs.

* * * * *

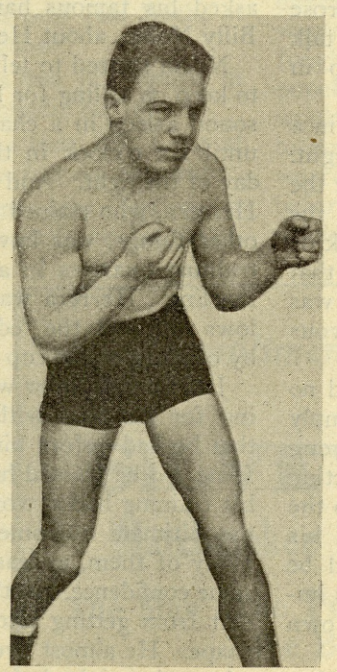
JACK RAFFERTY
A product of the west side, who is anxious to meet anyone from 114 to 116 lbs.

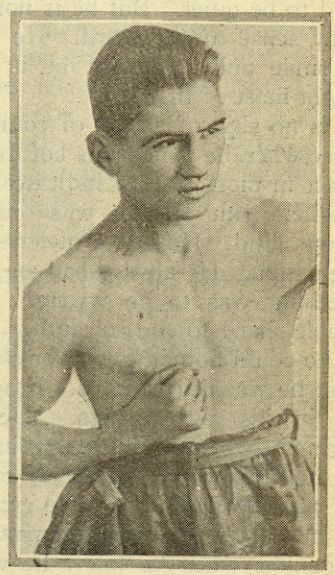
* * * * *

AL ROBERTS
The Staten Island Heavyweight, who has boxed them all and needs no introduction. Al is ready for his winter's campaign and is willing to meet any of the big fellows that care to mix it with him.



Top Row
Left to Right:
JOHNNY "RED" MONROE
—
GEORGIE DOHERTY
—
LOU BRIX
Manager
In Centre:
AL ROBERTS





FRANKIE JEROME
Most Popular Bantamweight in New York State

Tense Moments Before Great Battles

By VERNON VAN NESS

EVER stop to think how a fighter feels just before the battle?

Well, boxers are temperamental, all of them. There never was and probably never will be an exception. All have some peculiarity. All indulge in some odd practices while awaiting the call to arms. This is probably as interesting an angle to the boxing game as there is.

Champions, with their crown at stake, knowing they are about to face a tough man, may lose their championship, feel and act in strangely different ways. Some are nervous, others calm. Some laugh and joke and apparently do not give the coming battle a thought. Others are morose and peevish.

Of course the individual temperament controls this. In our present day champions there are wide differences. Take Jack Dempsey, for one. Just before his fight with Carpentier he was happy and smiling, but nervous. He had a hard time sitting still. He wanted to be doing something all the time. It was as if he had reached the breaking point and simply had to get into action to keep from bursting. Jack is of the dynamic type. He has tremendous strength and is crammed full of energy. He must let loose.

Benny Leonard is of the energetic type, but he has a calculating brain. He is one of those boxers who studies his opponents past records, knows just what his opponent can do and cannot do and keeps continually in mind these things, arranging his own conduct in the bout accordingly. Just before a fight Leonard is a bit inclined to be quiet. But he is not morose in any sense of the word. He will talk and smile and joke, but he is deep in thought most of the time.

It is no sign of a lack of courage in a fighter when he is nervous before a fight. In fact in most cases it indicates just the opposite. Jim Jeffries was one of the nervous kind. He had a queer streak of imagination. He always had an idea that something was to go wrong. He was irritable, hard to control and so nervous that he could not sit down nor sleep.

But he wasn't a coward. Fear had no part in his nervousness. He simply imagined that he saw things going wrong and the only way he knew of correcting such a state of affairs was to get into the ring and take personal command of his antagonists when he knew he would be supreme, for of all things Jeffries has implicit faith in his own ability, his own strength.

Just before his fight with Bob Fitzsimmons at Coney Island, Jeff was so nervous and wrought up that Billy Delaney, his manager, put him to bed and sat at his bedside talking to the big boiler maker, trying to talk him to sleep. The fight was the next day and Delaney wanted Jeff to rest. Suddenly Jeff broke out crying. Then he went for a walk and seemed in a daze. His actions scared many of his backers. They switched to Fitz, but Jeff knocked Fitz out.

In truth Jeff was worried, but he wasn't afraid he would lose.

He said afterwards he had been seized with a sort of hallucination in which he saw himself tricked or injured or something of the kind that would prevent him from doing what he knew he would do.

Battling Nelson was of the placid type. He wasn't worried about losing, for such a thing never entered his head. But Bat was a strange person. He had been told a lot about boxers who studied their opponents and knew everything they would be likely to do. Bat got it into his head that that was what he should do.

He would train for days in his usual way and then two or three days before his fight he would begin asking his trainers this and that about his opponent. Could he hit hard, could he take, was he game, was he a dancer, or fancy with his hands and so on?

Bat was training for his bout with Herrera in Butte before Bat had won the championship. The Mexican had an awful punch, and Bat had, of course, heard all about it. The day before the bout, which was staged out of doors in the afternoon of a warm summer day, Bat asked his famous hard boiled manager, Billy Nolan, about Herrera.

Nolan started to tell him, and then had to keep on telling for hours, until Bat fell sound asleep in a chair. He slept there until six o'clock in the morning of the day of the fight. And during those hours, Herrera, who trained on black cigars and other things, was having a racket at his training quarters in a road house below the line. Herrera was one of those fellows who took the "edge" off his training by quaffing at the cup that cheers.

Jim Corbett knew when he began training for his bout with John L. Sullivan that he had before him great wealth and fame. So he trained hard and all through his training had a world of confidence in the ultimate outcome. His friends, or many of them, at least, did not have the same confidence, but this didn't keep Corbett from getting into the finest possible shape. He almost overdid the thing, and when, the night before the fight, he let down, he was as nervous as a cat from the sudden inactivity.

All evening he walked up and down the room in his training quarters, stopping every now and then to go into fighting pose and smash at imaginary John L.'s before him. He simply wanted to get going. He nearly died in the suspense, and when he entered the ring, John L. looked over at him with a growl.

This made Corbett sore and he ached all the more to get started. While the gloves were being tied on his hands he said to Mike Donovan, the old time fighter who was one of his seconds: "Mike, I'll feel better when I get one good swing at this fellow." And after he did land a couple of blows he began smiling and continued to smile until Sullivan was beaten.

John L. Sullivan and Nonpariel Jack Dempsey were of the type who never worried. They had complete confidence in their prowess. John L. would joke and laugh the night before the bout and then sleep like a babe. The next day the thing farthest from his mind would be the fight that day. And so it was with Dempsey. Only Dempsey was a deceptive appearing fellow. He was not sturdy and he always trained hard. As a result he was always trained to a fine point.

He looked pale and drawn before all of his fights and this often scared some of his backers, especially those who did not know him well, and it nearly always fooled the backers of the other fellow. They figured he was weak and anxious, basing their judgment on his looks. But he was just the opposite to all of this. He was always just right, though he went out of his class to meet heavier men. And he was never anxious. He had a phlegmatic temperament that would not be ruffled.

Fitzsimmons was one who was nervous, but he always took it out on some one in rough practical jokes. He would get rid of his energy by slapping some one around his training quarters a resounding thump on the back. His animal spirits had to have an outlet. He was a good sleeper before his bouts but was anxious to know how the betting was. He liked to be a favorite by big odds and he felt hurt when he wasn't.

Jess Willard was a queer chap. He always had to do a lot of hard training to take off weight. He spent a lot of time in steam rooms. He didn't like this steaming out process at all and hated still more the rubbers who would kneed his stomach to reduce the rolls of fat there. His pet worry was that he would not get enough fat off. Though he hated the process he would make his rubbers keep

(Continued on page 41)

Heavyweight Champions of the World 1718 to the Present Time

Place and Date

1882—C. Mitchell won the English boxing championship at St. George's Hall, Langham place, on December 23.

1885—Jem. Smith beat Jack Davis for £100 a side and the championship of England.

1887—Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith agreed to a draw, £2,000 and championship of the world, Isle de Souverains, Seine, France, on December 19.

1888—John L. Sullivan and C. Mitchell fought a draw by mutual consent. Chantilly, France, 39 rounds, in 3 hours and 11 minutes.

1889—Jem Smith and Frank P. Slavin fought a draw in favor of Slavin for £500 a side and championship of England, Bruges, December 23.

1891—James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson fought a draw, 61 rounds, in San Francisco, Cal., on May 21.

1892—James J. Corbett beat John L. Sullivan for championship of America, 21 rounds, New Orleans, Sept. 7.

1897—Robt. Fitzsimmons won from Jas. J. Corbett at Carson, Nev., in 14 rounds, on March 17.

1899—James J. Jeffries won title from Robert Fitzsimmons at Coney Island, N. Y., in 11 rounds.

1899—James J. Jeffries beat Tom Sharkey at Coney Island, 25 rounds, Nov. 3.

1902—James J. Jeffries beat Robert Fitzsimmons at San Francisco, eight rounds, on July 25.

1903—James J. Jeffries beat James J. Corbett at San Francisco, 10 rounds, on August 14.

1904—James J. Jeffries beat Jack Munro at San Francisco, two rounds, on August 26.

1905—James J. Jeffries retired. Marvin Hart beat Jack Root at Reno, Nev., 12 rounds, on July 3. Jeffries refereed the contest and presented the winner with his title.

1906—Tommy Burns beat Marvin Hart at Los Angeles, 20 rounds, Feb. 23.

1907—Tommy Burns beat Jack O'Brien at Los Angeles, 20 rounds, on May 7.

THE KINGS OF HEAVYWEIGHTS

1719—Figg.
1730—Pipes, Greetig.
1734—George Taylor.
1740—J. Broughton.
1750—Jack Slack.
1760—Bill Stevens.
1761—Geo. Meggs.
1764—Bill Darts.
1769—Lyons.
1777—Harry Sellers.
1780—Harris (Johnson).
1785—Tom Jackling.
1790—Big Ben Ryan.
1792—Mendoza.
1795—Jackson, retired.
1803—Jem Belcher.
1805—Pearce.
1808—Gulley.
1809—Tom Cribb.
1824—Tom Spring.
1825—Jem Ward.
1833—Deaf Burke.
1839—Bendigo.
1841—Nick Ward.
1845—Bendigo.
1849—Tass Parker.
1850—Perry.
1851—Harry Broome.
1853—Perry.
1853—Nat Langham.
1857—Tom Sayers.
1860—Sam Hurst.
1862—Jem Mace.
1862—Tom King.
1863—Jem Mace.
1866—Jem Mace.
1867—Joe Wormald.
1868—Jem Mace.
1869—MacCoole.
1870—Jem Mace.
1872—Jem Mace.

(Pearce had been nicknamed Game Chicken and Perry the Tipton Slasher.)

1907—Tommy Burns beat Bill Squires, of Australia, one round.

1907—Tommy Burns beat Gunner Moir at National Sporting Club, 10 rounds, on December 2.

1908—Tommy Burns beat Jack Palmer at Wonderland, four rounds, Feb. 10.

1908—Tommy Burns beat Jem Roche at Dublin, one round.

1908—Tommy Burns beat Bill Squires at Paris, eight rounds, on June 14.

1908—Tommy Burns beat Bill Lang at Melbourne, six rounds, September.

1908—Tommy Burns beat Squires in Australia, 13 rounds, on August 24.

1908—Jack Johnson beat Tommy Burns at Sydney, 14 rounds, December 26.

1909—Jack Johnson beat Stanley Ketchell at San Francisco, 12 rounds, October 16.

1910—Jack Johnson beat James J. Jeffries at Reno, 17 rounds, on July 4.

1912—Jack Johnson beat Jim Flynn at Las Vegas, nine rounds, on July 4.

1914—Jack Johnson beat Frank Moran at Paris, 20 rounds, on June 27.

1915—Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson at Havana, Cuba, 26 rounds, on April 5.

1918—Jack Dempsey knocked out Jess Willard at Toledo, Ohio, in three rounds on July 4.

TENSE MOMENTS BEFORE BATTLES

(Continued from page 40)

at it until they would be tired and weary. Then when they had finished he would beg for a drink of water, the one thing above all others they dared not give him. He had to be watched to make sure he didn't try to sneak a drink of water.

Aside from that, however, the thing that seemed to worry him the most was the condition of his opponent. He had a great fear of injuring his opponent, having constantly in mind the thought that one opponent had once died from the effects of one of his blows. He always wanted to make sure that whoever he fought was in good shape to take a hard punch. But his trainers say that he never would cut loose. e seemed always afraid to put all he had behind his blows, and it worried him during his training and just before the fight to think that maybe he would forget and cut loose.

Christmas Greetings to the Patrons of Boxing

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POPULAR PRICES

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SILVEY BURNS

Matchmaker of Oakland A. A.

The Man Who Put Jersey on the Map in the Boxing Game

A PROMOTER PAR EXCELLENCE

Compliments of the Season from the Next Bantam Champion

THERE are about a half dozen boys who are finding it a robust task to snare a match with Joe Lynch. One of these is Johnny Curtin, the whirlwind little Irishman of Jersey City. As matters now stand, Curtin would be an almost sure winner over Lynch were they to meet. Lynch, though, has turned down several offers for a joust with Irish Johnny. They come softer than the Jersey cyclone.

Curtin is a dead ringer for the once famous "Terrible Terry" McGovern—in looks. Having seen Terry in action, we are certain Curtin isn't another McGovern. He fights something like McGovern, though, which is boasting aplenty for any fighter. They don't breed "Terrible Terrys" any more. Curtin rips and tears after his man in the McGovern manner, punishing hard and often. His improvement during the last year has been quite remarkable. He has stopped Bobby Dyson, the tough New Englander, and only a short time ago knocked out Bud Ridley, fresh from a long string of Australian triumphs. Curtin is one of the few men who will give Danny Edwards, the crack Negro bantam, a battle at any time. They have met three times and Curtin has won twice. "Colored boys and left-handers are my favorite dishes," is the way Curtin puts it.

The Jersey boy has the fighting instinct and he is dead game. In one of his early fights a youngster dropped him with a hard shot on the chin. Johnny staggered to his corner waving his hands at his friends, exclaiming "I'm all right, boys" Curtin wasn't, though. He was one of the few pugs to go across during the war and he thought he was still "over there." Johnny, believed he was waving to his friends in another trench. He wanted to let them know that the "shell" which had just burst hadn't killed him. It's hard to stop that kind.

Curtin doesn't balk at fighting the toughest. The other night he took on Carl Tremaine—the best of the bantams, we think. Accounts of the battle differed, although most favored Tremaine, who dropped Johnny twice in the last round. When they meet again the bantam situation will be cleared up appreciably.

Charley Doesserick, who is handling "Irish," is priming Curtin for a campaign that eventually will compel recognition from Lynch. In Curtin, Doesserick knows he has the next bantam champion and Eastern fistic experts agree with him.

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WHAT'S YOUR HURRY

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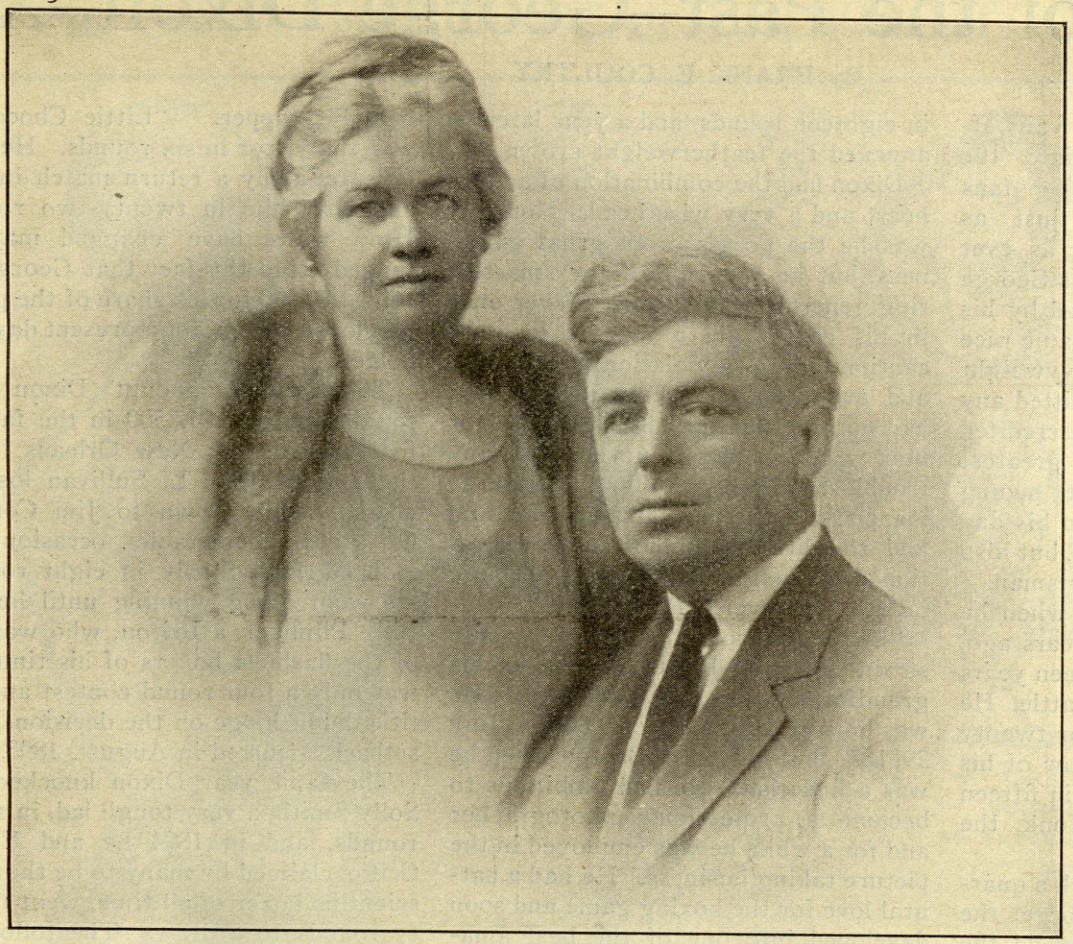
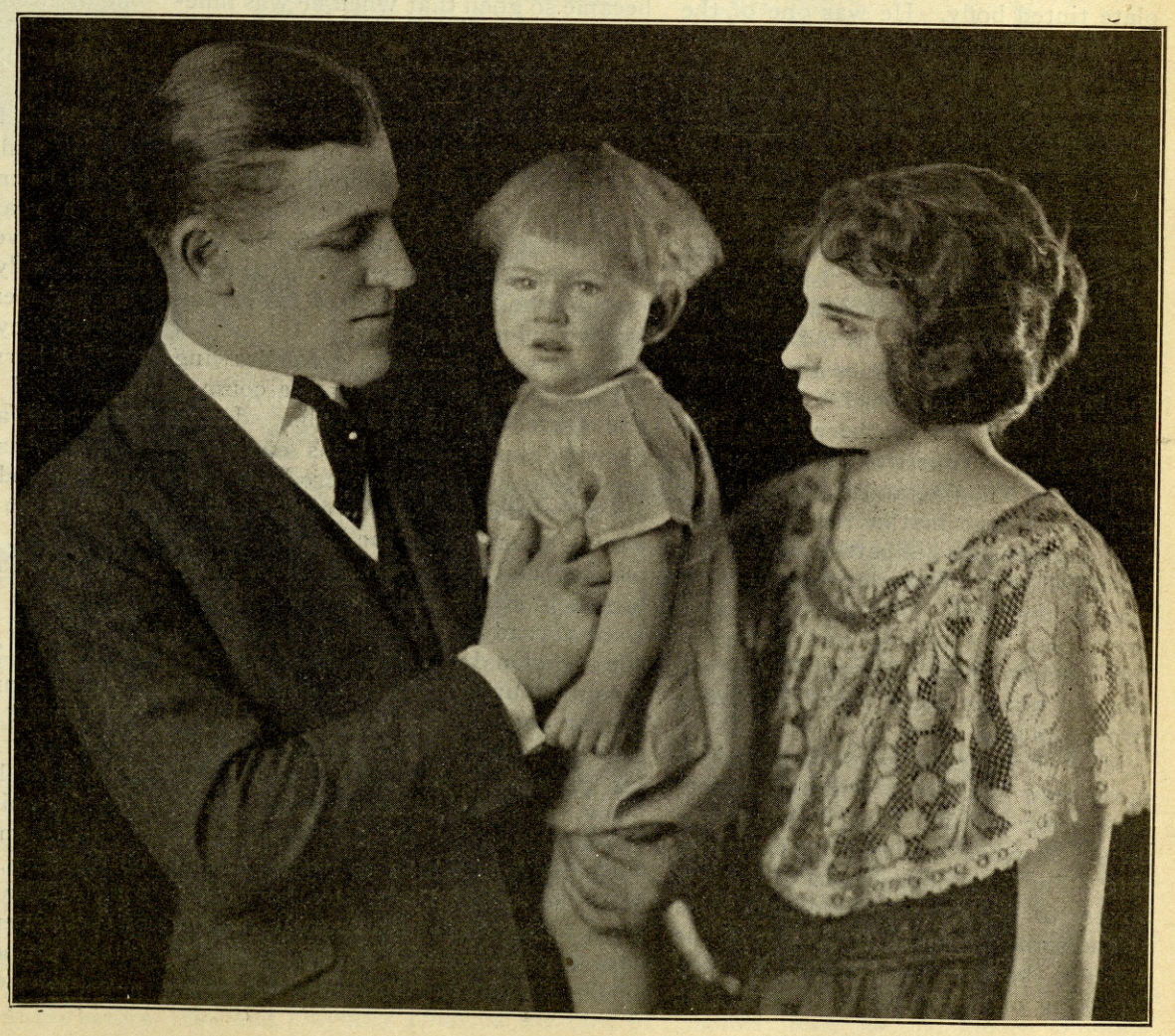


Mr. and Mrs.

Leo P. Flynn

Extend Yuletide Greetings To Their Friends



DAVE SHADE

and

His Family

Extend Christmas and New Year's Greetings to Their Friends

Shadows of the Past—George Dixon—XII

By FRANK E. COULTRY

WITH Jack Johnson's vain efforts to get back into the good graces of boxing fans comes back memories of just as great a machine in the ring as ever he was. "Little Chocolate," as George Dixon was affectionately called by his host of admirers, was of the same race and color as the former heavyweight champion, but he never committed any act in his short life which discredited him. Dixon was one of the greatest masters of ring craft who ever swung a glove and he was an idol in his day not only among his own color, but also with every true-blooded sportsman.

Dixon was less than forty when he died of pneumonia thirteen years ago, down and out. It is only sixteen years ago since he fought his last battle. He had then been in the game for twenty years and was only the shadow of his once great self when he lost in fifteen rounds at Providence to "Monk, the Newsboy."

Boxing fans who can go back a quarter of a century will never forget the unassuming little negro who had the whitest sort of a soul inside his chocolate tinted body. He was one of the worthiest title holders in the history of the ring, not only because of his fistic ability, but because of his winning personality. It is now more than thirty years since he knocked out Abe Williams of Australia, and won the world's featherweight championship, but old-timers still like to mull over his doings.

Over the grave where "Little Chocolate's" bones rest is a tombstone on which Tom O'Rourke, his old manager, had inscribed, "Here Lies the Gamest Pugilist That Ever Lived."

Dixon held the featherweight title longer than anyone with the exception of Johnny Kilbane, and it must be remembered that in the time when he was engaging in his battles it was not the days of the financier and business man in the ring. Dixon rarely scaled more than 118 pounds, and it was at this weight that Terry McGovern stopped him in eight rounds, twenty-two years ago.

Most of the time Dixon weighed no more than 114, which is quite a difference from the 126 that Kilbane now insists on when he deigns to enter the ring. The little negro is one of the few boxers of history who held two titles at the same time. In 1890 he won the world's bantam championship by knocking out Nunc Wallace, a Briton, in eighteen rounds, and a year later he annexed the featherweight crown.

Dixon had the combination of a lion's heart and a very wise head. Not only was he the possessor of great gameness, but he was one of the smartest ring generals of his time. Never once in his career did a referee have to caution him for a violation of the rules, and even the opponents he defeated had nothing but the highest praise for him. His manager never had any trouble with him. Tom O'Rourke mapped out Dixon's campaign for him and the little champion never questioned his judgment. He had absolute faith in whatever O'Rourke did.

"Little Chocolate" had a goodly strain of white blood in him, as his grandfather was a white man. He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 29, 1879, but moved to Boston when he was a little lad. He had ambitions to become a professional photographer and for a while he was employed in the picture taking business. He had a natural love for the boxing game and soon developed into one of the best amateurs of his weight around Boston. He became so good that when he was nineteen years old and weighed but 112 pounds he was matched to meet Eugene Hornbacher, then the reigning sensation of his weight in New York. Dixon made a quick job of it, winning in two rounds. The following year he met Cal McCarthy, one of the best men of his time and a claimant to the bantam title. The contest went seventy rounds, the longest bout of his career, and wound up as a draw.

Dixon soon became a great drawing card. He fought all over the country and there was no color line drawn against him. Most of his early opponents around Boston were Irish lads. By the time he was twenty he was generally acclaimed the bantam champion of the United States. Nunc Wallace held the British title and Dixon went abroad and beat him in eighteen rounds. On his return he won from Johnny Murphy, one of his most persistent challengers, in forty rounds. Shortly after this he triumphed over his greatest rival, Cal McCarthy, in Troy, in a sensational twenty-three round mix-up.

George was taking on weight and in 1891 he entered the featherweight class. One of his first bouts in this division was against Martin Flaherty, whom old-timers remember as a wonderful scrapper. "Little Chocolate" was the victor in six rounds. He gave Cal McCarthy a return match in 1891 and beat him in twenty-two rounds. How times have changed may be judged from the fact that George received $2,000 for his share of the purse, just loose change for a present day title holder.

The largest amount Dixon ever fought for was $17,500 in the famous fistic carnival at New Orleans, when the mighty John L. Sullivan lost his championship crown to Jim Corbett. On that memorable occasion, he stopped Jack Skelly in eight rounds. He went along winning until he met Billy Plimmer, a Briton, who was one of the flashiest boxers of his time. It was only a four round contest and the title didn't hinge on the decision. This setback occurred in August, 1893.

The same year Dixon knocked out Solly Smith, a very tough lad, in seven rounds, and in 1894 he and Young Griffo, claimed by many to be the most scientific boxer of all time, went twenty rounds to a draw. The following year he and Griffo fought two draws, one of twenty-five and the other of ten rounds. The same year he and Griffo, afterward lightweight champion, went ten rounds to an even break.

In 1896 Dixon fought Erne at 122 pounds and the decision was against him in twenty rounds. He came right back a year later and in twenty-five rounds reversed the decision against Erne. Solly Smith got a decision over him October 4, 1897, in San Francisco, but as they weighed 120 pounds and the featherweight limit was then 118, Dixon still claimed the championship. Dave Sullivan beat Smith in five rounds the following year, when Smith broke an arm, and two months after this the little negro won on a foul from Sullivan.

Ben Jordan, who claimed the English title, got a twenty-five round decision over Dixon shortly after this, but Eddie Santry knocked out the Briton in sixteen rounds and Dixon twice beat Santry and gained a clear claim to the title again.

June 23, 1900, saw the end of Dixon as a champion, when Terry McGovern stopped him in eight rounds. He kept on fighting, however, and in 1901 he fought Abe Attell three times. Two of these were draws and Attell won a fifteen round contest.

George went over to England in 1902

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and stayed there over three years.

He engaged in seventeen bouts there, but won only five. He drew in five and lost seven. He was near the end of his tether when Tommy Murphy knocked him out in two rounds in a Philadelphia ring. He was then suffering from rheumatism. He fought twice in 1906, winning from Harry Shea in three rounds and winding up his career against Monk the Newsboy. His health was now gone and he eked out his existence for three years before he passed on as a boxer, never to be forgotten.

He Knew Better Than to Strike Terry McGovern

Terrible Terry McGovern was at one time an assistant starter—under Dade—on the Canadian circuit.

One day at Woodbine, while waiting for the field to come to the post, Terry sauntered over to the outside rail and playfully bounced the butt of his bull whip off the shin of an ebony hued rail bird.

The son of Ham back slipped out of the danger zone, and was the object of much sympathy.

"Man," said one of his brethren, "if I was you I'd be forced to smack dat man wrat in de moufe, even if he is Terry McGovern."

The stricken Senegambian rolled his eyes and groaned:—

"Mebbe you would, brother, but mah mother never had no foolish children."

Effects of Five Knockout Blows Explained

This is the closing article of a very interesting series on boxing from an instructor's point of view by Spike Webb, one of the best known athletic and boxing instructors in this country, who is the efficient mentor at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis

MANY persons who are not really well acquainted with the boxing game as it is practiced today think that a boxer must be beaten into insensibility in order to be classed as a victim of a knockout. This is entirely wrong, as the term "knockout" as used in boxing, merely means that the boxer was unable to continue boxing ten seconds after being knocked down, that the referee stopped the contest to save a boxer from further punishment, or that the handlers of the boxer deciding that their man had no chance of winning, tossed the sponge in the ring.

The word knockout really indicates that the boxer was knocked out of time, and that for one of the several reasons given above he was unable to continue.

Most knockouts are caused by the boxer being hit on the jaw or under the ear. This befogs the brain, causing the victim to stagger about the ring in a dazed condition. The boxer recovers almost immediately from this temporary disability, and feels none the worse.

A blow over the solar plexus or liver is distinctly painful, causing the victim to double up as though stricken with cramps. While the boxer does not lose consciousness, he finds it impossible to continue boxing for a few minutes.

The heart blow interferes momentarily with the heart action, causing the boxer to lower his hands and fall forward in a semi-conscious condition. The victim recovers in a few minutes and feels little worse physically from the blow.

* * *

Definition of Terms Used in Boxing

On Guard—In a position to deliver a blow or guard against a blow.

Jab—Fast straight blow with either hand.

Lead—Taking the initiative in attacking opponent with either hand.

Swing—Striking from the side with a wide curved motion of the arm.

Hook—Striking from the side with a short curved motion of the arm.

Chop—A short hook delivered with a downward motion of the arm.

Uppercut—Upward motion of the arm with the palm turned in towards the body.

Criss-Cross—Simultaneous delivery of two blows, one to face followed by one to body or reverse.

Feinting—Any action which is intended to mislead the opponent into thinking that an attack is about to be made.

Footwork—Comprises the proper movement of the feet to enable the boxer to maintain good poise and to help him adapt himself to all phases of defensive and offensive boxing.

Shadow Boxing—Boxing with an imaginary opponent and performing with snap and precision all moves used in actual combat.

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Infighting—Boxing at close range.

Counter—Return of a blow.

Cross-Counter—Slipping a blow and countering.

Drawing—Drawing body backward to avoid a blow.

Clinching—Holding an opponent so that he is unable to make an attack.

Breaking—Stepping back from a clinch.

Timing—Sensing an opponent's lead and beating him to the punch.

Telegraphing—Giving away an attack by drawing the arm back before striking.

Blocking—Rendering an opponent's blow ineffective by blocking it with the hand, shoulder or arm.

Crouching—Bending at the waist to deliver or avoid a blow.

Slipping—Moving the head to either side to avoid a straight blow.

Parrying—Diverting an opponent's straight blow by striking the attacking arm with the palm of the hand.

Guarding—Any move that renders an opponent's blow ineffective.

Ducking—Quick bending of the neck to avoid a blow.

One-Two-Punch—Simultaneous delivery of two blows, namely—left hand lead to face followed by right hand hook to face and vice versa.

Foul Blow—Hitting below the belt, hitting in clinches or any other move that is not good, clean, sportsmanlike boxing.

HIGH SPOTS IN FISTIC CAREER OF GEORGE DIXON

July 29, 1870—Born in Halifax, N. S.

1886—Took up boxing as a profession.

1890—Regarded as bantamweight champion of America.

June 27, 1890—Stopped Nunc Wallace in eighteen rounds in London for world's bantam title.

July 28, 1891—Knocked out Abe Willis of Australia in five rounds, for world's featherweight title.

Sept. 6, 1892—Knocked out Jack Skelly in eight rounds at New Orleans.

Aug. 22, 1893—Lost four round bout to Billy Plimmer of England. Not a title match.

Nov. 27, 1896—Lost to Frank Erne in twenty rounds at 122 pounds.

March 24, 1897—Defeated Frank Erne in twenty-five rounds.

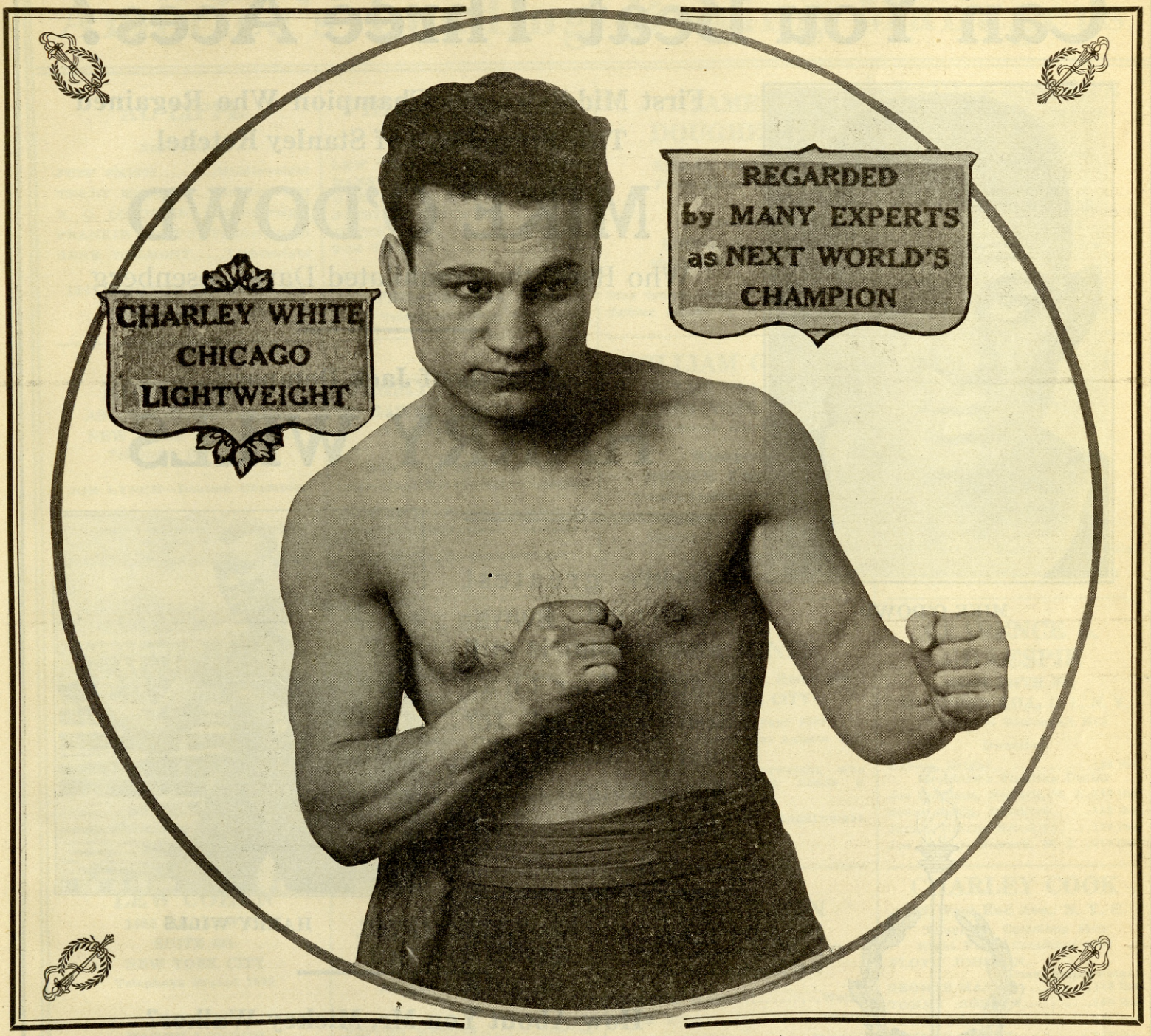
June 23, 1900—Stopped by Terry McGovern in eight rounds.

1902, '03 and '04—Fought in Great Britain with fair success.

Dec. 10, 1906—Lost to Monk Newsboy in fifteen rounds in Providence—his last fight.

1909—Died in Boston.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO MY FRIENDS



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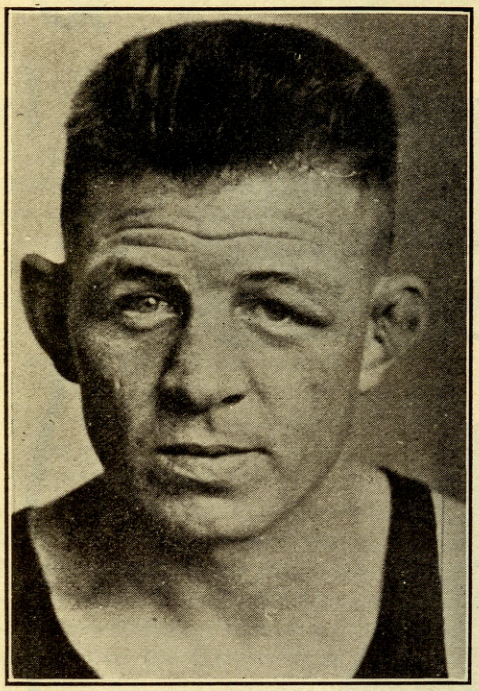

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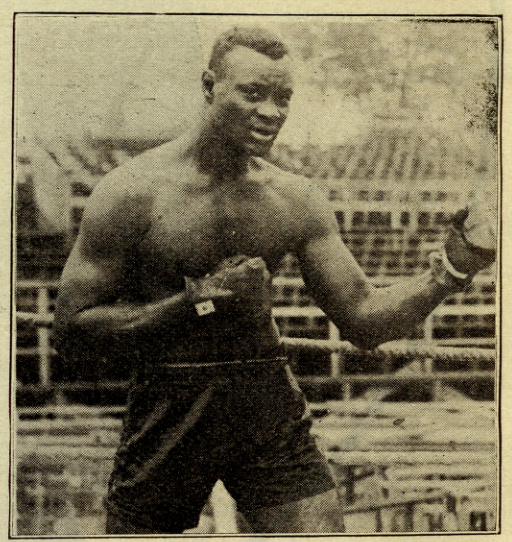

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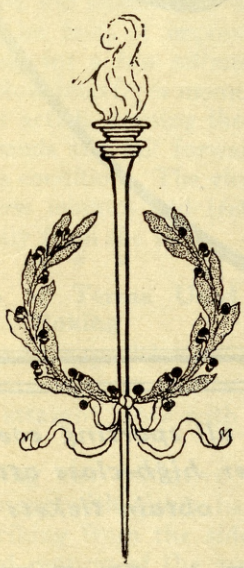

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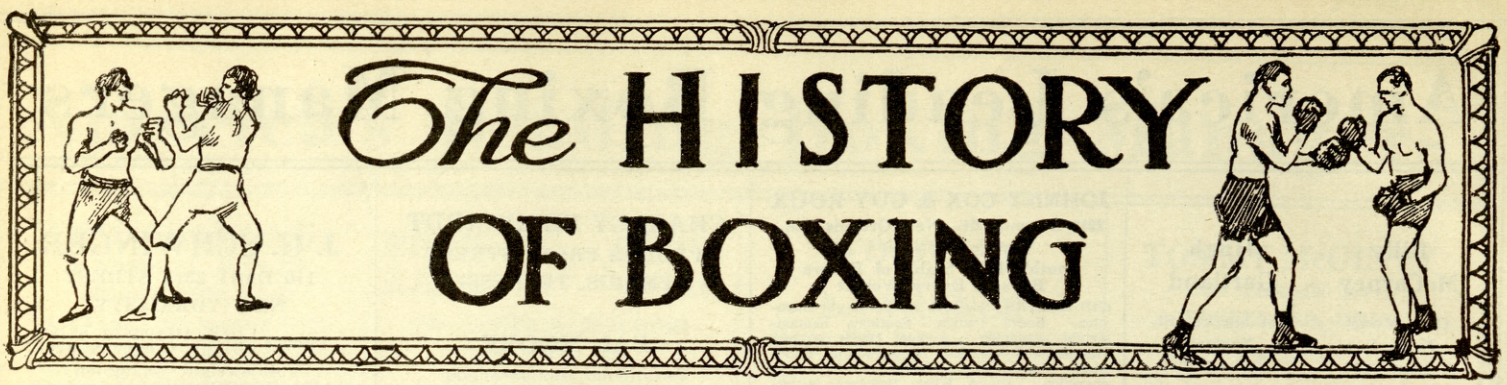

Jews Play An Important Part in Early History of the Ring—Dutch Sam, the "Man With the Iron Hand"

By NAT FLEISCHER

Tenth of a Series on the History of Boxing

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THE part that Ireland has played in the field of pugilism is well known. In a recent article in The Ring, Jack Skelly, famous authority on boxing, recalled for our readers the names of boxing heroes who have made Ireland famous and in this article Skelly pointed out that Ireland's great fighters did not come forth until more than seventy-five years had elapsed from the crowning of England's first champion, James Fig.

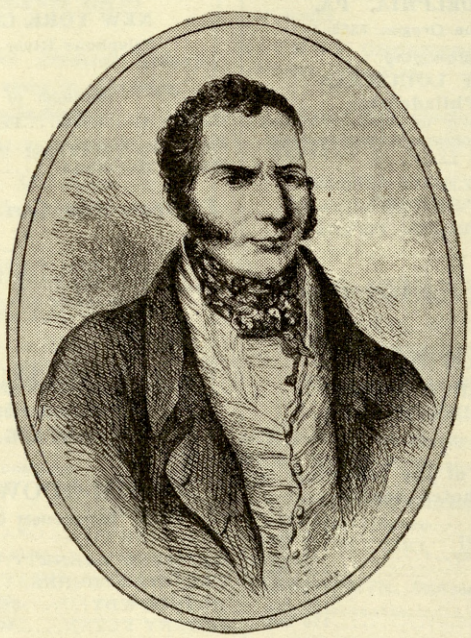
Peculiar as it may seem and strange as it may sound, the early history of English boxing was moulded around the pure English and the Jews. The Israelites played a most important part in the development of the sport prior to the advent of Tom Cribb, and moreover it was the Jews who introduced and later thoroughly developed the science in boxing.

History records the name of Daniel Mendoza as the first of the great Jewish battlers. There were many other famous Israelites who thrived in the ring about the same time Mendoza did, and some who achieved their greatness following Mendoza's retirement, but none achieved the fame that did Samuel Elias, otherwise known as Dutch Sam. Like Mendoza, Dutch Sam was a clever fighter and a hard hitter. He was one of the most remarkable fighters of the period. Although small, he whipped many men inches taller and many pounds heavier, and soon became famous as the "Man with the Iron Hand."

History records that Dutch Sam was a glutton for punishment and in turn could administer such a terrific beating to an opponent, not even the great Belcher had anything on Sam as a hitter.

In speaking of Sam's hitting power, historians of the time declare:

"As a hitter we except no pugilist whatever. Gully never struck with such force as Dutch Sam was capable of, nor Tom Cribb more heavily than Sam, whose blows were truly dreadful to encounter."



Samuel Elias, otherwise known as Dutch Sam.

Most Scientific Boxer of Day

He was announced as the most scientific pugilist of the day. One of the boxers of the period remarked that he would rather face Tom or Jem Belcher in the ring for an hour than take five minutes of punishment from Dutch Sam.

Dutch Sam was born on April 4th, 1775, and joined the ranks of fighters at the age of eighteen when he was found on the roadside engaging in a fist fight with a stranger, was taken in hand by one Harry Lee, and after being taught the rudiments of the game, became a pugilistic hero.

Dutch Sam's best bouts were with Caleb O'Donnell and Tom Belcher, and in each Dutch Sam clearly demonstrated his superiority. The curse of the age, drink, cut short the career of this brilliant battler. Excessive use of spirits and lack of training brought about his downfall. Dutch Sam took great pride in informing the world that he trained on gin. He often remarked, when rebuked for not keeping in condition prior to a big fight, that gin training was an ideal manner to keep one's body in condition.

Sam fought upwards of 100 battles, and until he took so heavily to drink, his record was a unique one. Although he engaged in several minor contests between 1801 and 1804, it was not until he met Caleb Baldwin, the Pride of Westminster, for a stake of twenty-five guineas a side that he really entered upon the pugilistic stage. That bout lasted thirty-seven rounds, in which Caleb Baldwin received a pummelling that almost rendered him unconscious. It was this bout that brought fame to Dutch Sam and conveyed to the boxing world the fact that a new "phenom" had been discovered.

In the thirty-seventh round Baldwin

was in a state of distress several times, then suddenly became sick, fell to the ring in a heap and was carried out in an insensible state. The friends of Caleb, who had bet a little fortune on him, broke into the ring and demanded that the fight be awarded to Caleb on a foul, but the umpires refused to be bullied. They declared that Dutch Sam had won the bout honestly and proclaimed him the marvel of the age.

Uppercut Used for First Time

Incidentally, it was in this fight that the uppercut was used for the first time in ring history. In the twentieth round Caleb began to show signs of exhaustion, and while attempting to avoid punishment, came in close to his opponent's body. He found, however, that Dutch Sam had perfected a splendid attack for such means of an opponent's defense. Instead of permitting Caleb to hold, Sam, by a peculiar twist of the body, was able to bring his right or left blows upwards, and according to the historians, "these uppercuts told dreadfully on Caleb's face. It was the first use of this blow in ring history."

Caleb tried to arrange a second battle with Dutch Sam, but Sam declined the issue after putting up forfeit money. On April 27th, 1805, Dutch Sam engaged in a battle with Britton of Bristol, and despite the fact Sam was in an inebriated condition, he knocked his opponent off his legs. Sam's fame now spread far and wide and he was recognized as the greatest boxer in England.

The greatest fights of Dutch Sam were the three with Tom Belcher. In the first, described by the scribes of the day as "without dispute one of the best contested and most skilful battles ever witnessed," Belcher was so severely punished he was compelled to yield in the fifty-seventh round. Sam in this bout proved himself a great and desperate hitter.

Their second bout several months later proved a disappointment, as Belcher and his friends claimed a foul in the thirty-fourth round, in which a wild swing by Dutch Sam caught Belcher on the face just as he toppled over and his hands had touched the ground. The umpires were at odds regarding the verdict and after a long appeal to disinterested persons it was arranged to settle the affair with a third and decisive bout. This was decided in the same year, and as in the previous contests, Mendoza was Dutch Sam's chief second and Gully acted for Belcher.

Sam decided to show no mercy and he handed Belcher a terrific beating. The bout lasted thirty-six rounds and the onslaughts of Sam were such that they left no doubt as to which of the two was the greater fighter.

Belcher Falls From Exhaustion

Sam followed his opponent to all parts of the ring and dealt out so much punishment that Belcher fell from exhaustion. His brother Jem, former Napoleon of the ring, took Tom out of the arena in a feeble state, and, placing him in a chariot, removed him to his home. Belcher's skill was apparent, but the scribes of the day declare there was no comparison in the effectiveness of the two in the mode of fighting.

Another great victory over Bill Cropley, hitherto undefeated, proved beyond a doubt that Sam was the peer of them all. Sam then took the measure of a tradesman by the name of Medley and then announced his retirement from the ring. Had he adhered to this resolution he would have retired undefeated, but unfortunately he began to live a most irregular life, engaged in what he termed "gin-training," and suddenly decided to tackle Bill Nosworthy, the baker, a wrestler and boxer of some repute.

Despite warnings from his friends, Sam, whose five years of intemperance had made him a sad figure, finally met his master and suffered his first defeat. It really was not the man Nosworthy, who had caused Sam's downfall, but a living of excess, pride and conceit which had destroyed Sam's vigor and stamina. Training on three glasses of gin three times a day had done what brute force of many strong opponents was unable to accomplish.

Sam ended his life in misery. He suffered considerably from his excesses and died in the London Hospital in 1816 at the age of 42.

In summing up the life of Dutch Sam, a reporter for Bell's Weekly writes:

"As a fighter, he had no equal. He was the greatest exponent of science and terrific hitting the ring has ever seen. Had he taken proper care of himself, he might have lived to a good ripe age and held the championship for many years without any strong interference from the present crop of fighters.

"A great fighter has passed and the fighting world mourns his loss. Were it not for his indulgence in excesses, the Israelites might well feel proud of their representative."

With the passing of Dutch Sam from the scene of fighting, the English ring history enters a new period, the period dominated by the great Tom Cribb. However, there were a few battlers who exhibited their wares at the same time Dutch Sam ruled, who had earned a niche in the Hall of Fame, prior to the advent of Cribb as the king. The list comprises George Maddox, Jack O'Donnell, Jack Bartholomew, Isaac Bittoon, Billy Cropley, Bob Gregson and Andrew Gamble.

Maddox was a modest, independent and courageous fighter who always kept in condition. His courage was pre-eminent. As a pugilist he was conspicuous for his determined rallying and quick hitting.

Andrew Gamble was an Irish fighter, powerful, game, hard hitting, and clumsy and had a strong fighting instinct. He stood more than six feet and engaged in many battles. He was one of the first of the string of great Hibernian boxers.

Another of the great Irishmen of this period was Jack O'Donnell, who was a game fellow, capable of giving considerable punishment. His success went to his head and he became involved in a series of hold-ups which brought disgrace to him and two other boxers of the period, one of whom was Joe Berks. They were all sentenced to transportation for life.

The name of Jack Bartholomew became a byword in boxing circles, for there was scarcely a fight in which Bartholomew did not either participate or was a second or bottle holder.

That the Jews and the Irish had come to the fore is evidenced by the appearance of Billy Ryan, another son of Old Erin, and of Isaac Bittoon, an Israelite of great strength and coolness and a master with the singlestick at fencing and with the gloves.

Almost all the boxers of this period taught the game either while at the height of their career or after retirement from the ring, and Bill Cropley was not an exception. He, like Ikey Bittoon, had a school for boxing and taught the art of self-defense.

In recounting the deeds of Bob Gregson, the historians declare that his fame rests more in the fact that he was Poet Laureate to the heroic race of pugilists than to his ability as a fighter. Few men were more widely known than Gregson through his union of pugilism and poetry, to recount the deeds of the famous fighters of his day. He opened the first school of boxing in Dublin and through his teachings and writings spread the gospel of the ring in Ireland.

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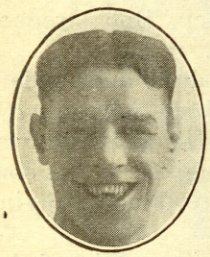
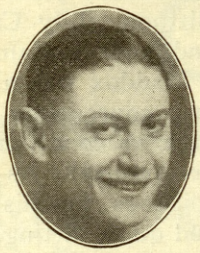
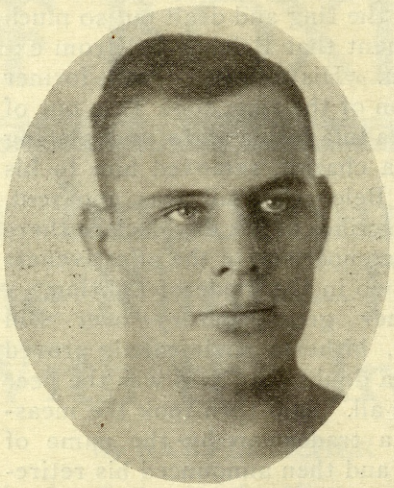
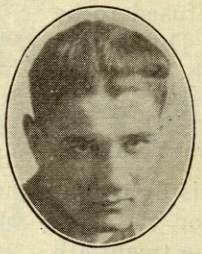


Tommy Robson
158 LBS.

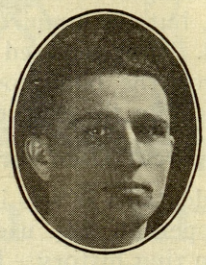


George Lavigne
138 LBS.

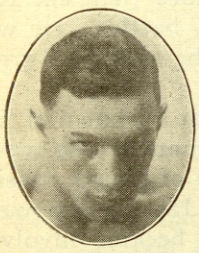




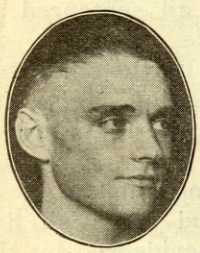
Georgie Marks
116 LBS.



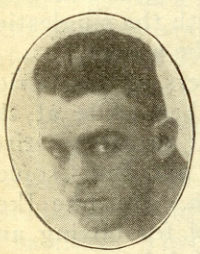
Johnny Coney
126 LBS.



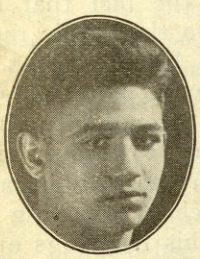
Georgie Eagle
135 LBS.



Jimmy Carroll
135 LBS.



Eddie James
126 LBS.



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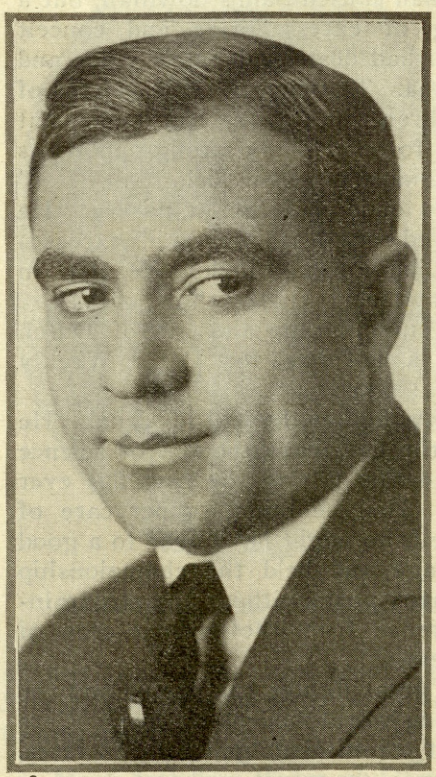

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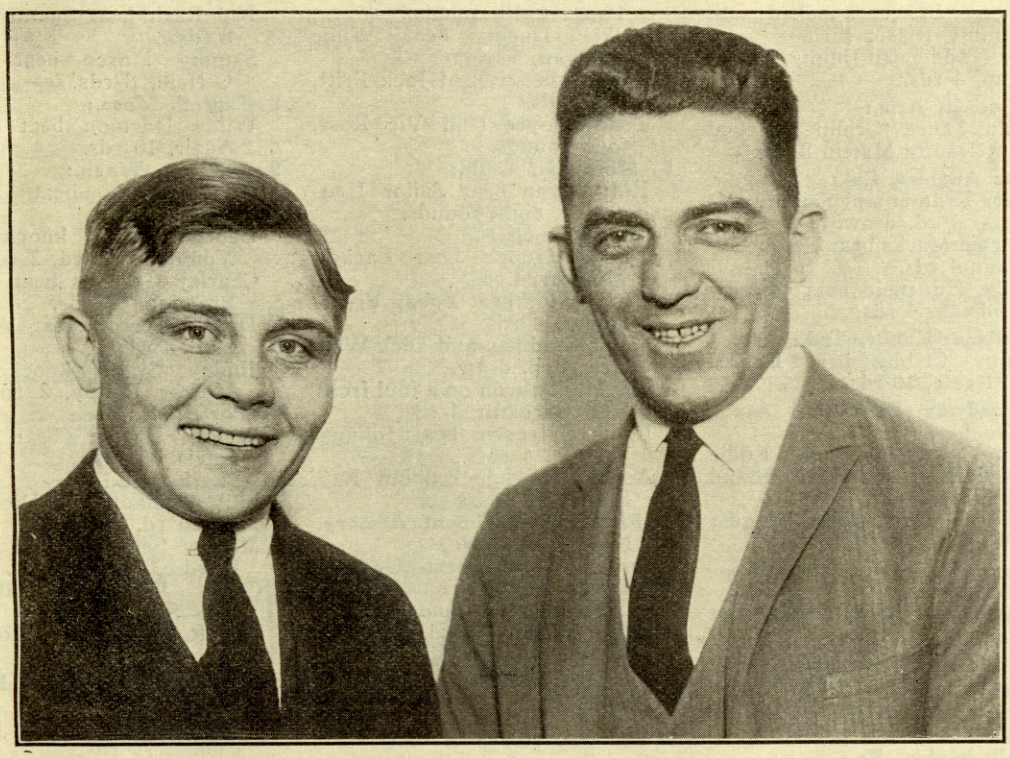

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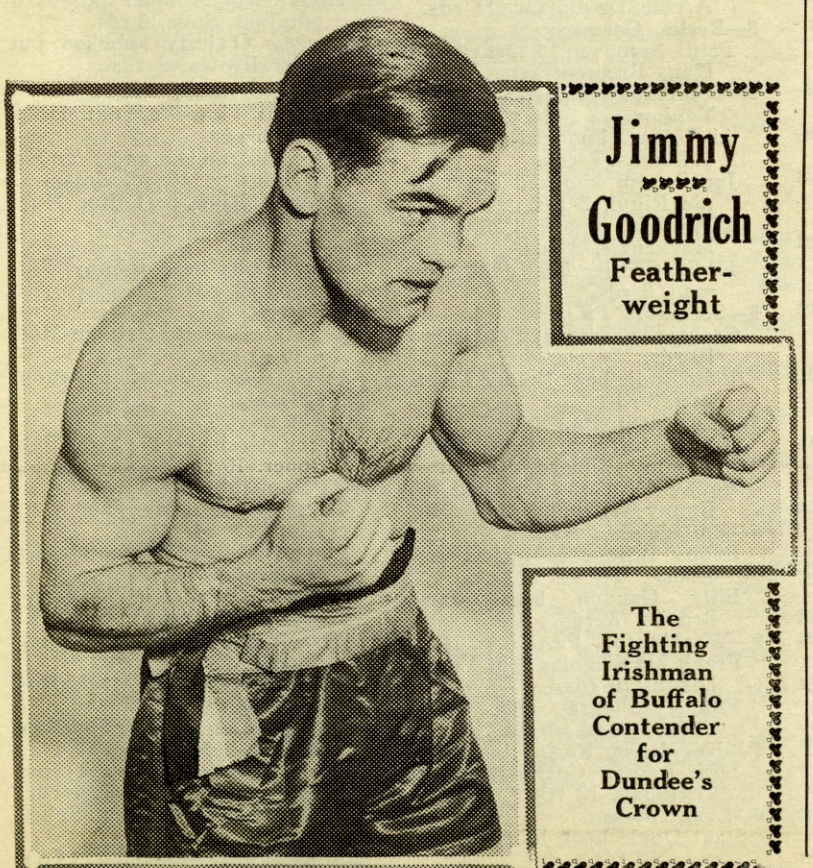

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Results of Boxing Bouts

OCTOBER

6—East Liverpool, Pa.:
Young Jitney beat Shifting Dando, eight rounds.
Sig Keppen beat Mickey Sanfry, six rounds.

6—San Francisco:
Young Papke and Hank Gastone, four round draw.
Charley Henricks beat Young Dudley, four rounds.
Harry Simmons knocked out Jack McDonald, two rounds.
Tiger Johnny Kline beat Lamberto Camase, four rounds.
Harry Wallace beat Jimmy Powell, four rounds.
Young Rizo beat Tommy O'Leary, four rounds.
Johnny Ray and Jimmy Brady, four round draw.

6—Los Angeles:
Jimmy Sacco beat Georgie Lavigne, four rounds.
Georgie Lee and Teddy Silva, four round draw.
Sailor Ashmore knocked out Joe Dunn, fourth round.
Joe Lee and Pete Herman, four round draw.

6—Sacramento:
Young Sol beat Johnny Lotsy, four rounds.
George Sollis beat Bobby Ertle, four rounds.

NOVEMBER

1—Stockton, Cal.:
Pete Francis beat Roy Renner, four rounds.
Vic Morrison and Johnny Arrousey, four-round draw.
Sailor Akerman lost to Battling Beans, four rounds.
Pete Woods and Young Sol, four round draw.
Kid Northcut knocked out Al Harris, second round.
Joe Cannon knocked out Kack O'Well, second round.

1—San Francisco, Cal.:
Frank Barrieau and Bert Colima, four round draw.
Eddie Landon beat Johnny Cline, four rounds.
Joe Egan beat Jim Kelly, four rounds.
Jimmy Mendo beat Charley Jones, four rounds.
Joe King Leopolds and Eddie Gorman, four round draw.

4—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Danny Edwards beat Vincent Salvatore, twelve rounds.
Spencer Gardener and Kid Buller, twelve round draw.

4—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Al Studdy knocked out Duffy Caruso, eighth round.
Ruby Stein beat Johnny Lazz, eight rounds.

4—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Bert Spencer beat Johnny Williams, twelve rounds.
Joe Stanley beat Jimmy Reese, ten rounds.

4—San Francisco, Cal.:
Sol Seamon beat Eddie Diggins, 4 rds.
Young Papke beat Johnny Romain, 4 rds.
Young Roberts knocked out Harry Simmons, 2 rds.
Ear Force knocked out Johnny Lamar, 4 rds.
Harry Wallace beat Jimmy Powell, 4 rds.
Young Baker knocked out Jimmy Risso, 1 rd.
Ray Todd beat Jimmy Flanagan, 4 rds.

4—Phoenix, Ariz.:
Dandy Dick Griffin knocked out Danny Martin 8 rds.

4—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Sailor Kramer and Sailor Walters, 4 rd. draw.
Georgie Marks beat Teddy Silvam, 4 rds.
Willie Hunefield beat Charley Sullivan, 4 rds.

4—Indiana Habor, Ind.:
Jimmy Clabby beat Dennis O'Keefe, 10 rds.

6—Broadway Exhibition Ass'n, Brooklyn:
Terry Martin and Eddie Anderson, twelve round draw.
Johnny Vestri beat August Pisano, ten rounds.

6—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Charley Goodman knocked out Sammy Waltz, five rounds.

6—Broad A. C., Newark:
Charley Weinert beat Young Bob Fitsimmons, twelve rounds.

5—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Charley White beat Bobby Barrett, eight rounds.
Johnny Brown beat Frankie Conway, eight rounds.

6—Boston, Mass.:
Dave Shade knocked out Jack Perry, seven rounds.

6—New Bedford, Mass.:
Eddie O'Dowd beat Billy Mascott, ten rounds.

6—Lawrence, Mass.:
Al Shubert beat Billy Fitzsimmons, ten rounds.

6—Worcester, Mass.:
Johnny Drew beat Steve Gustin, ten rounds.

6—National Sporting Club, London, Eng.:
Dick Smith knocked out George Cook, fifteen rounds.

6—Trenton, N. J.:
Jack Renault knocked out Jack Hyatt, two rounds.

6—Queensberry A. C., Buffalo:
Jock Malone knocked out Johnny Shea, five rounds.

6—New Orleans, La.:
Pete Hartley beat Young McGovern, fifteen rounds.

6—Detroit, Mich.:
Alex Hart beat Joe Lawson, ten rounds.

6—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Panama Joe Gans beat Joe Libby, eight rounds.

6—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Kid Julian beat Maxie Williamson, 10 rounds.
Pete Husic knocked out Mickey Russell, two rounds.

6—Shenandoah, Pa.:
George Weyman beat Bobby Robideau, 10 rounds.

6—Baltimore, Md.:
Benny Swartz beat Little Jeff. twelve rounds.

6—Troy, N. Y.:
Tommy Conroy knocked out Ray West, eight rounds.
Tommy Madden knocked out Smiling Kid Nolan, one round.

6—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Speedy Marks beat Cowboy Padgett, 10 rounds.
Jackie Dugan beat Willie Sullivan, 6 rounds.
Alex Govecky beat Jack Britt, 6 rounds.
Teddy Joyce beat Vic Ross, four rounds.

6—Memphis, Tenn.:
Kid Dugan beat Sailor Hennessey, eight rounds.

7—San Francisco:
Young Hoppe beat Lackey Morrow, 4 rds.
Alex Tasloff beat Young Friedlander, 4 rds.
Sailor Goldman and Dick Wallace, 4 rd. draw.
Les Mazon won on a foul from Bud Garberm, 1 rd.
Eddie Sylvester beat Johnny Weiner, 4 rds.
Art Emery knocked out Ray Smiley, 2 rds.

7—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Sandy Taylor beat Georgie Bush, 12 rds.
Larry Esteridge knocked out Johnny Hart, 1 rd.
Johnny Mosley beat Dan Stuart, 12 rds.

7—Arene A. A., Boston, Mass.:
Charley Parker beat Young Tansey, 10 rds.
Joe Curry beat Willie Corbett 10 rds.

8—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Murray Bresdon beat Joe Dundee, 12 rds.

8—New Orlens, La.:
Clem Johnson beat Jack Leslie, 15 rds.

8—Paris, France:
Maurice Prunier knocked out Arcole De Balzac, 11 rds.

8—Berlin, Germany:
Paul Sampson knocked out Hans Breutentraeter, 9 rds.

9—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers:
Al Roberts knocked out Larry Williams, 7 rds.
Joe Scagni knocked out Lennie Rigul, 2 rds.
Tom Wint knocked out Jack Mackenzie, 2 rds.
Eddie Crozier beat Jack Norman, 8 rds.

9—Scranton, Pa.:
Georgie Ward beat Pete Latzo, 10 rds.
Ping Bodie beat Jimmy Tomasula, 8 rds.

9—Allentown, Pa.:
Frank Carbone beat Sailor Tommy Billiard, 10 rds.
Bonny Williams knocked out Jimmy Wilson, 3 rds.

9—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Benny Bass beat Jack Perry, 8 rds.
Billy Gannon beat Marty Brooks, 8 rds.

9—Washington, Pa.:
Frank McNicholas beat Young Dixon, 10 rds.
Young Piazza and Patsy Young, 6 rd. draw.

9—Providence, R. I.:
Irish Johnny Curtin beat Abe Friedman, 12 rds.

9—Lynn, Mass.:
Paul Doyle beat Johnny Herman, 10 rds.

9—102nd Medical Regiment, New York City:
Young Mike Donovan knocked out Ray Cooper, 3 rds.
Kid Rash beat Sammy Butts, 8 rds.
Sammy Marco beat Bobby O'Neill, 8 rds.

9—Lowell, Mass.:
Willie Harmon beat Barney Adair, 10 rds.

9—Tacoma, Wash.:
Joe Gorman beat Frankie Britt, 6 rds.
George Burns knocked out Young O'Dowd, 2 rds.
Charley Coggins beat George Brandom, 4 rds.
Dode Berecot beat Art Serano, 4 rds.
Jimmy Smith knocked out Mickey Denny, 2 rds.

9—Portland, Ore.:
Bobby Harper beat Trixie Davis, 10 rds.

10—Sharon, Pa.:
Billy Williams and Dick Mette, 10 rd. draw.
Mickey Semsfrey and Robert Devore, 10 rd. draw.
Cocky Dilla beat Battling Alex Sims, 6 rds.
Abe Routman beat Ham Dillon, 4 rds.

10—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Charley Beecher beat Johnny Coney, 12 rds.
Frankie Florio beat Eddie James, 10 rds.
Charley Izzo knocked out Johnny Rizzo, 2 rds.
Joe Warner knocked out Abe Stalett, 5 rds.
Patsy Brocko beat Willie Bradley, 4 rds.

10—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Andy Kid Palmer knocked out Jack Sone, 6 rds.
Packey O'Gatty knocked out Billy Brown, 2 rds.

10—New Orleans:
Red Hill knocked out Doug Lee, 6 rds.
Joe Matranga and Young Overlasity, 10 rd. draw.
Frankie King beat Jim Nurdin, 4 rds.

10—St. Paul:
Billy Wells beat Johnny Tillman, 10 rds.

10—Detroit:
Jock Malone beat Augie Ratner, 10 rds.
Harry Raskin beat Pat Bishop, 10 rds.

10—Buffalo:
Harry Greb beat Capt. Bob Roper, 10 rds.

10—Philadelphia:
Toughey Murray and Al Willis, 8 rd. draw.
Stanley Henckle beat Johnny Wolgast, 8 rds.

11—Ninth Regiment Armory New York City:
Jack Douglass knocked out Johnny Carroll, 2 rds.
Harry Gorsky beat Jack Rosenberm, 10 rds.

11—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Jay Lanahan won on a foul from George Werner, 1 rd.
Paulie Mack beat Mort Seligman, 10 rds.

11—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Battling Harry Leonard and

Johnny Pee Wee Kaiser, 12 rd. draw.
Al Tierney beat Kid Snow, 10
Sammy Vogel knocked out Harry Wilson, 5 rds.
Frank Fasano beat Frankie Curley, 6 rds.

12—Mariesville, O.:
Young Fisher knocked out Jack Delaney three rounds.

12—Scranton, Pa.:
Willie Doyle beat Shamus O'Brien, ten rounds.

12—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Joe White beat Jim Holland, eight rounds.

12—Polo Grounds, New York City.
Irish Johnny Curtin and Terry Martin, ten round draw.
Andy Thomas and Joe Tiplitz, ten round draw.
Billy Ryckoff beat Danny Lee, ten rounds.
Willie Darcey and Phil Rosenberg, four round draw.
Young Ross and Hilly Levine, six round draw.

12—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Jimmy Mars and Eddie Brady, ten round draw.
Willie Kohler lost on a foul to Mickey Brown, nine rounds.

12—102nd Medical Regiment, New York City:
Joe Glick knocked out K. O. Red O'Neill, seven rounds.
Tom Chip knocked out Billy Wells, five rounds.

12—London:
Joe Beckett knocked out Frank Moran seventh round.
Jack Bloomfield knocked out Bombadier Wells, sixth round.

12—Worcester, Mass.:
Johnny Shugrue beat Sailor Byron, ten rounds.
Tommy Atwell knocked out Frank Powers, second round.
Billy Root knocked out Eddie Lewis, first round.
Henry Faligani knocked out Joe Miller, first round.
Canuto Rapio knocked out Kid Maroo, first round.
Red Lewis and Jimmy Medrano, four round draw.

13—Detroit:
Tommy Gibbons knocked out George Ashe, 1 rd.

13—Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Earl Biard beat Jimmy Mars, 10 rds.
Jack Stark and Frankie Curry, 10 rd. draw.
Frankie Conifrey knocked out Johnny Williams, 8 rds.

13—Philadelphia:
Sailor Friedman knocked out K. O. Loughlin, 4 rds.
Willie Herman beat Joe Reno, 8 rds.

13—Broadway Exh. Assn. of Brooklyn:
Pepper Martin beat Frankie Edwards, 12 rds.
Willie Singer knocked out Joey Baker, 4 rds.
Nat Pincus beat Murray Layton, 4 rds.

13—Freeport, L. I.:
Buck Josephs beat Joe Reed, 12 rds.

13—Omaha, Neb.:
Frankie Scoell beat Bryan Downey, 10 rds.

13—Chicago, Ill.:
Mike Dundee beat Billy Henry, 10 rds.

13—McKeesport, Pa.:
Jimmy Jones beat Johnny King, 10 rds.
Young Zabish beat Groeg Kerston, 6 rds.
Tel Welch beat Leo Naggle, 6 rds.
Kid Xeny beat Walter Dickinson, 6 rds.

13—Trenton, N. J.:
Mickey Mooney beat Mike Arra, 10 rds.

13—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Vincent Lopez and Frankie Macquire, 10 rd. draw.
K. O. Tampa beat Kid McCoy, 8 rds.

13—Troy, N. Y.:
Frankie Laureate knocked out Andy O'Boyle, 2 rds.
Frankie Allen beat Matty Haley, 10 rds.

13—Masillon, Pa.:
Willie Ames beat Jakie Gross, 10 rds.
Red Young beat Dutch Myers, 8 rds.

13—York, Pa.:
Johnny Gill knocked out Johnny Smith, 3 rds.
Sammy Navo beat Dick Gotwalt, 8 rds.

14—Butte, Mont.:
Farmer Lodge knocked out Jim Pappas, 3 rds.

14—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Johnny Curtin won on a foul from Danny Edwards, 10th rd.
Vic McLaughlin beat Johnny Smith, 12 rds.
Frankie Curley beat Johnny Levine, 6 rds.
Charley Banyo beat Billy Bell, 4 rds.

14—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Ruby Stein beat Jimmy Bary, 12 rds.

14—Worcester, Mass.:
Tommy Leahy beat Louis Hamlin, 10 rds.

14—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Kid Kaplan beat Gene Delmont, 10 rds.

14—Boston, Mass.:
Red Chapman beat Mickey Travers, 10 rds.

17—San Francisco:
Pete Daley beat Tackey Morrow, four rounds.
Charley Henricks and Sailor Goldman, draw, four rounds.
Chick Roach beat Young Dudley, four rounds.
Walter Delemore beat Ernest Lundgren, four rounds.
Ray Kronisj beat Martin O'Shea, four rounds.
Teddy Burnett knocked out Young Baker, first round.
Jimmy Powell beat Davey Johnson, first round.

17—Los Angeles:
Jimmy Sacco beat Otto Wallace, four rounds.
Willie Williams beat Sailor Harry Smith, four rounds.
Kid Moha beat Pete Herman, four rounds.

18—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Petey Hayes beat Buddy Wallace, twelve rounds.
Bobby Wagner beat Danny Howard, eight rounds.
"Wild Man" Gould beat Tommy Jackson, six rounds.
Tommy Chip knocked out Jimmy Collins, two rounds.

18—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Frankie Engle beat Dutch Brandt, twelve rounds.
Jackie Murray beat Herman Brodow, eight rounds.
Nat Pincus knocked out Jerry Welsh, two rounds.

18—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Panama Joe Gans beat Marty Cross, twelve rounds.
"Pickles" Martin beat Andy Tucker, ten rounds.
Tommy Geary beat Jimmy Day six rounds.
Wilbur Cohen beat Lew Childs, four rounds.

18—Paris, France:
Charlie Ledoux knocked out George French, third round.

18—Havana, Cuba:
Young Stribbling beat Narullo, twelve rounds.

20—Harlem-Fairmont A. C., New York City:
Billy Ryckoff beat Frankie Jerome, twelve rounds.
Carl Duane beat Frankie Daley, twelve rounds.

20—Broadway Exhibition Assotion, Brooklyn:
Red Cap Wilson and Italian Joe Dempsey, twelve-round draw.
Tony Lyons knocked out Al Boyle, sixth round.
Patsy Flanagan beat Joe Ryder, six rounds.

20—Newark, N. J.:
Terry Martin beat Charley Triano, twelve rounds.

20—West Hoboken A. C., Hoboken:
Frankie Sinclair beat Scotty Melcomb, ten rounds.
Sammy Berne knocked out Roy Taylor, two rounds.

20—Freeport, L. I.:
Buck Josephs beat Joe Reed, twelve rounds.
Marty Silvers beat Al Ketchell, ten rounds.

20—Staten Island, N. Y.:
Willie Darcey beat Mickey Nelson, twelve rounds.
Midget Griffo and Willie Farley, twelve-round draw.

20—Philadelphia, Pa.:
George K. O. Chaney beat Charley Pitts, eight rounds.
Johnny Mealy beat Willie Jackson, eight rounds.
Harvey Bright beat Earl Hartman, eight rounds.
Joe Welch beat Harry Galfund, eight rounds.
Nate Carp beat Marty Kane, eight rounds.

20—Arena A. C., Boston, Mass.:
Louis Bogash beat Bryan Downey, ten rounds.
Tommy Lynch beat Frankie Ryan, ten rounds.

20—New Bedford, Mass.:
Chick Suggs beat Frankie Murray, ten rounds.

20—London, England:
Ted Kid Lewis beat Roland Todd, twenty rounds.

20—Trenton, N. J.:
Joe Reno beat George Young Erne, twelve rounds.

20—Montreal, Canada:
Eddie Shevlin beat Moe Herscovitch, ten rounds.

20—Toledo, O.:
Benny Valger beat K. O. Jeakle, twelve rounds.

20—Baltimore, Md.:
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Johnny Wolgast, one round.

20—Columbus, O.:
Bud Christano beat Frankie Callahan, twelve rounds.

20—Atlantic City:
Mike Moran and K. O. Leonard, no contest.

20—Williamsport, Pa.:
Frankie Maquire beat Jimmy Montgomery, 10 rounds.

20—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Joe McCabe beat Ivory Eshelman, ten rounds.
Sammy Novie beat Pete Husnic, ten rounds.

20—Detroit, Mich.:
Bob Sage knocked out Marty Reese, two rounds.
Frank Wallace knocked out Billy Seidert, four rounds.
Al Zeimmer beat Bert Palmer, ten rounds.
Abe Gordon beat Johnny O'Neill, ten rounds.

20—Cincinnati, O.:
"Speedy" Sparks beat Joe Packo, ten rounds.
Young Hopwood beat Joe Anderson, eight rounds.
Earl Ritcher beat Fighting Ferris, eight rounds.
Dick Sullivan knocked out "Bonus" McCormick, one round.

20—Troy, N. Y.:
Charley Fitzsimmons beat Young Madden, twelve rounds.

20—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Rosey Stoy beat Terry Martin, eight rounds.
Young Tiger beat Johnny Gardner, eight rounds.
Eddie Ochs beat Joe Bradley, eight rounds.

20—Milwaukee:
Sammy Mandell beat Joey Sanger, ten rounds.
Sammy Craden beat Charles Glazner, eight rounds.

20—New Orleans:
Pascal Colletti beat Kid Williams, ten rounds.
Ernie Perrin beat "Moon" Perretto, ten rounds.
Johnny King beat Sailor Blanque, ten rounds.

20—Lorain, O.:
Vic Craig knocked out Tommy Laughlin, ten rounds.
Billy Palmer beat Tommy O'Boyle, ten rounds.
Frankie Blake beat Sammy Marsico, six rounds.

20—Indianapolis:
Louis Lavelle beat K. O. Cirrus, ten rounds.
Sidney Glick beat Jackie Barnhardt, ten rounds.
Joe Cooper beat Tommy McDuff, ten rounds.

21—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Renault knocked out Silent Puryear, eight rounds.
Henry Catena beat Johnny Inhouse, ten rounds.
Gypsey Daniels beat Jack Douglass, eight rounds.

21—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Larry Estridge beat Alex (Kid) Gibbons, twelve rounds.

21—Forty-Seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Joe Glick beat Al Kale, twelve rounds.
Young Eppy beat Harry Lamar, ten rounds.

21—Boston, Mass.:
Johnny Downes beat Charley Parker, twelve rounds.

21—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Al Willis beat Toughey Murray, eight rounds.
Joe Britt beat Johnny Cherrin, eight rounds.

24—McKeesport, Pa.:
Tommy Ryan beat Al Corbett, 10 rounds.
Dick Mette beat Jack Kelly, six rounds.
Jack McFarland beat K. O. Ferray, six rounds.
Bad News Taylor and Joe Shurer draw, six rounds.

24—Cumberland, O.:
Bobby Green knocked out K. O. Dave Teeter two rounds.
Patsy Gainer knocked out Glenn Davis, one round.
Kid Scarlett knocked out Kid Smith two rounds.

24—Erie, Pa.:
Eddie Weygant defeated Blockie Richards, 12 rounds.
Chick Rivers beat Knockout Meuller, two rounds.

24—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Lou Kid Kaplan beat Kid Sullivan, twelve rounds.
Andy Thomas beat Joe Welling, twelve rounds.
Joe Frisco beat Tibby Watson, six rounds.
Lew Paluso beat Irving Jampol six rounds.
Pete Zivic beat Kid Lewis, four rounds.

24—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Ganastota Bob knocked out Sailor Packe, four rounds.

24—Atlantic City:
Bobby Wolgast beat Young Murphy, six rounds.
Young Tiger beat Jackie Behl, eight rounds.
Young Jaffee, beat Ray Kane, eight rounds.

24—Philadelphia, Pa.:
George Helmar Beat Willie Mahoney, eight rounds.
Battling Murray beat Marty Mulligan, eight rounds.

24—Chicago, Ill.:
Tommy O'Brien beat K. O. Jeakle, ten rounds.

24—Providence:
Kid Williams knocked out Eddie O'Dowd, nine rounds.

24—New Orleans:
Soldier Kuhn knocked out Russell Manieri, three rounds.
Billy Kennedy beat Joe Cook, 10 rounds.
Red Dolan beat Johnny Lisse, 10 rounds.

24—Springfield:
Joe Lynch knocked out Benny Schwartz, five rounds.

24—Chicago, Ill.:
Jock Malone knocked out Jack Duffy, three rounds.
Eddie Anderson beat Jack Eile, ten rounds.

23—Akron, O.
Billy McCann knocked out Frankie Mack, six rounds.
Jimmie Darrah beat Norm Genet, eight rounds.
Kenneth Bee beat Dave Blower, six rounds.
Joe Grimm knocked out Kid Sullivan, three rounds.

23—Rink Sporting Club, B'klyn.:
Johnny Gannon beat Tommy Lynch, ten rounds.
Happy Mahoney beat Charley Pappas, ten rounds.
Danny Ross knocked out Charlie Picker, fourth round.
Sammy Hayes knocked out Young Marino, two rounds.
Jerry Sullivan beat Young Goldberg, four rounds.

23—Pittsfield:
Frankie Quill beat Red Allen, ten rounds.

23—Worcester, Mass.:
Jackie Clark beat Pal Reed, ten rounds.

23—102nd Medical Regiment, New York City:
Sandy Taylor beat Tony Marto, ten rounds.
Willie Galligan and Young Andy Ketchell, ten-round draw.

23—Hartford, Conn.:
Kid Lewis beat Bobby Doyle, twelve rounds.
Frankie Mack knocked out Jackie Cope, five rounds.

23—Paris, France:
Marcel Niles knocked out Tom Barry, one round.

20—Mexicalli, Mexico:
Jimmy Barry won on a foul from Lee Anderson, sixth round.

20—Portland, Ore.:
Danny Nunes beat Ad Macke, ten rounds.

20—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Ray Long beat Teddy O'Hara, four rounds.
Sailor Ritter beat Young George, four rounds.

20—San Francisco:
Wildcat Henry Borba and Alex Tasloff, four-round draw.
California Joe Lynch and Jimmy Mendo, four-round draw.
Charley Hendricks knocked out Young Lee Anderson, third round.
Harry Scott beat Joe Medina, four rounds.
Eddye Sylvester beat Jacky Hynes, three rounds.
Benny Demske knocked out Tony Frietas, first round.
Billy Harold beat Pete Villa, four rounds.

25—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Danny Lee knocked out Phil O'Dowd, fifth round.
Joe Nelson beat Bud Denpey, twelve rounds.

25—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Henny Catena knocked out Johnny Clark, nine rounds.
Ruby Stein knocked out Lee Wedo, sixth round.

25—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Johnny Murphy knocked out Frankie Engle, sixth round.
Frankie Curley beat Willie Allen, ten rounds.

25—Second Naval Battalion, Brooklyn:
Sammy Marco beat Sammy Dobbins, twelve rounds.

27—Pittsburgh:
Ray Pryel beat George Young Erne, ten rounds.
Eddie Barr beat Jimmy Duffy, six rounds.
Jack McFarland beat Young Zabish, six rounds.
Tony Norman beat Jackie Bayne, six rounds.

27—Youngstown, O.:
Tony Zill beat Johnny Ray, twelve rounds.
Dick Mette beat Chalky Wilmer, eight rounds.
Alex Simms beat Crocky Dilla, six rounds.
Red Smith beat Young Piazza, six rounds.

27—Boston:
Pancho Villa beat Young Montreal, ten rounds.

27—Atlantic City:
Mike Moran beat K. O. Leonard, eight rounds.
Jimmy Murray knocked out Johnny Ketchell, five rounds.
Philadelphia Joe Welling knocked out Pat Haley, two rounds.

27—Mansfield:
Johnny Horvath knocked out Atlas, seven rounds.
Rabbitt Devore beat Ralph Snyder, eight rounds.
Joe Zimmerman beat Young Morrow, six rounds.

27—London:
Bartley Madden beat Penwill, fifteen rounds.

27—Baltimore:
Nate Carp and Kid Wolfe, draw, twelve rounds.
Al Gordon beat Kid Julian, eight rounds.
Dick Gotwalt knocked out Peck Mason, three rounds.

27—Toledo:
Bill Tate knocked out Tut Jackson, four rounds.

27—Cincinnati:
Ever Hammer won on a foul from K. O. Mars, seven rounds.

27—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn:
Johnny Dundee beat K. O. Phil Delmont, twelve rounds.
Dave Webber beat Buddy Wallace, six rounds.
Charley Izzo beat Otto Miles, six rounds.

27—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Vincent Salavatore beat Johnny Gray, twelve rounds.
Marty Sullivan beat Jimmy Grande, ten rounds.

27—Fairmont-Harlem Sporting Club, New York City:
Spencer Gardner and Red Munroe, draw, ten rounds.
Jack McFarland and Murray Soren, draw, ten rounds.
Willie Darcey beat Manny Wexler, ten rounds.

27—Troy, N. Y.:
Sailor Joe Kelly knocked out Tommy Conroy, nine rounds.
Paul Porter beat Biff Bang Burns, ten rounds.

27—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Bobby Tracey beat Phil Logan, six rounds.

27—Holyoke, Mass.:
Romeo Roche beat Mickey Travers, ten rounds.

27—New Orleans:
Tony Downey beat Young Denny, twelve rounds.

27—Detroit:
Bob Sage beat Navy Rostan, eight rounds.

27—Memphis:
Sammy Mandell knocked out Sammy Frager, six rounds.

27—Barberton, O.:
Phil Girard and Louis Darco, draw, twelve rounds.
Dave Blower beat Frank Klaus, six rounds.

27—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island:
Jay Lanahan beat Frankie Fleming, twelve rounds.

27—Armory, Orange, N. J.:
Tommy Speno beat Jack Rappaport, ten rounds.
Harry Martone beat Joe Skinner, ten rounds.

27—Rochester, N. Y.:
Chubby Brown beat Willie Jackson, ten rounds.

27—Lawrence, Mass.:
Mike Castle beat Billy Mascott, ten rounds.

27—Montreal, Canada:
Solly Green beat Jimmy Fruzzetti, ten rounds.

27—Birmingham, Ala.:
Red Herring beat Willie Fitzgerald, ten rounds.

28—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Ray Long beat Jimmy Sacco, four rounds.
Dandy Dick Griffin beat Frankie Novey, four rounds.
Alex McDonald beat Paddy Goggins, four rounds.

28—San Francisco:
Chick Roach beat Wildcat Borba, four rounds.
Harry Scott beat Eddie White, four rounds.
Bud Garber and Jimmy Powell, four round draw.
Terry McBride knocked out Johnny Romain, third round.
Bobby Burns and Benny Deske, four round draw.
Billy Harold knocked out Jack Poole, first round.
Joe Santos beat Eddie Freitas, second round.

28—Portland, Ore.:
Danny Nunes beat Mike Depinto, four rounds.
Billy Gardeau and Ritchie Davis, four round draw.

28—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Bernstein beat Babe Herman, twelve rounds.
Gunner Joe Quinn beat Charlie Arthurs, ten rounds.

28—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Johnny Mosley and Tommy Jackson, ten round draw.
Tommy Bush and Young Rocco, ten round draw.
Dick De Motto knocked out Young Stevens, one round.

28—Forty-seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Al Studdy beat Harry Gorsky, twelve rounds.

28—Reading, Pa.:
George Engle beat Young Tiger, ten rounds.

28—Portland, Ore.:
Johnny Leonard beat Sailor Byron, twelve rounds.

29—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Gene Tunney knocked out Charley Weinert, four rounds.
Eddie Shevlin beat Jimmy Kelly, twelve rounds.
Charley McKenna beat Leo Gaites, six rounds.
Lew Snyder beat Willie Davis, four rounds.

30—Troy, N. Y.:
Frankie Laureate beat Phil Bloom, twelve rounds.

30—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Mike O'Dowd won on a foul from Dave Rosenberg, eight rounds.
Sammy Cohen beat Young Zulu Kid, ten rounds.

30—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, N. Y. C.:
Benny McCoy beat Kid Buller, twelve rounds.

30—Philadelphia:
Al Verbecken beat Sam Blackiston, eight rounds.

30—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Joe Lynch beat Frankie Daley, ten rounds.
Ross Murphy knocked out Billy Hennessey, one round.
Bobby Bridge knocked out Gus Kelley, five rounds.

30—Akron, O.:
Jack Palmer knocked out Eddie Leavry, one round.
Fearless Malley knocked out Ad Brennan, two rounds.
Jimmy Darrah knocked out Tommy Britton, five rounds.
Tony Brill knocked out Tommy Burns, four rounds.

30—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Pal Moran beat Bobby Barrett, eight rounds.
Johnny Dundee beat Alex Hart eight rounds.
Joe Tiplitz beat Shamus O'Brien, eight rounds.
Johnny Brown beat Martin Judge, eight rounds.
Benny Bass beat Billy Mascott, eight rounds.

30—Scranton, Pa.:
Pete Latzo beat Tommy Droney, ten rounds.

30—Philadelphia:
Sergeant Ray Smith knocked out Wolf Larson, two rounds.

30—Mariesville, R. I.:
Terry Martin won on a foul from K. O. Joe O'Donnell, 4 rounds.

30—Lynn, Mass.:
Johnny Clinton beat Tony Julian, ten rounds.

30—Beaver Falls, Pa.:
Eddie Barr beat K. O. Jitney, 10 rounds.
Young Zabbish and Sig Keppen, draw, six rounds.
Young Susnell beat Frank Portaliga, six rounds.
Kid Troy knocked out Jackie White, four rounds.

30—New Bedford, Mass.:
Charley Manty beat Mike Castle, ten rounds.

30—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Rocky Kansas beat Pete Hartley, ten rounds.
Harry Cook knocked out K. O. Mueller, three rounds.
Nate Lewis beat Sailor Hoffman, eight rounds.
Jimmy Slattery beat Sam Gilbert, three rounds.
Art Weivel knocked out Roy Campbell, one round.

DECEMBER

1—Sacramento, Calif.:
Gene Cline knocked out Dick Wallace, third round.
Jimmy Fitten beat Tommy O'Leary, four rounds.
Norman King and Young Sol, four-round draw.

1—San Francisco:
Mike O'Leary beat Eddie Diggins, four rounds.
Young Dudley beat "Spec" Woods, four rounds.
Jimmy Kramer and Harry Engle, four-round draw.
Harry Wallace and Ad Fenske, four-round draw.
Ray Kronich beat Jack Mason, four rounds.
Soldier Burke beat Mike Nester, four rounds.
Charley Martin beat Battling Demske, four rounds.

1—Providence, R. I.:
Eddie Shevlin beat Phil Bloom, twelve rounds.
Lew Paluso knocked out Bert Jones, three rounds.
Rocky Smith knocked out Joe Clayton, one round.

1—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Young Fisher and Panama Joe Gans, draw, twelve rounds.

1—New Orleans, La.:
Jeff Smith beat Martin Burke, fifteen rounds.

2—Paris, France:
Eugene Criqui knocked out Billy Mathews, seventeen rounds.

2—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Ruby Stein and Paddy McNulty, eight round draw.
Bobby Wagner beat Angelo Mungee, eight rounds.
Petey Hayes knocked out C. E. King, fourth round.
H. E. Hummel knocked out Eddie Davis, second round.

2—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Willie Garber beat Joe Ritchie, twelve rounds.
Frankie Powers knocked out Jim Henry, third round.
Nat Pincus beat Willie Mack, six rounds.

Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Frankie Jerome and Battling Harry Leonard, twelve round draw.
Milton Weiss beat Harvey Wilson, ten rounds.

4—Fourth Regiment Armory, Jersey City:
Johnny Shugrue knocked out Willie Jackson, ten rounds.
K. O. Johnny King knocked out Johnny Hart, two rounds.
Spencer Gardner defeated Johnny Tobin, ten rounds.

4—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn:
Lou Bogash beat Italian Joe Gans, twelve rounds.
Jimmy De Luca beat Herman Schipp, four rounds.
Frankie Alban beat Joe Minia, four rounds.
Willie O'Connell beat Joe Reed, six rounds.
Patsy Bogash and Artie Venzena, six round draw.

4—Harlem - Fairmont Sporting, New York City
Billy Ryckoff beat Sammy Nable, twelve rounds.
Ernie Seitz and Frankie Conifrey, twelve round draw.
Tommy McKiernan knocked out Joe Redling, second round.
Charley Eisem and Jack Kloby, four round draw.

4—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Red Cap Wilson knocked out Joe Stanley, eight rounds.
Manny Jacobean beat Eddie White, eight rounds.
Otto Johnson knocked out Johnny Kolberg, first round.

4—Brighton Boxing Club, Staten Island:
Al Roberts beat Leo Gaites, twelve rounds.
Bobby Bolin beat Midget Griffo, six rounds.

4—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Floyd Johnson knocked out Joe Stanton, two rounds.

4—Brockton, Mass.:
Tony Julian beat Johnny Darcey, ten rounds.

4—Hamilton A. A., Passaic:
Willie Herman beat Dick Conlon, twelve rounds.
Joe Mackabe beat Frankie Olsen, ten rounds

4—Johnstown, Pa.:
Bernie Conway beat Allentown Dundee, ten rounds.
K. O. Jitney and Lou Bedell, ten round draw.
Mickey Craig and Young Mulligan, eight round draw.
Bobby Richardson beat Pete Chiodo, four rounds.

4—Baltimore, Md.:
Len Mahoney won on a foul from Frankie Rice, four rounds.

4—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Frankie Macquire beat Frankie Britton, eight rounds.
Sailor Joe Kelley beat Jackie Babel, eight rounds.

4—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Sammy Novia beat Pete Husnic, 12 rounds.
Ralph Repman knocked out Harry Hamilton, second round.

4—New Orleans:
Joe Matranga beat Ernie Moak, fifteen rounds.
Ray Maywood knocked out Freddie Brewer, three rounds.

4—Troy, N. Y.:
Joe Burton beat Al McRae, twelve rounds.
Young Rogers knocked out Sammy Waltz, six rounds.

4—Detroit:
Clarence Rosen beat Pete Choike, ten rounds.
Johnny Tanner and Jimmy Ryder, ten round draw.

5—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Johnny Reni beat Johnny Sheran, eight rounds.
Lew Baker knocked out Johnny Curtis, fifth round.
Bobby O'Keefe beat Willie Patterson, six rounds.
Phil Brown and Harry Kid Goodman, six-round draw.
Eddie Kane beat Johnny Hayes, six rounds.

5—Broad A. C., Newark, N. J.:
Johnny Dundee beat Willie Doyle, twelve rounds.
"Butch" O'Hagen beat "Irish" Fagen, ten rounds.

5—Louisville, Ky.:
Jock Malone beat Bryan Downey, twelve rounds.

5—Tulsa, Okla.:
Cowboy Pladgett knocked out K. O. Loughlin, third round.

5—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Charlie Picker knocked out Harry Coleman, twelfth round.
Tony Marto beat Marty Powell, ten rounds.
Jimmy Day beat Mickey Irla, six rounds.

7—Armory A. A., Boston, Mass.:
Harry Kid Brown beat Tony Julian, ten rounds.

7—New London, Conn.:
Mike Castle beat Tommy Fay, twelve rounds.

7—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Tommy Wilson knocked out Battling Abe Cohen, first round.

7—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Pal Moran beat Jimmy Hanlon, 12 rounds.
Henry Mick beat Frankie Callahan, 10 rounds.
Nick Louis knocked out Johnny Cristie, six rounds.
Benny Lyon beat Jimmy Day, six rounds.
Irving Gold beat Scareno, four rounds.

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Wrestling Bouts

OCTOBER

10—San Francisco:
Wladek Zbyzko and Jimmy Londos wrestled two hours to a draw.

17—San Francisco:
Renato Gardini threw Jess Westergard, one hour, 15 minutes.
Renato Gardini won the second fall in 11 minutes and 20 seconds.

27—Sacramento, Cali.:
Renato Gardini and Jimmy Londos, two hour draw.
Gardini won the first fall, 1:07.
Londos won the second fall in 34 minutes.
Angelo Taramaschi won from Al Karasich, 42 minutes.

NOVEMBER

1—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Joe Stecher threw Charley Cutler, 57 minutes, 30 seconds.
Stecher threw Cutler in thirteen in the second fall.
Nat Pandleton won on a foul from Yussif Hussane, one hour, 50 min.

NOVEMBER

8—Columbus, O.:
Strangler Lewis beat Cliff Binckley, two falls out of three. First fall won by Lewis in 47 minutes and 46 seconds. Second fall won by Lewis in 7 minutes and 30 seconds.

8—Topeka, Kan.:
John Pesek defeated John Grandovitch, 28 minutes, 10 seconds.
Dick Daviscourt defeated Jatrina Gobar, 53 minutes, 57 seconds.

10—St. Joseph, Mo.:
John Pesek threw Pinto Stanley, 24 minutes. Pesek won second fall in 25 minutes.

10—Boston, Mass.:
"Strangler" Lewis won from "Toots" Mondt in two straight falls. First fall won by Lewis in 30 minutes and 15 seconds. Second fall won by Lewis in 32 minutes and 50 seconds.

15—Davenport, Iowa:
Ed "Strangler" Lewis beat John Madvis in straight falls.

16—St. Louis:
Strangler Lewis won from Bob Monogoff, two falls.
First fall won by Lewis in 14 minutes and 10 seconds.
Second fall won by Lewis, 2 minutes, 4 seconds.
Stanislaus Zbyszko won from Tony Scalza, two falls.
First fall won by Zbyszko in 24 minutes and 10 seconds.
Second fall won by Zybszko in 11 minutes.

16—Winnipeg:
Jack Taylor beat Henry Orderman in straight falls.

16—San Francisco:
Wladek Zybszko won from Demetrius Tofalos, straight falls.
Zybszko won the first fall in 41 minutes and 22 seconds.
Zybszko won the second fall in 9 minutes and 14 seconds.
Renato Gardini won from Taro Miyake, 40 minutes.
George Bennet won from Spanish George, 15 minutes.

28—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Ad Santel threw Joe Varga, straight falls. First fall won by Santel in 36 minutes. Second fall won by Santel, 10 minutes and 20 seconds.

5—Topeka, Kansas:
John Pesek won from Cliff Brinckley in straight falls.

5—Chicago, Ill.:
Johnny Myers defeated John Kilonis, two out of three falls.
Waino Ketonen beat Heinie Engel, referee's decision.

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The Man Who Put the Philippines on the Map

By FRANK G. MENKE

THIS is the story of Frank A. Churchill and two little Filipino gladiators who have done more to bring fame and the spotlight of publicity to the Philippine Islands than any other agency since the days of Dewey.

For this trio has forced the folks of the United States to come suddenly to the realization that they breed and develop fighters in the Philippines and that if the warriors there only grew large enough they would menace the middleweight, lightweight and light heavyweight kings of the universe.

Quite a few years ago Churchill, a former resident of Boston, settled in Manila. Because of his love for the game, he decided to sponsor the sport there. At the outset the bouts which were put on drew none but Americans. But in time Churchill succeeded in enthusing the Filipinos—and that was the real beginning.

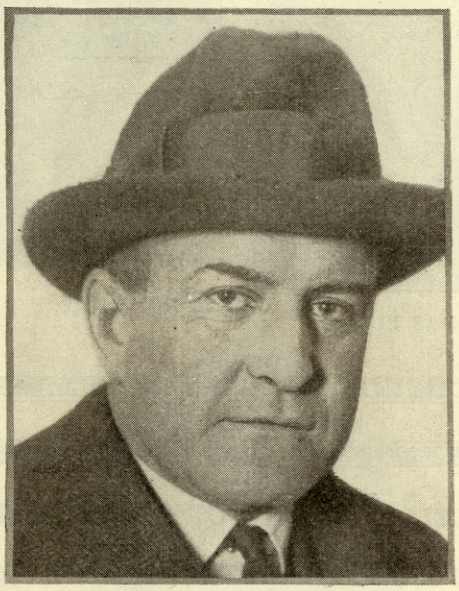
In the years which followed, Churchill and his associates formed the Olympic A. C. in Manila, erected a huge stadium and have been putting on bouts there. The luke-warm interest which the Filipinos first showed toward boxing has now developed into a fanatical enthusiasm. There is no country in the world where boxers are accorded as great a welcome as they are in Manila.

Churchill had a great amount of difficulty in the earliest years in getting boxers. There were only a few American boys on the Islands who were worth while and the Filipinos there were not at all keen about jumping into the ring and slugging away at each other. But eventually Churchill got some of the youngsters started—and that was the beginning of greatness among the Filipinos as a fistic nation.

"About three years ago my attention was directed to the performances of Pancho Villa," related Churchill. "The boy had everything but experience to make him a great one in the boxing world. He weighed only 100 then but whipped everyone within 20 pounds of his own weight. In addition to Villa, there was Elino Flores, who made almost as fine a record among the featherweights and the lightweights.

"In time those boys, especially Villa, developed to a point where I felt certain that if they got a chance to try conclusions with the truly greats in their particular divisions, they would go on to championships.

"So I decided upon a trip to the United States for a dual purpose. First of all, I wanted to get for the boys a real chance to prove their ability. And secondly, I wanted, through the fistic prowess of these youngsters, to prove to the world that the Philippine Islands produce clean living and splendid fighting men.



FRANK A. CHURCHILL

"Very few persons figured as I did —that Villa and Flores were of championship calibre. But I willingly backed my judgment with the necessary outlay of about $25,000. I knew the trip, no matter what happened, would cost me that much.

"When I arrived in the United States no one regarded me or my boys very seriously. They didn't think the Filipinos could fight. In the second place, I ran into what might be called a boxing combination and I quickly came to realize that if I was to get a chance for the boys it would be necessary for them to build up a reputation for themselves in the United States. I went ahead with the job."

Churchill had a tough time of it at first. For quite a long while he couldn't get any matches at all. Then he took one fight for Villa which netted him something like $85. He took another at $115. He got a fight for Flores and the latter got only about $100 for his efforts. Churchill had to send the boys into the "sticks" time and again where they fought tough fights and tougher opponents for about one-twentieth of the money they would have received if they had stayed home and fought in Manila.

All the while expenses were piling up on Churchill. Not only did he bring the two boys with him, but he brought the foster father of Villa. That made four in the party. Everywhere they went they travelled in de luxe fashion.

When they sailed from Manila it was on the best boat they could get and in the most luxurious accommodations. When they travelled across the United States it was on all the best trains. When they reached New York they lived for a long time at fashionable hotels. And then Churchill, finding the boys were keen about getting food cooked by people of their own kind, hired an apartment in one of the fashionable sections of New York. He and the boys installed themselves there and he hired Filipino cooks.

Churchill hired trainers and rubbers for the youngsters and paid those men about twice as much each week for their services as the boys earned in the first three or four fights in which they participated.

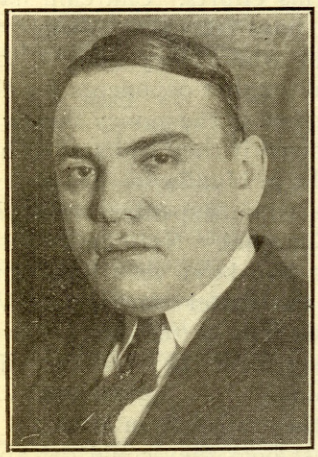
For several months the outlook was discouraging for Churchill. He seemed unable to break through the barrier of the so-called "boxing trust." Villa and Flores battered the opponents which were tossed into the ring with them into mince meat but the big chance against champions or near-champions was denied them.

Any man other than Churchill might have been discouraged. Expenses were piling up and it looked like a hopeless fight for him to wage in behalf of the youngsters. Ninety-nine men out of one hundred perhaps would have packed up the baggage and gone back home. But Churchill stuck it out —and because of this Pancho Villa is the flyweight champion of America and Elino Flores is among the reigning sensations in the lightweight ranks.

Fate smiled upon Churchill the day that he met Dave Driscoll. The latter is a baseball manager who jumps into the promotional end of the fistic game every so often. He secured con-

(Continued on page 73)

Best Wishes From THE RING Staff



PETE STONE

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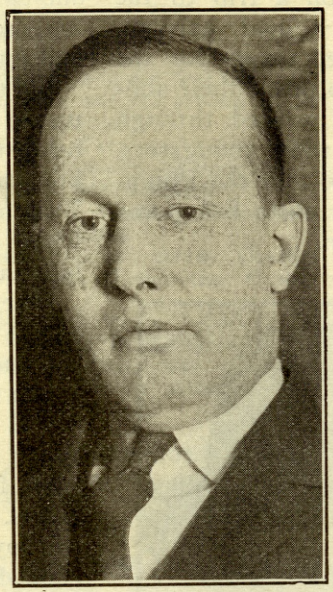
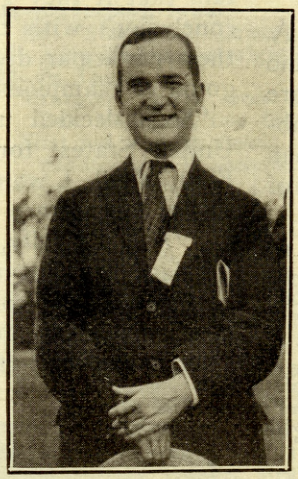


THOMAS FURRIE



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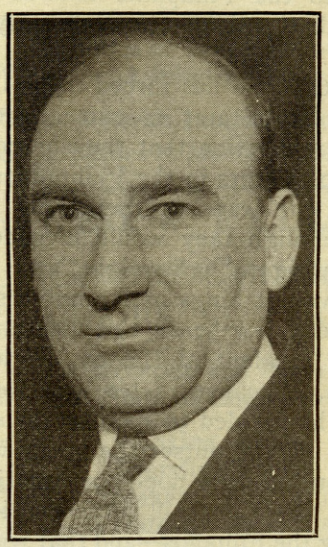
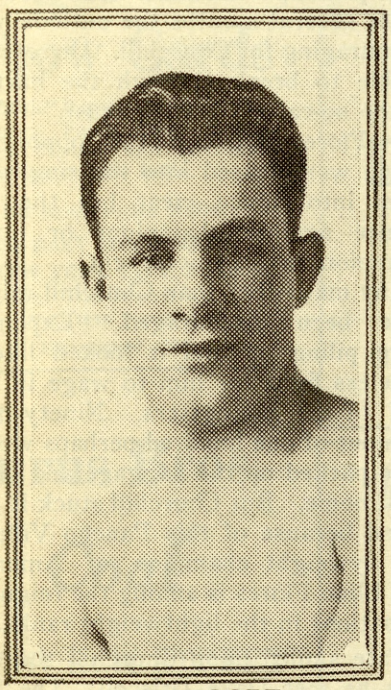


CLARENCE GILLESPIE

PAL MOORE, Uncrowned King of the Bantam Class, Sends His Yuletide Greetings To His Friends and Associates



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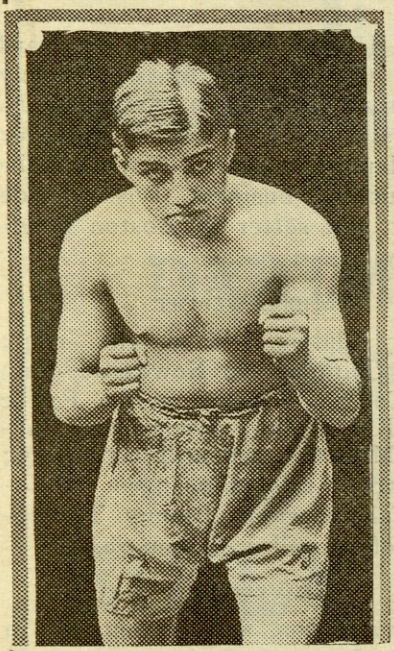
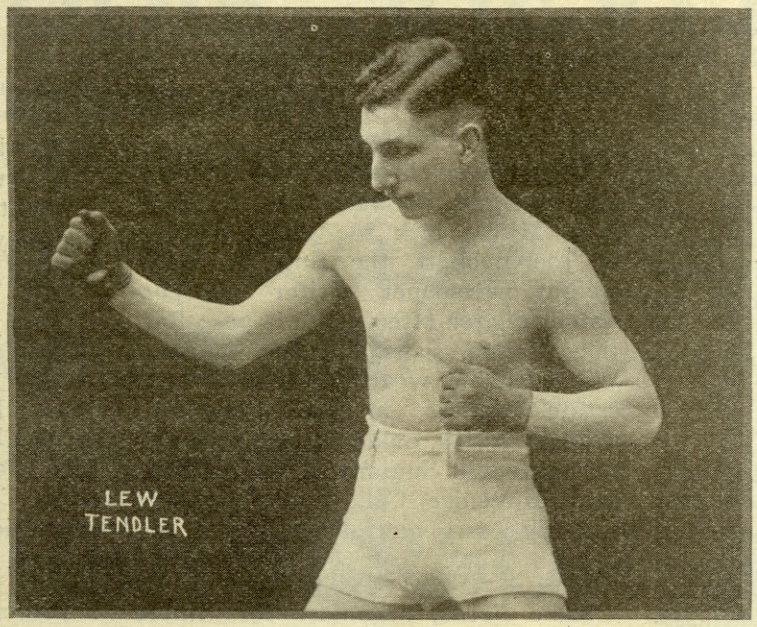
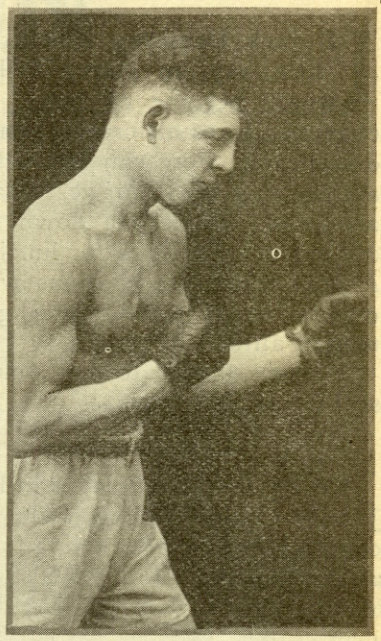


JOE TIPLITZ, Lightweight



LEW TENDLER, Lightweight



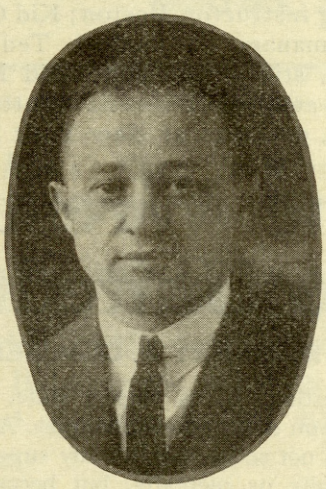
HARRY (KID) BROWN, Lightweight

ANENT LEW TENDLER

In every town, village and hamlet where boxing is discussed, Lew Tendler's name is a household word. Starting in life as a poor newsboy, Tendler, by hard work and strictly adhering to the laws of God and man, rose in his chosen profession, that of boxing, to the highest pinnacle, being referred to as "The Uncrowned Champion" by virtue of his no-decision 12 round bout with Champion Benny Leonard at Jersey City last July.

Picked by the sporting critics throughout the country as the one lightweight to dethrone Benny Leonard, if the champion can be coaxed into the ring to meet him in a decision contest, Tendler, through his manager, Phil Glassman, is leaving no stone upturned, in his effort to force Leonard to cross arms with him again.

In Philadelphia, Tendler's home town, Lew is not only a ring idol, but dearly beloved by the masses, his many bequests to various charitable organizations, which he has tried to keep from becoming known, have leaked out, for his idea of the joy of living is the good that he can do for others, and is looked upon as one of Philadelphia's most respected citizens.



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JOE TIPLITZ and HARRY "KID" BROWN

Both Tiplitz and Brown are top-notch lightweights, who never fail to please, always giving the best that is in them, and real box office attractions. Tiplitz, nicknamed "Whirlwind Joe" on account of his style of fighting, has scored knock-outs over George K. O. Chaney, of Baltimore; Ned Fitzgerald, of Australia; Sid Marks, Canadian lightweight champion, and a host of others.

Brown is as classy a boxer as ever trod the resin, and while not a puncher of the Tendler or Tiplitz type, has always given a good account of himself, and has never yet failed to play a return engagement in any town in which he has boxed.

MANAGER PHIL GLASSMAN

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What Former Champions of Ring are Doing

By BOB DAMIAN

IF Jack Dempsey should drop his title, say, to Harry Wills, what would become of him? After a champion loses his crown, generally he disappears. Few can tell where now are the ring heroes of yesterday. Some are dead. Some are down and out, dependent on friends for lunch money. A few, who were cautious with their coin when the going was good, are men of affluence.

A check-up of former champions still living shows this:

BANTAMWEIGHT

Joe Bowker, bookmaker in England; Johnny Coulon, selling jewlery in Chicago; Harry Forbes, boxing instructor, also in Chicago; Jimmy Walsh, another boxing instructor, in Boston; Pete Herman, suffering from partial blindness; Joe Lynch and Kid Williams, still fighting in the ring that once knew them as titleholders in their division.

FEATHERWEIGHT

Abe Attell, shoe store proprietor in New York; Young Corbett, billiard hall owner and fight referee in Denver; Tommy Sullivan, fight promoter in St. Louis.

LIGHTWEIGHT

Frank Erne, broker in New York; Kid Lavigne, lumber dealer in Saginaw, Mich.; Jack McAuliffe, manager of Joe Beckett, the English heavyweight, newspaper writer and persistent digger after white hopes; Battling Nelson, sporting goods salesman; Willie Ritchie, wealthy and in the real estate business in San Francisco; Freddie Welsh, owner of physical culture school at Summit, N. J.; Ad Wolgast, in Venice, Cal., where a benefit recently was given for him.

WELTERWEIGHT

Rube Ferns, organizer for United Mine Workers, Scammon, Kas.; Jimmy Gardner, cigar store proprietor and boxing instructor, Boston; Kid Graves, fight manager; Omaha; Ted (Kid) Lewis, still in the ring; Kid McCoy, movie actor in California; Matty Matthews, doorman at New York Hippodrome; Honey Melody, navy yard worker, Charlestown, Mass.; Tommy Ryan, real estate man, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mysterious Billy Smith, preacher in Portland, Ore.; Mike (Twin) Sullivan, trucking business, Boston; Joe Walcott, pin setter in Boston bowling alley.

MIDDLEWEIGHT

Jimmy Clabby, still in the ring; George Chip, miner, Newcastle, Pa.; Al McCoy, in business on the Pacific Coast; Kid McCoy, movie-actor, California; Mike O'Dowd, still in the ring; Billy Papke, raising oranges, Pasadena, Cal.; Cyclone Johnny Thompson, chief of police, Sycamore, Ill.

HEAVYWEIGHT

Tommy Burns, fight promoter in England; James J. Corbett, actor and news feature writer; James J. Jeffries, farmer and oil man, Burbank, Cal.; Jack Johnson, giving boxing exhibitions on the stage; Marvin Hart, Louisville, Ky., police force; Jess Willard, farmer and oil man.

Solution of the Wrestling Problem in the United States

By HENRY A. CLAUSEN

THE situation regarding professional wrestling in this country is in some respects both simple and complex. Simple, in that the idea for its control is easily arrived at, and complex in that keeping this control is not quite so simple a matter.

Take the case of New York State. The State Commission has attempted to clean up the situation with the result that wrestling as an attraction has ceased to be. However, in the Middle West, the wrestling game still flourishes. The same hippodroming goes on, and the bunking of the public continues.

As the author sees it, there is but one solution. A national board of wrestling must be established. A board which is to be the final arbiter in all matters regarding professional wrestling. The idea is not a new one, but it has never been tried, and is at least worthy of the test. There must be a national registration bureau for the promoters, trainers and the wrestlers themselves.

Wrestling, in its present state, is conducted on strictly business lines. A champion is not so because of any superiority, physically or mentally, but because the arrangements are such that he happens to be the one selected. At present the holding of the championship is confined to about half a dozen grapplers, each of whom in the past, and in all probability in the future, will hold the championship for a certain designated period.

A wrestler with visions of championship on the strength of his ability has no chance of realizing these ambitions, if his idea of it is by clean wrestling. The situation is, however, reversed if he is willing to do as the "men higher up" dictate. There are at present several men before the wrestling fans who are unable to get anywhere because of their refusal to "take orders." The question is not that of their ability to defeat the presumed headliners, but their inability in getting the chance.

But the writer believes that inasmuch as the promoters ignore the conditions and the contestants are the willing parties to their conniving, it is up to the public to use what influence it can to demand that either there must be clean sport or no sport at all.

The punishment for transgression of the rules must be dealt with swiftly and severely so as to lend no inducement for future temptation. The law must work with equal weight on all, position and influence not to be considered.

How is this to be done? By the appointment of men who are honest. Men whose word is bond and to whom the suggestion of a bribe would be sacrilegious. Above all, men who know wrestling as it should be, with a true appreciation of the present situation.

It pays to advertise in this magazine. The readers of THE RING are men who buy.

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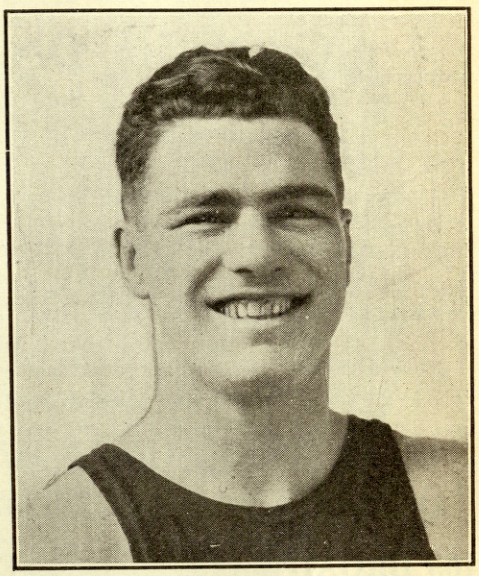
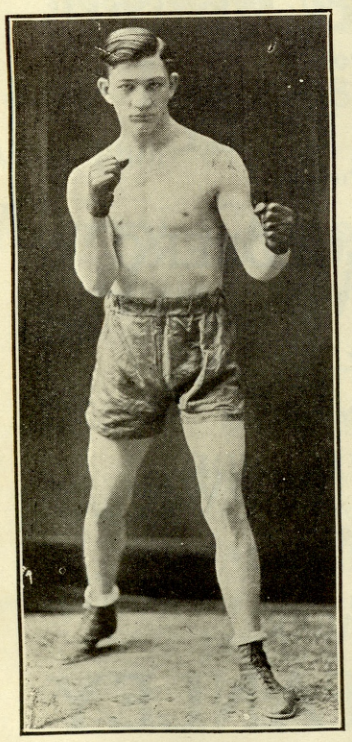


EDDIE SHEVLIN

Philadelphia's Star Battlers Extend Yuletide Greetings To Their Friends



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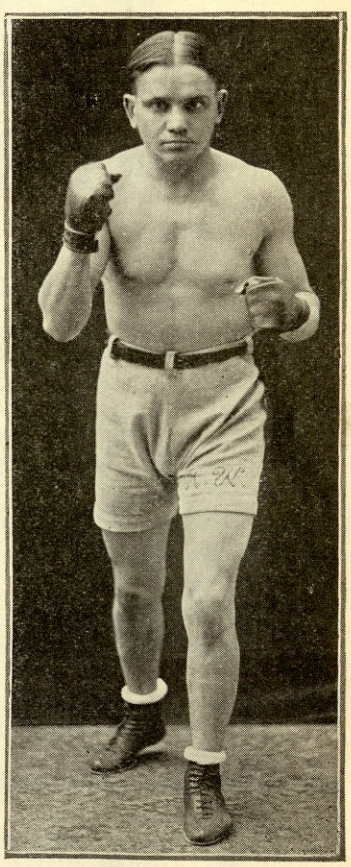

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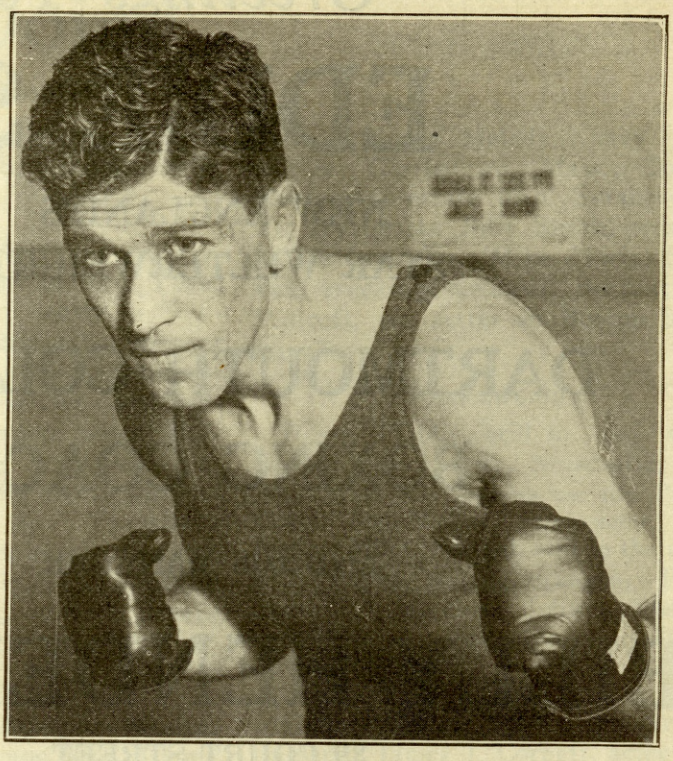

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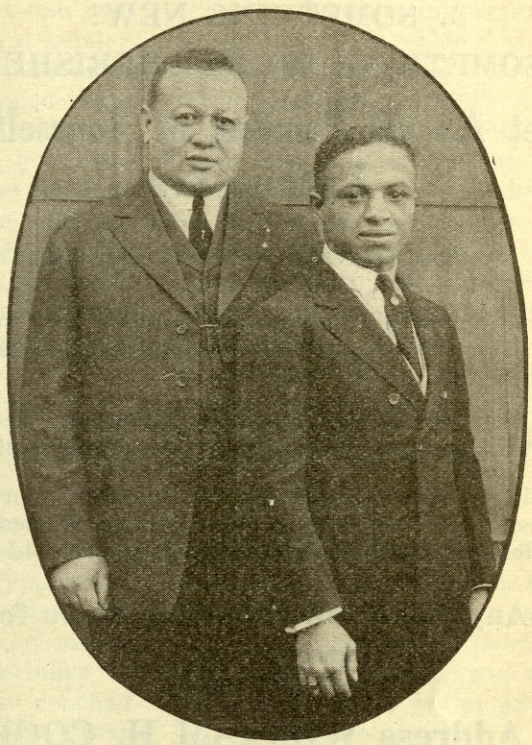

Geo. P. Moore (left) Danny Edwards (right)

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Christmas Greetings To Our Friends!

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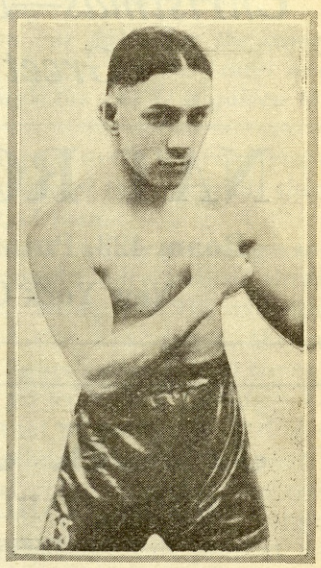

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World's Quaintest Boxing Club

By FRANK GRAHAM

Sporting Staff, New York Sun

THE writer, who spent his vacation recently in France, has seen hundreds of fight clubs but never has he come across a more quaint organization than one in the outskirts of Paris. This club, the quaintest fight club in the world, perhaps, is that which is conducted in a little building on the Rue des Acacia in Paris. There are not more than two or three hundred seats in the house and bouts are held on Sunday mornings. The clientele of the club is composed of small tradesmen and their helpers in that arrondissement and the boxers are drawn from the same ranks. The admission price is but a franc or two and the keynote of the action furnished is earnestness rather than skill.

The promoter, general manager, matchmaker and referee of the tiny club is Georges Cuny, who was the victim of an assault by Battling Siki, a short time ago. M. Cuny, to a greater degree than any other Frenchman, was responsible for the early growth of boxing in France. First, as a boxer —as a bantamweight he stopped Georges Carpentier in two rounds— and later as a manager he enlisted the aid of Willie Lewis, Joe Jeannette, Jeff Smith and other American boxers who at one time or another sojourned in Paris and from them he learned much of American ring strategy which he used himself and passed on to others. Now he is gray about the temples and blinks at the world with but one eye, for he traded in the other for sundry decorations for valor during the war.

Monsieur Cuny has developed some of France's leading pugilists and most of the boys he turned out got their schooling in the little club on the Rue des Acacia. He has but one rule for all who apply to him for engagements at his club: they must fight. To stall, as boxers sometimes do at the Cirque de Paris or the Salle Wagram never would do in the Rue des Acacia.

Monsieur Cuny watches his performers carefully and now and then his face lights up as a belligerent baker boy smites with unusual speed or power the chin of a grocer's clerk. Such a boy is told to come to the little club, which is converted into a gymnasium on week days, as often as his work will permit, in the evenings, if necessary. In the event he continues to show promise he is carefully coached and thoroughly tried out against other boys under the management of the veteran—and, surprising as it may seem, gymnasium bouts in France are fought with a vigor unknown here. Not until the boy has demonstrated his ability in many Sunday morning contests is he considered as a candidate for work at one of the larger clubs, for M. Cuny has a reputation to sustain and that reputation is not to be risked in the hands of an untried boxer.

The most promising youth now in the stable of M. Cuny is Maurice Prunier, whose victory over Ercole Balzac precipitated Siki's assault on the little manager, for Siki seconded Balzac and was enraged at his man's defeat. Prunier was knocked out by Ted Kid Lewis some months ago when Monsieur Cuny, making one of his rare mistakes, concluded that the boy was ready for a meeting with the Whitechapel mauler. Since then Prunier, managed more discreetly, has made excellent progress and his victory over Balzac, though actually no great feat, has added to his prestige among his countrymen.

SONG OF THE STALWART

Fame, acclaim and the crown before us?
Not for us in the driving fight,
Not for us is the rolling chorus
Blown for those who are on the height.
All we know is the joy of giving
All we have where the test may wait,
All we know is the thrill of living
Face to face with the whims of fate.

Long we've known that the grip of sorrow
Holds its place in the bitter game;
Long we've known that a bleak to-morrow
Waits on those who are after fame.
There's no place for the dagger's sheathing
When one fights for the game alone;
We've no time for the laurel wreathing,
Though the end is a golden throne.

BALL PLAYERS VS. BOXERS

(Continued from page 8)

Even that spectacular battler of the past, John L. Sullivan, had been knocking them cold for fourteen years when he met his Waterloo at New Orleans, with Jim Corbett taking the part of Wellington. Charley Mitchell had been in the ring fifteen years before he also was stretched out by Corbett.

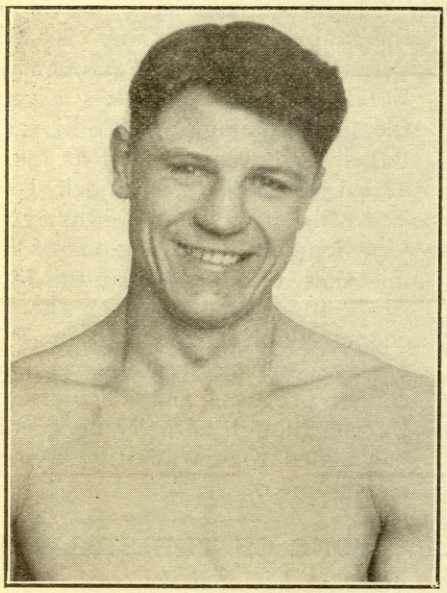
Joe Gans, Baltimore's famous negro lightweight, had been fighting seventeen years, when Battling Nelson knocked him out in that famous long-distance grind at Colma, California. To mention a few other famous names of the past, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Art Simms, George Godfrey, Dixie Kid and Young Griffo all lasted sixteen years.

The reader naturally is inclined to ask why present day boxers and ball players have careers so much shorter than their predecessors. It makes an interesting question, especially as the modern professional athlete, whether boxer or ball player, takes much better care of himself than the men of a quarter of a century ago. The type of men in the fighting game and on the ball field has improved considerably. There still are cases of dissipation, but they are the exception.

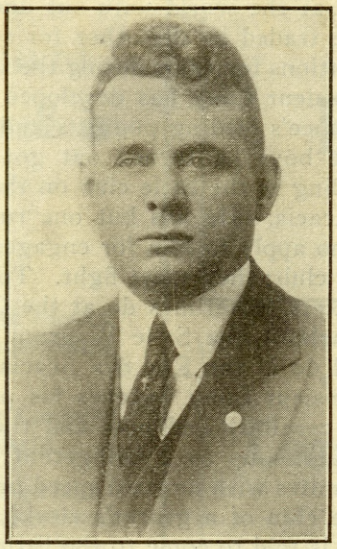
Then why is it now exceptional, rather than the rule, for boxers and ball players to last longer than fifteen years? For one thing, I believe competition is keener. For ten men who used to play ball, there now are a hundred. The same is true of the fighting game. It was not so long ago that fights were conducted under the most unsatisfatory conditions, in barns, in mining towns on the frontier of civilization, on islands between state lines. There never was any telling when the sheriff would smash his way in. Fighting was an harassed occupation, had little appeal to the average young man, and outside of the top grade there were few good men.

Fighters twenty years ago and more often fought only two or three times a year. Now, with the exception of a few of the champions, the average boxer fights about fifteen times a year. Some go as high a twenty. I do not mean that our champions of to-day are better than those of the past, as the general opinion is that the old rough school developed a more rugged type of champions. But present day top-notchers do not have the set-ups that gave their predecessors so many knockouts. Gymnasiums are more numerous, bouts are better arranged. more men know how to box, and ringside physicians usually see that men who are physically unfit are kept out of the ring. Perhaps that explains why our present crop of pugilists have shorter careers.

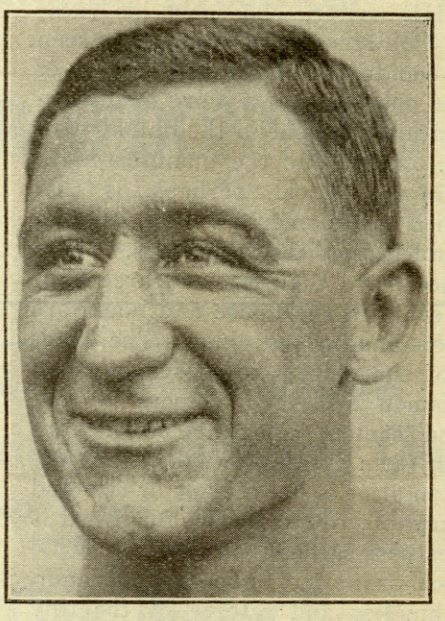
Merry Greetings!!



WILLIE DOYLE
LIGHTWEIGHT



BILLY McCARNEY
MANAGER



PHIL KRUG
MIDDLEWEIGHT

BILLY McCARNEY

1545 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

PHONE BRYANT 9814

and

HUGHEY GARTLAND

124 MARKET STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

PHONE BIGELOW 1533-R

DIRECTING

WILLIE DOYLE

OF NEWARK

LIGHTWEIGHT CHALLENGER

Has met Johnny Dundee, Richie Mitchell, Willie Jackson, Pal Moran—hundreds of others—and never ran second.

PHIL KRUG

OF NEWARK

MIDDLEWEIGHT CHALLENGER

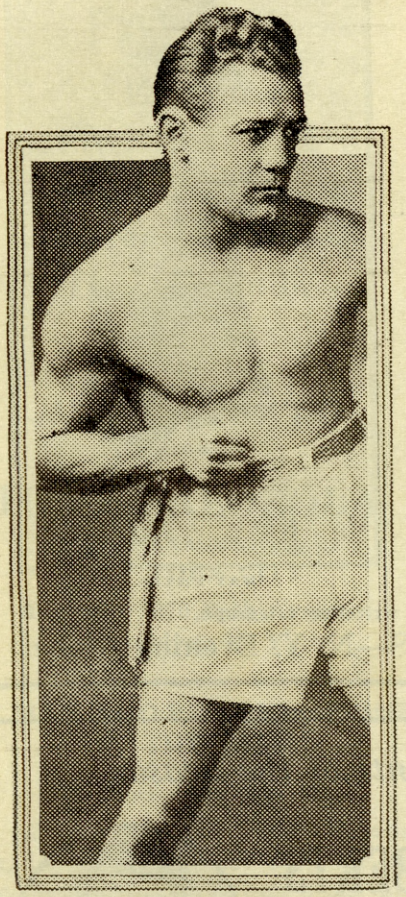
Has met Lon Bogash, Mike O'Dowd, Georgie Ward, Dave Rosenberg, Jimmy O'Gatty, Mike Gibbons and many others.

WILLIE STANTON, of Newark, Junior Lightweight
IRISH FAGAN, of Newark, Junior Middleweight
JOE McCANN, of Newark, Heavyweight

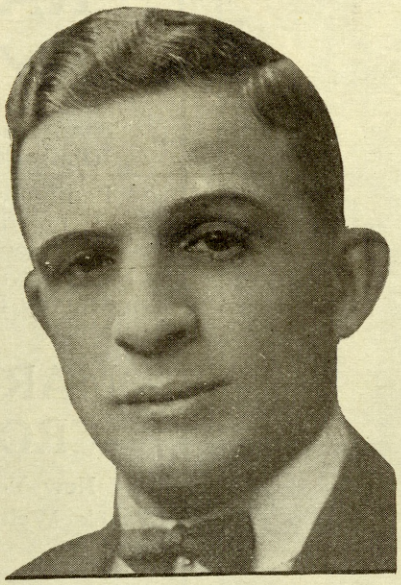
They Satisfy!!

1922—Compliments of the Season—1923

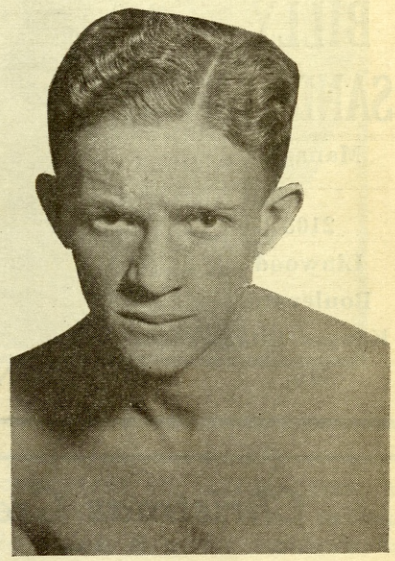
TO ALL



JACK SHARKEY
Most Popular Featherweight
in United States

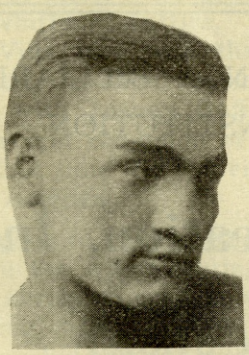


JOE WAGNER
Smallest Manager with
Five Biggest Attractions



JOHNNY GREEN
118 Pounds

MARIE COATES
Vaudeville's Queen
of Syncopation

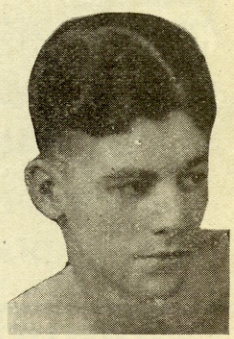


SAILOR PACILLIO
Middleweight

MEET ME AT THE "ALAMO"

253 West 125th Street
New York City

Phone: 3429 Morningside



HARRY GORDON
118 Pounds

GREETINGS!

FROM

ED. (STRANGLER) LEWIS

World's Heavy-weight Wrestling Champion,

and

BILLY SANDOW

Manager

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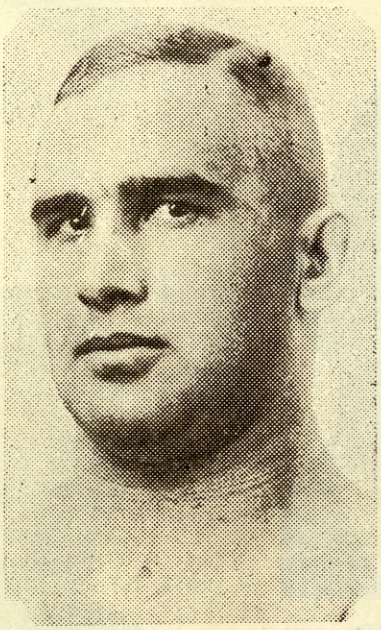


ED. STRANGLER LEWIS

JERSEY JONES

Wishes His Friends and Associates
A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

Manager of

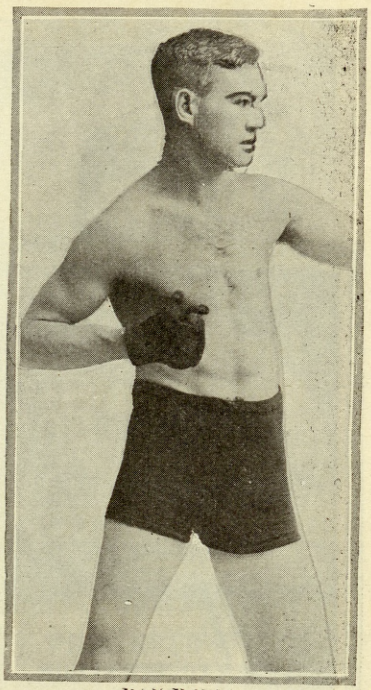
RAY PRYEL

The Homestead (Pa.) Bearcat

Pennsylvania's Leading Contender For Crown Worn by Benny Leonard

MARTY CROSS

New York's Crack Welterweigh



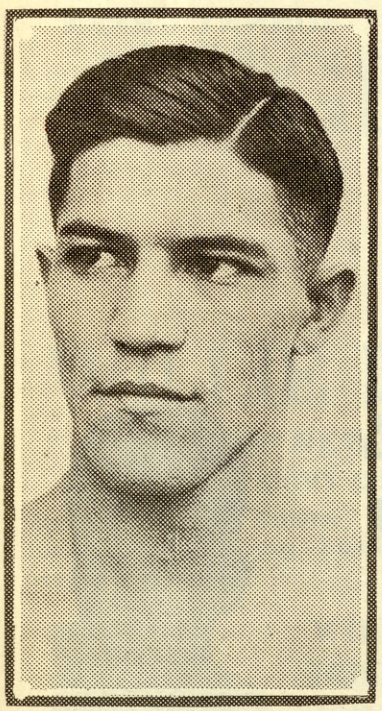
RAY PRYEL

Phone, write or telegraph.

JERSEY JONES—N. Y. Evening Globe

Christmas Greetings

from



Frankie Garcia, of Los Angeles

FRANK GARCIA

124-126 Pounds

and

JIMMY DAVANT

MANAGER

Kilbane's Most Constant Challenger

A Boxer Who Has Gained Recognition from Coast to Coast

As a Box Office Attraction Promoters Cannot Go Wrong

Write, Wire or Telegraph to

KID HOWARD'S GYMNASIUM

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Compliments of the Season

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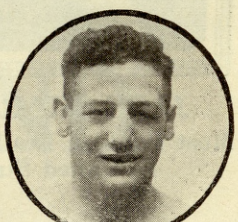
SAMMY SIEGER

HARLEM'S CRACK BANTAM

HILLY LEVINE, Bantam



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ALSO

JIMMY AMATO

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MANAGER
NEW YORK CITY
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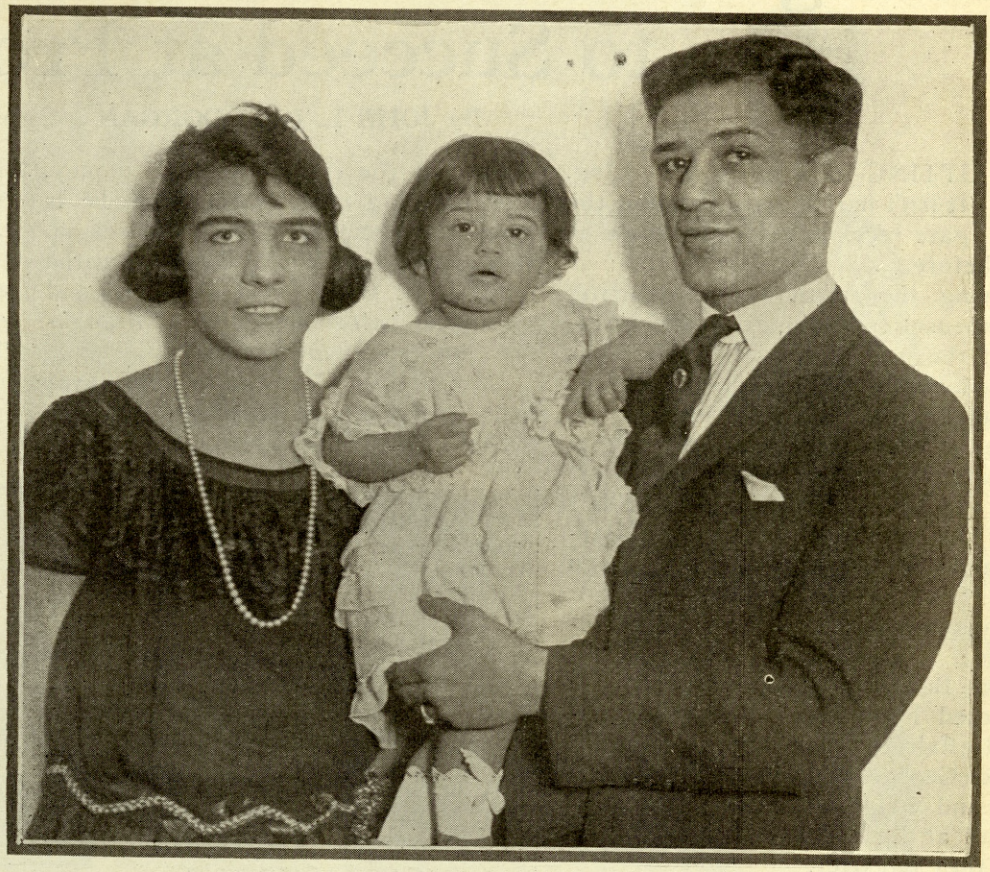


THE MAN WHO PUT PHILIPPINES ON THE MAP

(Continued from page 61)

trol of the Ebbets' Field Baseball Park, in Brooklyn, last summer and staged bouts there. When other promoters couldn't "see" the Filipino boys, the showmanship instinct of Driscoll prompted him to take a chance on them. He tossed them both onto a card one night and before a blase New York audience they pounded their American foemen into submission.

Driscoll trotted them forth again a week or so later. And again the boys fought whirlwind battles. The showing of Villa was such that Driscoll immediately set about making a match for him with Johnny Buff, one-time bantamweight champion of the world and at that time the flyweight champion of America.

Villa gave to Buff on that night in Brooklyn the worst beating that the veteran champion ever suffered in his entire ring career. He hit Buff with everything but the sky overhead. Only the wonderful gameness and superlative power of Buff to take punishment saved him from being counted out on the floor.

And now there is the possibility that Villa will be matched during the coming winter with Jimmy Wilde, flyweight champion of the world—and likewise, that he will be sent against Joe Lynch, the king of the bantams. If Villa goes against either, there is a legion of fight experts around New York who will gamble everything they have that Villa can take the measure of both.

Meanwhile, the Philippine Islands bask in the reflected glory of the achievements of Villa and Flores—achievements which were made possible only through the wonderful fight which Churchill made in behalf of a chance for his youngsters. For Churchill succeeded in getting battles for the boys in the face of the most terrific odds.

"I wanted to prove when I came to the United States," concluded Churchill, "that the Filipinos are fighters. I have proved that. And before I am through here I mean to prove that whatever the Filipinos can do in a prize ring they can do in politics, in commerce, and in finance. I know the Filipino people about as well as anybody knows them.

"And I know those Filipinos as a hard-working, courageous and intelligent people who not merely are worthy and competent of independence and control of their affairs, but a nation of people which, if given a chance, will rise up within a generation to ranking as one of the most important in any part of the world."

JOHN T. DOYLE

9 ENGLISH BILLIARD TABLES

9 AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLES

9 POCKET BILLIARD TABLES

1456 Broadway, New York City

Putting It Over—Tex Rickard Explains How to Succeed at Promoting

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

PUTTING it over is the thing. It isn't half as hard to count the gate receipts after the show as it is before.

Having the faculty of subtracting the expenses from the gross and arriving at the profits beforehand is what makes a promoter a success.

Half the success of promoting is taking a chance; the other half is knowing one chance from another.

If our greatest promoters didn't know that rule of the game P. T. Barnum and a few others, would have been grocery clerks.

Promoting is personality and perseverance.

Take Babe Ruth, for instance. He promoted home runs from an occasional affair to a lucrative business.

Take George M. Cohan. He put the Stars and Stripes to music.

Look at Lenine and Trotsky. See what they put over.

Jack Dempsey promoted himself to the championship. He put over his right.

Bo McMillin put one over on Harvard.

Al Smith put quite a few over—especially on the G. O. P.

And then look at Tex Rickard.

Tex is the champion at putting 'em over.

We asked Tex one day how he succeeded as a promoter of fistic affairs, and he replied:

"I put 'em over, that's all."

And that's all there is to it, excepting—

Anyone can rent a hall and sign a couple of fighters, just like anyone can go into bankruptcy.

Anyone could have given Georges Carpentier $200,000 and Jack Dempsey $300,000 (if he had it to give), but it isn't everyone that could give that sum to Georges and the other sum to Jack, when he didn't have it. It's quite a trick.

But that's just what Tex did.

That's what Tex does every day. He tells a boxer:

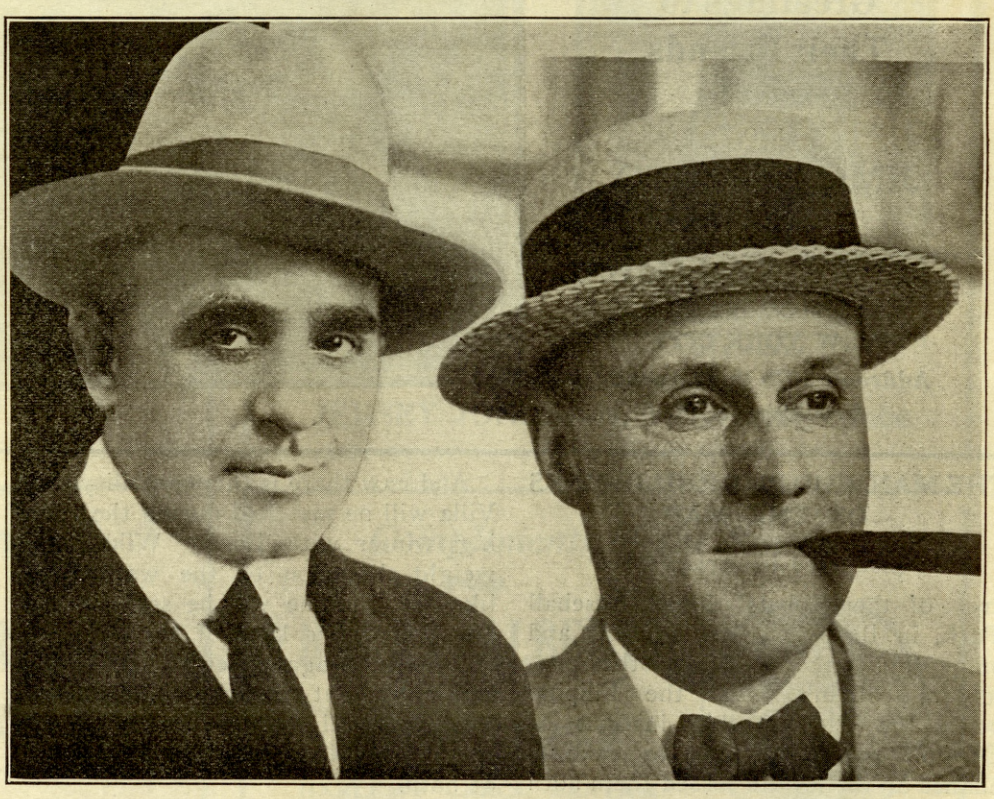
"I'll give you so-and-so if you box Who's This on December thirty-second."

"I'll take it," says the boxer.

Then Tex goes out and proceeds to get the money to pay the boxer.

Until the bout is over and the cashier counts up the tickets and the money, Tex hasn't a cent. Of course, he is good for everything he promises up to a couple of millon of dollars, but the point is he gives before he gets, and then gets before he gives. Paradoxical, but true, nevertheless.

Lots of other fellows try this system. Some go broke. Others break rocks.



JACK MUNRO (left) and TEX RICKARD
Tex and Jack rank as the world's greatest fight promoters.

Tex started up in the Arctic Circle. He was his own first customer.

He signed himself up for a gold hunt, promising himself all the gold that could be found with the naked eye or any other way that was practical or opportune. He didn't have a cent when he made this bargain, but he put it over and cleaned up $100,000.

Ever since then Tex's been putting 'em over regularly.

Promising half a million or so is all in a day's work with Tex.

He says to you: "I'll give you half a million if you'll fight over at Boyle's Thirty Acres for me." You say, "O. K." Then Tex sits down and counts the tickets, the expenses and the remainder and goes out and puts it over.

When it's all over he balances his original box office count with the real one and sometimes he has more profits than others. But he has put it over.

What David Belasco is to the stage, what David Wark Griffith is to the silver screen, what P. T. Barnum was to the circus, Tex Rickard is to the sporting game. He puts 'em over.

But how do they get that way?

Well, Tex and all the rest of 'em started out with lots of self-confidence, lots of nerve, a fine insight into human nature and a few shreds of brains. Then they accumulated money. It's an easy formula.

Try it out sometime.

ATTENTION, READERS OF THE RING!

Have you any old photographs you would like to have other boxing enthusiasts see? Let us publish these for you. Send them to the Editor of THE RING. He will copy them and return the original in same condition as received. For each photo used THE RING will pay $1.00. Scenes of actual ring battles or training camp scenes are requested.

Help a good cause and receive $1.00 and your photo back.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

From

JOE GOULD

and his

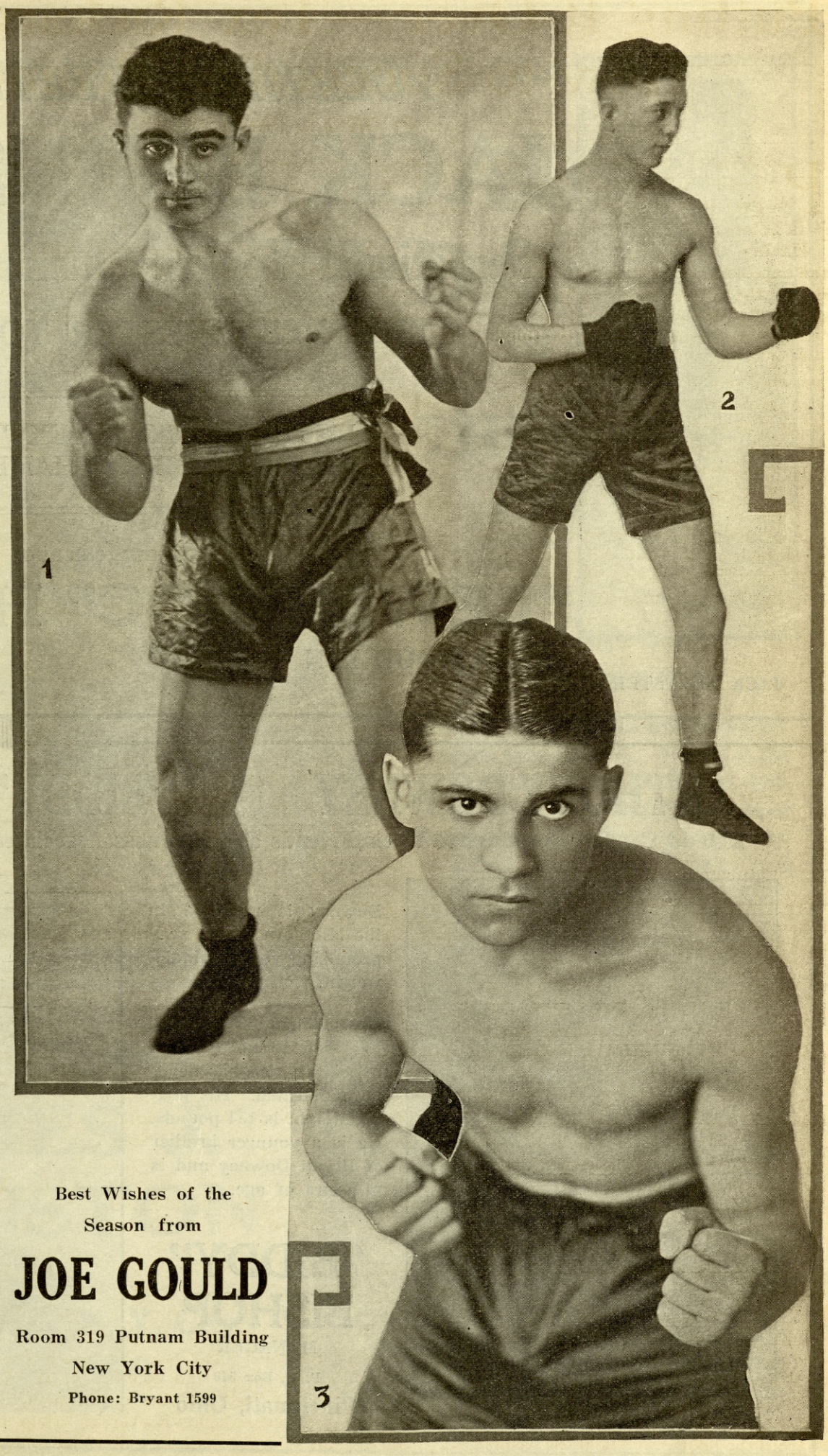
FIGHTERS

1. Italian Jack Herman, who holds the Italian Heavyweight Championship of the World. He defeated Erminio Spallo for that title. Herman's only serious defeat was at the hands of the Giant Argentinian, Luis Firpo.

2. Willie O'Connell, former Flyweight Amateur Champion, since turning professional has yet to be beaten. He has scored 25 straight victories.

3. Harry Galfund is another product of the A. A. U. He has not lost a fight in the pro ranks. Harry held Willie Jackson to a draw last summer at the Queensboro A. C.

Johnny Reisler, of Harlem, has been boxing out-of-town for the last year with great success. He is now making his home in New York. Reisler was a dangerous contender for the featherweight title in 1922.



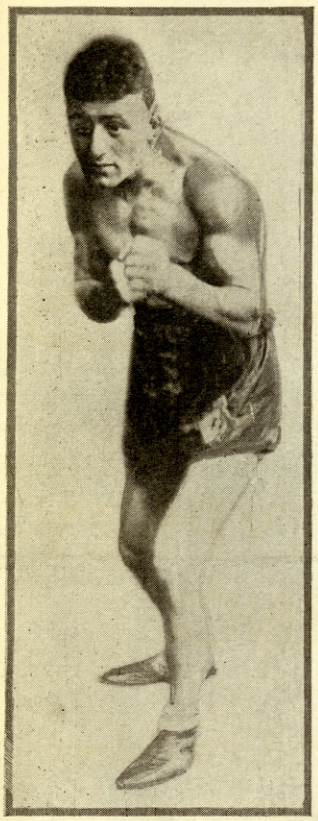
Best Wishes of the Season from

JOE GOULD

Room 319 Putnam Building

New York City

Phone: Bryant 1599



JACK BERNSTEIN

YULETIDE GREETINGS!!!

JACK BERNSTEIN

Sensational Yonkers Junior Lightweight

THE WESTCHESTER TORNADO

REFERRED TO BY EXPERTS AS THE COMING CHAMPION

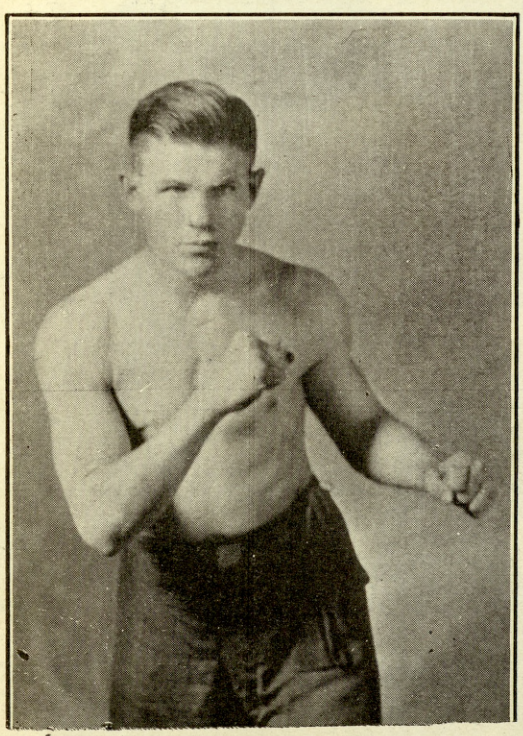
Under the Management of

LEWIS "DOC" HIRSCH

HOLLYWOOD INN **YONKERS, N. Y.**

ANTHONY DOWNEY AND HIS MANAGER "BIDDY" BISHOP

Extend Cordial Greetings to Their Friends and Business Associates for the New Year



ANTHONY DOWNEY

Downey is regarded in the Middlewest as a very promising young middleweight.

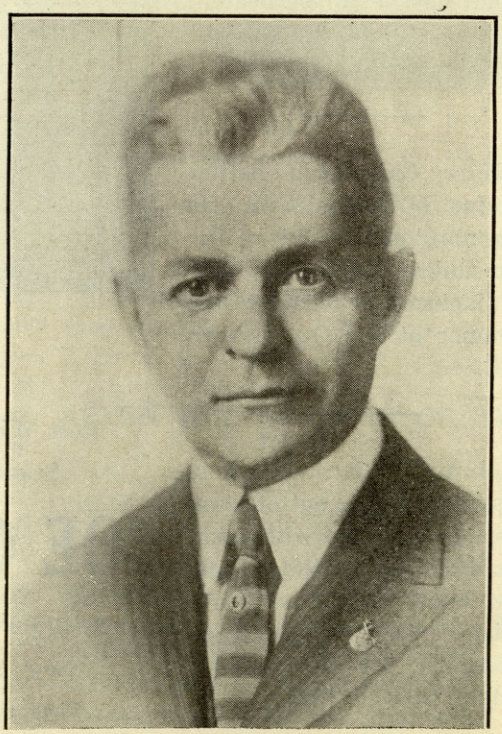
He has had 39 contests, has won 16 of them on knockouts and has never been defeated. His boxing weight is 154 pounds. He is a younger brother of Bryan Downey and is 21 years of age.

"BIDDY" BISHOP

MANAGER

P. O. Box 540

Cincinnati, Ohio



COMING LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

BILLY DANIELS

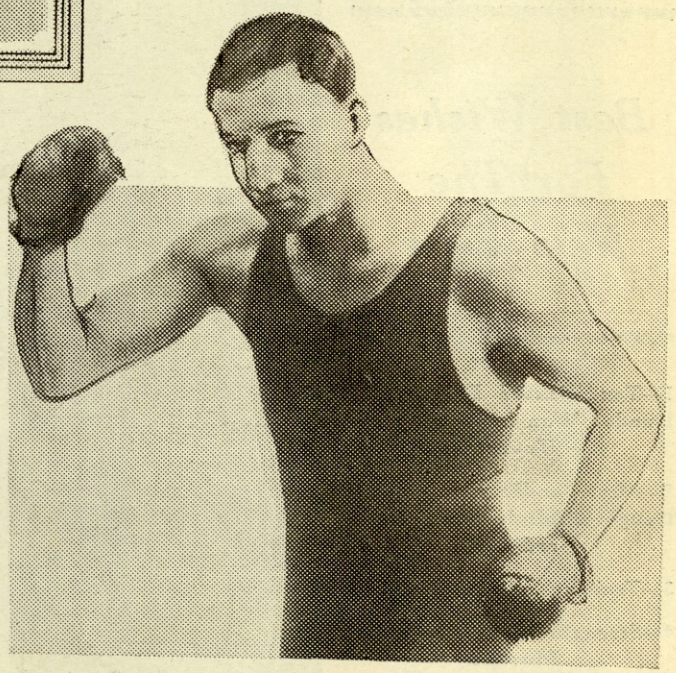
OF WALES

THE GYPSEY PRINCE

Promoters Can Select His Opponent

BLACK OR WHITE

A letter, telegram or telephone answered immediately. Where is the light heavyweight champion hiding? The stars tell the Gypsey Prince that he will soon locate him and that the Gypsey Prince will soon wear the crown.



Under Personal Direction of

JAMES J. JOHNSTON

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1465 Broadway, N. Y. City

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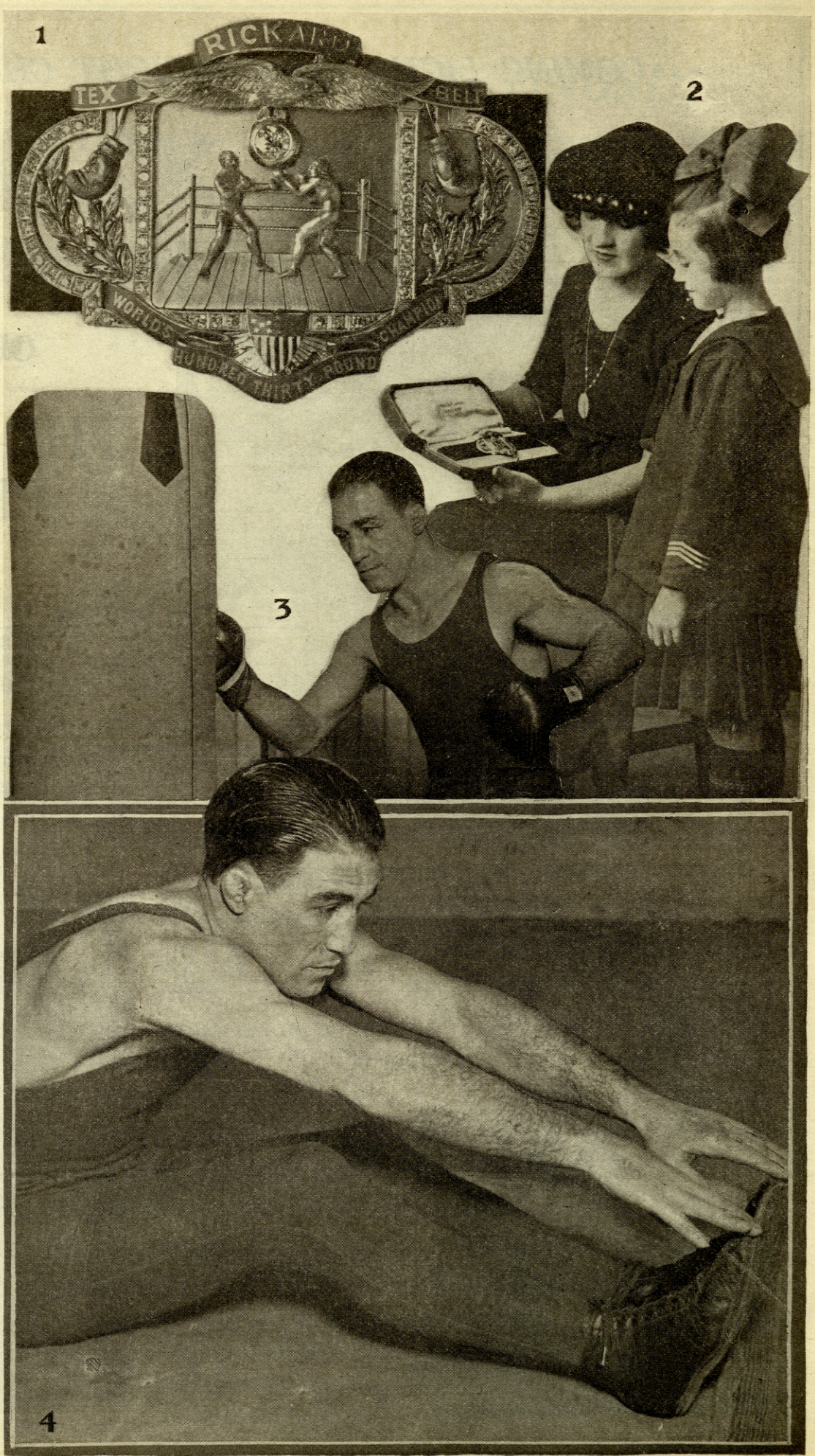
1075 Bryant

A Champion with a Wonderful Record

JOHNNY DUNDEE

WORLD'S JUNIOR LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION

Best Wishes For The New Year



1—Tex Rickard Belt Which Dundee Won in an Elimination Tournament.

2—Mrs. Dundee and Johnny's Daughter Admiring Tex Rickard Belt.

3—Training with Sand Bag.

4—Strengthening Abdominal Muscles.

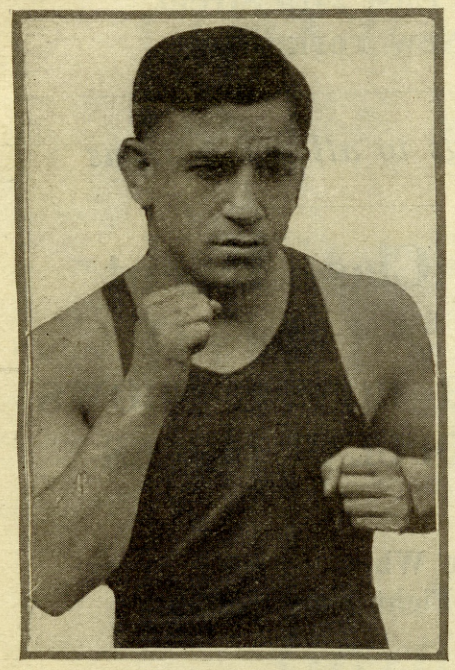
BIFF! BING! BANG!—A CYCLONE OF PUNCH

PATSY WALLACE—America's Foremost Flyweight, Wishes You All

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR



PATSY WALLACE
Conqueror of Jimmy Wilde,
Who has fought all the champions and
near champions in his division.

Bring 'Em On!

Wallace is Ready!

This means Pancho Villa, Joe Lynch—in fact, any of the topnotchers who can scale within a half dozen pounds of his weight.

Under HERMAN TAYLOR, Manager
114 NORTH 55TH STREET
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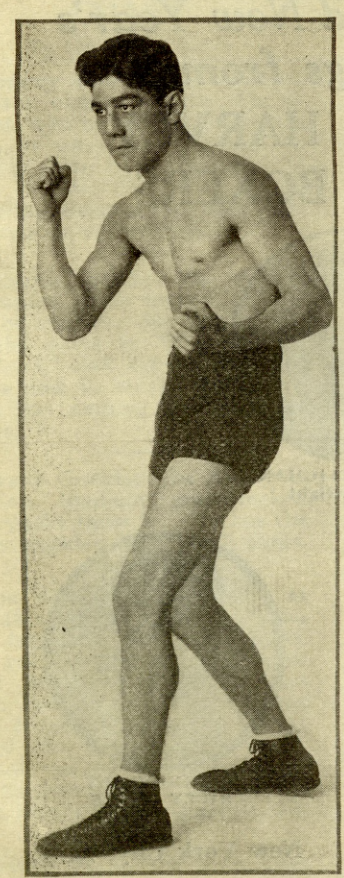
Phone: Belmont 7922



PAL MORAN

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

PAL MORAN

Southern Lightweight Champion

CHUCK WIGGINS

Contender for the Light-Heavyweight Title

Direction

JOE GOLDEN

AND

LEW RAYMOND

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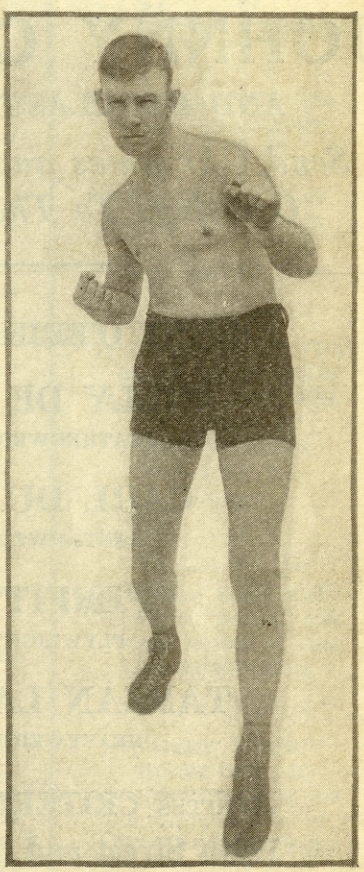
245 W. 47th St., New York City



CHUCK WIGGINS

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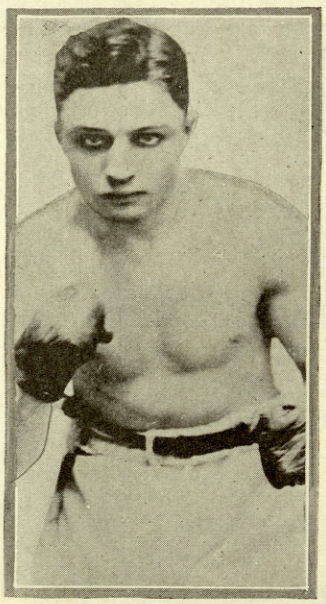

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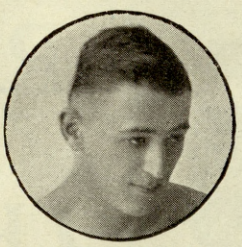

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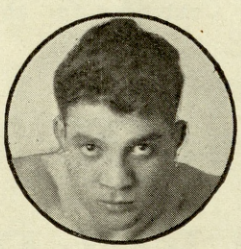

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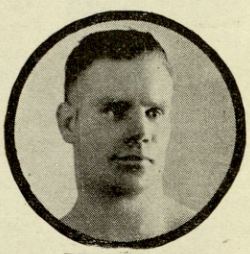

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Greetings for the New Year

NOTES FROM THE COAST

By Geo. W. Hussey

Tommy McFarland, one-time bantam champ of the Pacific Coast, who now has a first-class gym, is on a hunting trip up in Big Bear Lake district. He very seldom misses the chance of being counted out on a fishing trip or hunting trip.

Johnnie Schiff, the world's champion globe trotter, is now in the movies. He played one of the parts in "The Leather Pushers," and did so well that he is now in stock. Bull Montana has nothing on Schiff for looks.

Frank Crowley, the American Legion Stadium matchmaker, still packs them in. He has the boys working hard at all times.

Joe Waterman is as busy as a traffic cop during a fire lining his boys up for future bouts. He got off to a bad start with Bud Mannung. In his bout with Frankie Novey, Bud started like a cyclone but blew up toward the end of the fourth round. At that he had no marks of battle on his face, but oh, that Kitchen was a crimson red!

Jimmy Sacco, the crack Boston boy, is kept busy here. He has not missed a bout a week in the past two months.

Danny Kramer, the little fellow with the big fellow's punch, goes right along winning bouts. He has to go out of his class now, as he has cleaned all the little fellows. Charley Kline, his hustling manager, will not allow him to box lightweights, but 130-pounders will be accommodated.

Tom Doyle, brother of the Vernon Club promotor, Jack Doyle, is about the fastest money counter this side of the Rockies. All monies taken in on Tuesday night shows are counted and put away in the pater in jig time.

Ad Wolgast, the Michigan wildcat, is just as popular as he was in the days of long ago. Ad has changed very little in the last few years, and he has a home so long as Jack Doyle has a dime. Jack is taking care of Ad.

Dick Donald, the grand old man of the ring, has opened up a club in Los Angeles and lined up a swell card for the opener. If any man can make the grade with a club it is Dick. He has the Lyceum Club.

Boxing clubs are starting up in smaller towns around Los Angeles and the boys are kept busy. No less than ten new clubs have started in the last two months. More power to them.

HEARD IN PHILADELPHIA

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

Transferring the Olympia A. A. to the Ice Palace in West Philadelphia and renaming the club The Arena has proven a popular move, for it is now possible to seat more than 9,000 persons, whereas only 5,500 could be accommodated at the Olympia. In the official opening of The Arena on Thanksgiving Day close to 10,000 persons jammed the clubhouse. It looks like a big winter at Jules Mastbaum's new fistic palace.

Manager Herman (Muggsy) Taylor believes in keeping Patsy Wallace, his flyweight, busy over the winter months. Wallace's program for the first few weeks in December consisted of meeting "Bad News" Eber in Toronto; Joe Colletti in Philadelphia; Benny Swartz in Baltimore and Bud Taylor in East Chicago. Wallace is in splendid condition and always gives the fans a run for their money.

Sergeant Ray Smith, who bobs up every now and then with a knockout punch, regained the old wallop recently when he put away Wolf Carson at the Chestnut Street Arena and insists that he will train harder than ever for the winter season. He is keeping in shape at O'Brien's gymnasium.

A New Feature

Beginning With Our Anniversary Issue Next Month The Ring Will Publish One Short Story Each Month Centered Around Some Boxing Event

THE WHIRLWIND THAT BLEW UP IN DIXIE A HIGHLY INTEREST-IN STORY OF TWO NEGROES Will Start This Feature.

Peter Burnaugh, A Keen Student of Southern "Darkie" Life, Is the Author of This Interesting Story.

Another Baseball-Boxing Story by Frederick G. Lieb, and A Continuation of The Great Kid Socko Series in This Issue by James K. McGuinness.

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SID MARKS AND DAVE BROWN
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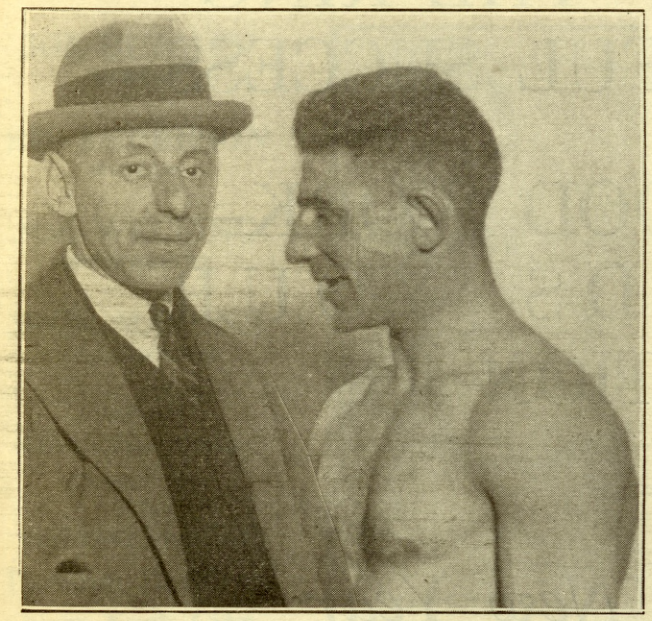

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Happy New Year!!

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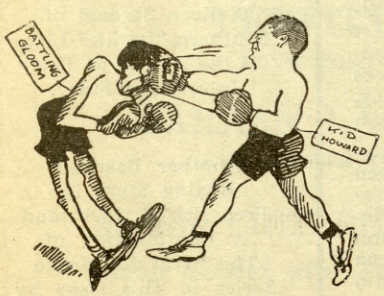

Out - of - town boxers are invited to train at Kid Howard's Famous Arcade Gymnasium.

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THE RING has instituted a new department for the benefit of its readers. All questions pertaining to Boxing references, such as dates, results, etc., will be answered through these columns. No questions too difficult, and all queries will be handled by our experts.

This Department will be in charge of Clarence Gillespie, newly added member of our Editorial staff. He was for many years one of the editors of the Police Gazette and Boxing Blade.

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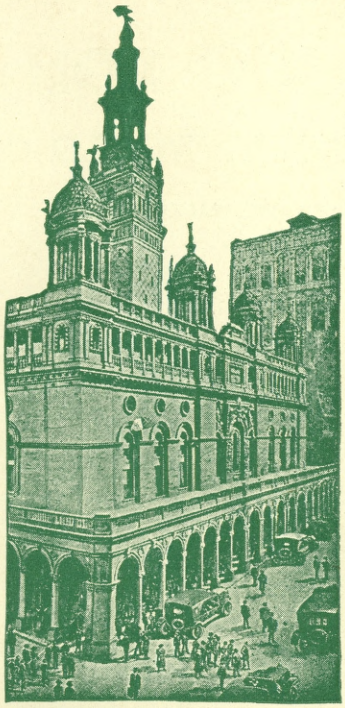

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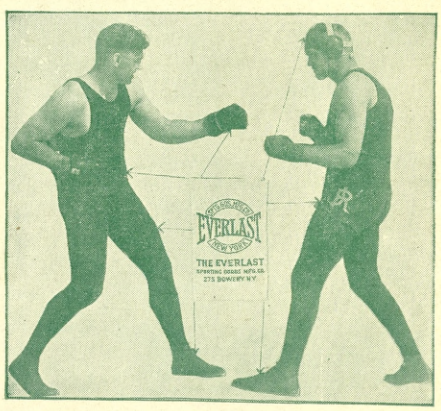

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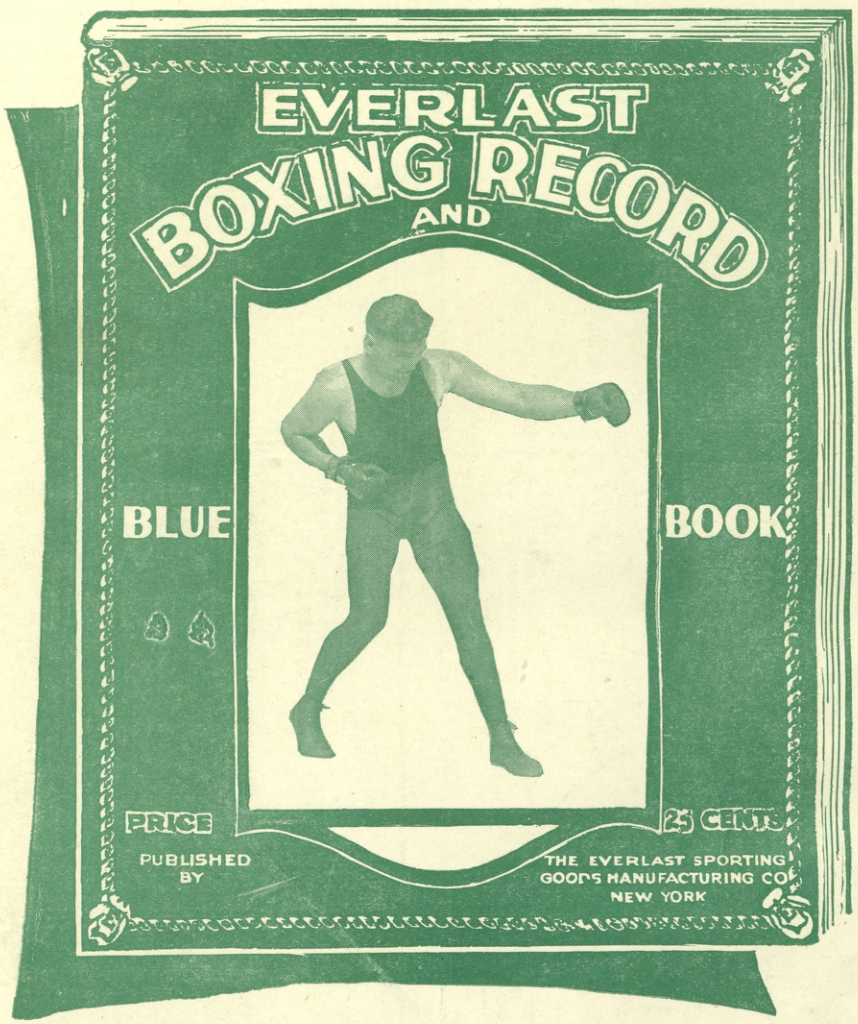

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